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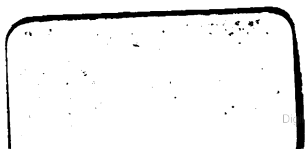


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and sabbath scholars' magazine*



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THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD

AND

Sabbath Scholars' Magazine

IN CONNEKION WITH

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

MATTHEW xxi. 16.



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1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general survey of the situation in the country.

2. The second part contains a detailed account of the work done during the year.

3. The third part is a summary of the results of the work.

4. The fourth part contains a list of the names of the persons who have taken part in the work.

5. The fifth part is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions.

6. The sixth part is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions.

7. The seventh part is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions.

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### PAUL, THE YOUNG FRENCH SOLDIER;

OR, WHAT A TESTAMENT CAN DO.

**I**N one of the most terrible moments in the political history of France, two bands of soldiers were seen preparing to storm a strong barricade, erected in one of the most populous districts of Paris. The one division belonged to the national; the other, to the so-called mobile guard. This last corps was composed of very juvenile soldiers; so that it was common to see in its ranks boys of fourteen and fifteen,—who, nevertheless, were often the most daringly courageous of the band. On this occasion the barricade was hotly contested, and deeds of desperate courage were mutually performed by opponents,—who, alas! ought to have regarded each other as members of one family. Repeatedly had the barricade been fiercely assailed, and as often successfully defended, when, at the moment of the hottest conflict, two individuals rushed out from the ranks of their comrades, and, heedless of the shower of balls with which they were greeted, succeeded in reaching the top of the barricade; their companions hurried to their support,

and the object of contest was taken. But the last shot fired by the retreating enemy entered the breast of one of the bold leaders, who fell, mortally wounded, into the arms of his brother assailant, (one of the *garde mobile*,) whose boyish frame could scarcely sustain the weight of the robust guardsman with whom he had fought side by side.

"I am dying!" gasped the *garde nationale*,—"I am dying; but open my knapsack—you will find there a little book—it is a Testament—take and read it, and pray God that you may do so with His blessing."

The wounded soldier expired, and the youthful survivor took possession of his legacy.

About a year after this event, a pious man, travelling on business, entered an inn at a considerable distance from Paris. To his no small surprise he observed in the chamber inhabited by the landlord a New Testament, which bore evident marks of being diligently perused.

"What! you read the Bible!" exclaimed he to the host, in a tone of mingled pleasure and astonishment.

"Yes, sir; and with great benefit."

"God be praised!" rejoined the traveller; "it was not so in former days."

"Yes, God be praised," replied the host; "for to Him, in very truth, the praise belongs, as you will yourself acknowledge when I tell you how all this has been brought about." And he forthwith related as follows:—

"One of my nephews, whom I had taken into my family after the death of his parents, early displayed such a vicious disposition, that I felt compelled, for my own peace of mind, to bind him, when thirteen years old, to a tradesman in Paris, who I knew to be not only a conscientious, but strictly observant master; and on whose watchfulness I rested my last hope for the rescue of my unhappy nephew from utter destruction. But I soon learned that Paul had contrived to outwit even him; and had made his escape from his house with such success that not the smallest trace of him could be discovered. This intelligence naturally grieved me much; and I remained long in daily dread of hearing of him through the police; for I had little doubt of his soon committing some act which would bring him into the hands of justice.

"It is now about six months that one day the Paris diligence stopped at my door, and, to my no small amazement, I saw my truant nephew step out of it. I could not help shuddering on recognizing him; and hastily exclaimed,

'What is the meaning of this bold intrusion? After the manner you have behaved, how dare you come hither to bring disgrace on your family?'

"Paul looked up in my face with a calm, though melancholy smile, and pointing to the uniform of the *garde mobile*, which he still wore, said modestly: 'Believe me, uncle, I have not disgraced the division of the army in which I have served, and can produce satisfactory testimonials to that effect. I am now on leave solely on account of bad health, and can assure you my character as a soldier is not a bad one. As to my former conduct, no one can reflect upon it with greater detestation than I myself do.'

"'All very fine talking,' interrupted I, with impatience; 'your illness is, doubtless, the result of intemperance; your pockets are empty; and so you find it convenient to palm yourself on me, until you can retrieve health and purse; when you will, doubtless, begin a new score of misdeeds.'

"Paul hung down his head as I thus spoke; and then replied in a low voice, that he had indeed feared I should be harder to convince than others had been,—'and yet, uncle,' he continued, 'I am indeed changed. This is neither the time nor the place to enter into details; but though it is true I now come to you seeking refuge and help, I well know it would be labour lost to try to purchase your benefits by hypocritical professions. All I now ask of you is to believe I am no longer the daring offender you once knew, and let time tell the rest.' 'So be it,' retorted I, not in the most friendly tone; and taking the poor boy by the arm, I led him into my house.

"From the very first hour I could not conceal from myself that Paul was undoubtedly changed, and that essentially to his advantage. So far from boasting of his exploits, it was not without difficulty that I could draw from him any particulars of his military career; and yet my questions elicited many a trait of daring courage; while all was told with modest reserve, and an evident desire to extol his comrades above himself.

"But the evening was destined to surprise me most of all. I had put up a bed for him in my own room; and before lying down he asked my permission to say his evening prayer.

"'Your evening prayer!' echoed I, with a loud laugh, (for I was then a scorner of all religion—a regular heathen;) 'the prayer of a *garde mobile*, or rather of a Parisian street jackanapes, commonly called *un enfant de Paris*, must be something worth hearing; and so, prithee, boy, make haste,

and give us thy prayer to the best advantage.' I spoke bitterly, for I felt indignant at the part I supposed him to be acting; but Paul looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, as he replied, with deep earnestness: 'Do not, I entreat you, dear uncle, make a jest of this matter. There is no need for me to speak aloud when I pour out my heart before God; and soon, I trust, you will judge differently, not only of me, but of prayer, and learn by your own experience that it is no mere matter of form.'

"From this time forth I watched my nephew most narrowly, and that with much still remaining suspicion; for I could not banish from my mind the idea, that some sly design or unworthy motive lay at the root of his religious profession. Ere long, however, I was compelled to acknowledge the injustice of this judgment.

"Paul's state of health grew daily worse; and the pulmonary affection, which had been the cause of his leaving the army, made such rapid progress as to excite the most serious apprehensions of even a speedy termination of his life. In moments of intense suffering, which were, indeed, of frequent occurrence, he would clasp his hands, and with an upward look of filial submission, murmur out: 'Have pity, O my Father! and help me; yet not my will, but thine be done!' or, 'Precious Saviour! I know and am sure that all things must work together for good to them who love thee.'

"But what most of all affected me was his unchanging meekness and contentment. He was satisfied with every arrangement, and grateful for the most trifling attention to his comfort, so that we were all struck with it; and I one day observed to my wife, that Paul's change of character was the most extraordinary thing I had ever met with; more especially the manner in which he spoke of God's goodness towards him, at the very time he was enduring such agony of body, and anticipating death, filled me, I said, with astonishment.

"'True,' replied my wife; 'but I'll tell you a secret which accounts for it—Paul is a Christian, a true Christian.'

"'What do you mean by that?' retorted I; 'neither you nor I are heathens, I hope.'

"'Ah! my dear husband,' replied she, 'not quite heathens, perhaps; and yet, not real Christians. For, I put it to yourself, has God been hitherto the chief subject of our thoughts, or His law the rule of our actions? We scarcely knew the name of Jesus formerly; or, at all events, when

we did pronounce it, no sense of benefit derived from Him, or dependence on Him for salvation, accompanied the word. But in my conversation with Paul I have learned things which constitute my deepest joy.'

"'In your intercourse with Paul you have learned new things! and, pray, what are they?'

"'Listen,' said she. 'Some little time ago, as I was one day trying to prop up the poor boy, in one of his sad fits of suffocation, a little book fell out from beneath his pillow; I afterwards picked it up from the floor, and saw it was a New Testament; of which I had indeed heard, but had never before seen one. The following day I mentioned my discovery to Paul. He then related to me that a soldier, who had been mortally wounded close beside him, had given him this book, and expired immediately afterwards,—that the dying man had bade him read it,—that he had done so,—and that this legacy had proved to him the treasure of all treasures, the source of his change of character, his peace and his joy.'

"'Every day since, when he and I have been alone, Paul has looked out passages of the Testament for me to read to him; and he has given me such plain and simple explanations of what I did not understand, that I soon began to believe and to love the great good news;—that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Paul is anxious to speak to you also of these things, but he is afraid; and, indeed, the poor boy blames himself much for this coward fear, which he calls treachery towards his Saviour, and is constantly praying that he may be strengthened to confess Him, not only before you, but before the whole world.'

"'This communication of my wife's," said the landlord, with deep feeling, "made a great impression on me. I went oftener than before to my nephew's sick-bed, and, blessed be God, he soon began to tell me also of the Gospel of Christ; and God, who is rich in mercy, bestowed His effectual blessing on Paul's instructions, so that not only my wife, my son and daughter, but my own hardened self, received the truth, and are able to testify, as the Samaritans did of old: 'Now we believe, not because of his saying; for we ourselves know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.'

"'Paul is no longer among us," continued the host, with a trembling voice; "the Lord has called him home. But," said he, as he laid his hand on the New Testament, which

had first attracted the traveller's attention, "this is the dumb, and yet most eloquent witness of the immeasurable goodness of God, and the instrument of conveying that goodness to us. From this precious volume, read with attention and prayer, we have learned the testimony of God concerning His Son; and the written Word being engraven in our hearts by the power of the Spirit, has become to us the source of unvarying peace, and of a calm happiness, for which we have cause to bless God both in time and eternity."—*Tract Magazine*.

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### PEEPS AT FOREIGN LANDS.

CONSTANTINOPLE; OR, THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

"UNCLE," said Percy, as the young people seated themselves around a cheerful fire to hear from him some further account of his travels, "when you left us yesterday, you promised to tell us something about Constantinople the next time we met."

"I did, my boy; and I am now quite prepared to fulfil that promise. Were we all at this moment seated in a boat on the Bosphorus,\* we should have the city of Constantinople before us, with its high and beautiful mosques and pointed minarets, its walls, towers, and houses; some stretching along the shores, and reflecting their shapes on the bosom of the glassy deep; others creeping up the hills upon which the city is built, rising higher and higher from the silvery waters till they seem almost to reach the sky. On both sides of us we should have the green and fruitful shores of Europe and Asia. On our right would be the harbour of the Golden Horn, full of large ships at anchor, and swarming with small vessels sailing about in all directions; and behind us would be the porpoises tumbling about in the water. The whole scene forms one of the most delightful pictures I ever beheld."

"Indeed it *must* be a picture!" said Mary. "You have given us such a nice account of it, that I *seem to see it*."

"Yes," added Richard, "and I think I could make a drawing of it:" and, taking a piece of paper, he began to make a number of lines. "I should put the Bosphorus here, and the hills of Europe and Asia on each side of us, and the Golden Horn on that side of the city, with the sea

\* A channel leading from Constantinople into the Black Sea.

on the other side; and"— Richard hesitated, and then asked: "But, uncle, what shall I put on the other two sides?"

"Constantinople has only three sides. The city comes to a point opposite the Bosphorus. On the side which joins the continent of Europe, it is bounded by three walls, with towers for its defence. There are also some towards the harbour. But, before we enter the city, I must tell you, or, perhaps, you can tell me, what was its name before it was called Constantinople?"

Mary shook her head; and Percy doubted whether even Richard, who was now reading ancient history, could answer the question. Richard, however, after thinking a moment or two, remembered that he had been told that some Greek emigrants formed a settlement there, and called it Byzantium; but that it was taken from them by the Romans, who destroyed it some hundreds of years afterwards.

"Very true," observed their uncle. "It was rebuilt, however, by Constantine the Great, who gave it the name of New Rome; but it was afterwards called Constantinople, or the City of Constantine, in honour of its founder."

"But," inquired Mary, "how came the Turks to live there?"

"About the middle of the fifteenth century they besieged it, under their leader, Mohammed the Second, and took it. The gap in the wall through which the Turks entered the city has never been repaired, and is now full of trees and shrubs.

"Could we now enter the city, we should find the streets very badly paved, narrow, dark, and steep; there are no names to them, and no lamps, for the people are generally in doors after sunset; and those who want to go anywhere at night must take a lantern with them, to prevent their stumbling over the dogs which prowl about the city without masters. The houses are built chiefly of wood."

"Then Constantinople, after all, is not such a fine place inside as it looks outside," said Percy, who had been hoping to hear of beautiful houses, and splendid streets, and fine squares.

"Most persons are a little disappointed on entering the city; yet there are, in all parts, handsome, and even splendid buildings; and the houses of the rich, though there is nothing very attractive about them outside, are nevertheless very tastefully and comfortably fitted up within. They do not have fire-places like ours; but they are warmed in winter by hot pans placed under a kind of table. These are some-



times upset, and the house set on fire; and, if a high wind be blowing at the time, it will spread very rapidly."

"I am sure I should not like to live there," said Richard; "for I like to have a good blazing fire to warm myself by. There seems no comfort in the way the Turks warm their rooms."

"In no country," observed their uncle, "are there so many comforts as are enjoyed in our native land; and we should be thankful for them to the Giver of every good gift. But we must peep at the sultan's palace. It is quite a city in itself, and is said to contain more than 6000 inhabitants. The walls enclose a space of about nine miles, and include a cluster of houses, mosques, baths, fountains, palaces, and gardens. In the middle of the palace is the hall of the divan, or court of justice, where the grand vizier, or governor of Constantinople, sits as a judge, assisted by his counsellors, seated on a beautiful carpet. There is, likewise, the hall where the throne stands; and no one is allowed to go into the presence-chamber who has not been invited by the sultan. In the outer court are the arsenal, mint, and palace of the grand vizier."

"Does it not cost a great deal," inquired Richard, "to keep all the people that live here?"

"The expenses are very great; and I am told that besides a very large number of oxen yearly, the person who buys its provisions has to procure daily 200 sheep, 100 lambs or goats, according to the season, 10 calves, 200 hens, 200 pairs of pullets, 100 pairs of pigeons, and 50 green geese; and the fuel burned every year is said to be 40,000 cart-loads, each cart-load being as much as two buffaloes can draw.

"The appearance of the palace from the sea is very beautiful. The walls have, at intervals, watch-towers, and several gates opening towards the sea, or towards the city. The chief entrance is called the Sublime Porte, and is guarded by about fifty of the sultan's body guard. This name is the common title of the Turkish court; but is now frequently used to denote the whole empire.

"A new palace has been built for the sultan lately; painted brown outside, ornamented with white and gilding. I am told that it contains mirrors, carpets, hangings, and all that is rich and rare from east and west."

"Uncle, will you tell us about the mosques?"

"Cheerfully; and since the mosque of St. Sophia is so celebrated, we will take a peep into that. It is a very fine-looking building. It was built by the Christian emperor

Justinian, in the sixth century, who was so highly pleased with it when finished, that he exclaimed: 'O Solomon! I have outdone thee!' His vanity, however, would be a little humbled, could he now see the alterations made, and the use to which it is put. The walls, pillars, arches, and floor, are lined with porphyry and precious marbles. There are upwards of a hundred columns, of different marbles, in the mosque. During their Ramazan, or fasting month, which is held at Christmas, these are hung with thousands of coloured lamps, together with flowers, coloured ostrich eggs and ostrich feathers, and the floor is covered with the richest carpet. The sultan's pew is surrounded by gilt railings, and beautifully carpeted; while on the spot where the altar stood when this mosque was a Christian church, is a niche ornamented with gold, and a large chandelier on each side, called the *Mihrahe*, or repository of the Koran."

"What is the Koran?" inquired Mary.

"A book which contains the laws of the Mohammedan religion, and which those who profess this religion value as much as we do our Bible,—though it is not to be compared with it. The Bible is God's book: the Koran is a false book."

"The sultan," continued their uncle, "goes to mosque every Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath. Sometimes he goes by water, at others by land. When he goes by water, there are two boats neatly covered outside with rich gilding, and having golden figures of eagles sitting on their bows. Each is rowed by a large number of men, neatly dressed in white silk shirts, who ply their oars so quickly and altogether that it is quite a pleasure to see them. At the stern, or back, of one of the boats is the sultan. His seat is very handsome. It consists of cushions covered with damask, and ornamented with gold trimmings and precious stones. Over his head is a scarlet canopy, supported by gilded pillars, and covered with gold ornaments, the largest of which, in the middle of the canopy, represents the sun, with golden beams shooting out in every direction, proclaiming the glory of the sultan. When he lands, a horse is waiting to carry him to the mosque. It has a saddle-cloth of rich velvet, a gold bit, a bridle set with pearls, and stirrups of solid gold. The sultan's turban is adorned with diamonds, his collar with flowers composed of rubies, emeralds, &c.; and his robes are of velvet and satin."

"But, uncle, may we not see the shops? Now," added Mary, smiling, "that we are in Constantinople, we ought to go shopping."

"We will go; but you must make up your mind to have a little difficulty in passing through the crowd, especially of ladies, which you will find at the bazaars. All the life and activity of the city seems to be centered here. The covered bazaars look more like a row of booths in a fair than a street of shops. One alley glitters on each side of you for a hundred yards with yellow morocco; you turn into another fringed with Indian shawls; or you cast your eyes down a long vista lined with muslin draperies, or robes of ermine and fur. Not only these bazaars, but those which resemble open streets, are allotted to different trades. Here we have jewellers' shops, there we have goldsmiths; here we have curriers and leather-workers as well as horse-dealers, and there is a long line of drug repositories; here Mocha coffee is all ground by hand, and there we have sellers of papers, and copiers of manuscripts.

"But evening draws on, and the numerous coffee-houses are thronged by Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, all smoking, and indulging in tiny cups of coffee, which the poorer classes generally drink without milk or sugar.

"I should like to have shewn you the imperial cistern of Constantine, called the Palace of the Thousand-and-one Pillars, but now converted into a subterranean silk-twist manufactory; another large cistern, which forms an underground lake, and extends under several streets; besides the Valley of Sweet Waters, a pleasant summer retreat; and to have taken a walk into some of the cemeteries: but it is getting late, and, as we have no lantern with us, we will return home. So I bid you all a very good night."—*The Child's Companion*.

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**"BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."**

ISAIAH xxxii. 20.

IN the year 18— there was an opportunity offered for visiting the fine, the bold, the beautiful scenery of Scotland. Many hundreds went by the cheap trains to visit old friends, or to ramble amongst the lofty mountains and fair lochs of the Highland scenery. Amongst the many was a fine, well-built youth, who was returning homewards to see his parents, who were poor farmers, on the romantic island of Iona, on the west coast of Scotland. He had formerly been hurried off by a person, who was only a visitor; but was so struck with him that he offered to take him to Manchester, and provide for him, if he would follow him. There was no time given him to consult his parents, as the steamer,

which had only touched for a very short time, was about to leave almost instantly. He had only time to mention his intentions to an uncle, who advised his leaving. During our journey together, day after day, we had several conversations; and I found that the person whom he served at Manchester was a Swedenborgian. He was, nevertheless, a guileless youth, though he had long dwelt in a large city, and in the midst of much evil. Being thus cast with him, I warned him against this sad heresy. He listened attentively, and determined to leave his employer on his return. I gave him a Gaelic Bible ere we parted, receiving a promise that a portion of it should be read daily.

After some time a letter reached me, stating the deep interest he took in his Bible. He never now went abroad on his errands without this treasure, which he read by the way, or wherever he might be delayed. God's grace was largely granted him. The Holy Spirit had taken of the things of Jesus, and shewed them unto him. His whole soul seemed to glow with love to that precious Saviour, Jesus, who had bought him with His blood. His earnest, heartfelt desire was now to tell others of the "Pearl of Great Price," which he had found. His ardent wish was to go out as a missionary. He felt much was needed ere he would be fitted to be sent forth; and therefore spared no labours to prepare himself for it. He was busy by day, and therefore the only time was when the toils of the long day was ended. These labours over, he continued with his books till sometimes one or two, sometimes three o'clock in the morning. He toiled thus at books bought from his scanty earnings. Though warned that no constitution could stand against such fatigues, yet he had to learn it by experience. His health failed, and he had to return to his native isle and home amid the rough northern seas once more. God smiled upon him once more here, and gave him renewed health. He had suffered for a time in Manchester, having given up his former master and home; but he soon found another. On his return to Manchester, he became a Sunday-school teacher. He was so anxious, however, to go abroad to tell of Jesus' love to souls, that he was examined by the committee of the Church Missionary Society; but not thought, at that time, forward enough. He was tossed for some time upon a sea of trouble, how he should carry out his fixed purpose; but I believe he felt and followed out the advice to work, and to pray for the Lord to guide and order all for him, and to wait with patience. Some time had elapsed when he again came

before the committee. This time he was sent for a season to the Institution at Islington, where missionaries are trained ere they are sent forth on their most noble and most blessed errand of preaching amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. After a time he was found worthy of that high post. He is now soon to go forth in that path of love he has so long and so constantly desired.

And now, reader, when you think of his struggles and his difficulties in choosing that path, let me ask you what hinders you from taking the same blessed step? Are there any difficulties in your way greater than in his? He was untrained and ignorant; he was without the means of fitting himself for this work; yet his trust was in the Lord, who helped him. Oh! if you should feel a desire also to go forth, cherish it. Let it not slip from your heart, bring it, in prayer, unto your Heavenly Father. Commit it unto the Lord! and if it is His will, all will be brought to pass in His time.

Never, never in the history of the Church of Christ was there a time when more labourers were wanted. Multitudes are needed alone for the vast empire of China. India's sons, who long have been lulled to sleep in the dark night of Satan's darkness, are awakening beneath the rising beams of the Sun of Righteousness, rising with healing in His beams. They see the blessed, blessed light; they long to sun themselves in His blessed, peaceful, bright rays; but none come forth to lead them thither by the hand to the land of the heavenly Canaan. Africa's sons stretch out their hands, and a cry—a loud and wailing cry—comes from her sable sons: "Come over and help us!" But these sounds fall, alas! on ears all cold, all deaf; on hearts in which the full, deep love of Jesus beats too faintly. O England's sons! who bask in His full, full light, shall this foul blot for ever rest upon us? May Jesus, who gave the command in former days, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest," again, in mercy, fill us with that same earnest desire, and pour out upon us a spirit of prayer; and soon the answer shall surely follow,—a good and faithful band shall go forth from the shore of our loved land to preach to Jew and Gentile, of Jesus who has bought them, and whom they love!

Many men are wanted, both for the missions to the Jew and for the heathen, who have been quickened by the Spirit, and glow with His holy fire.—*The Friendly Visitor.*



### MARCENNOT, THE LABOURER;

OR, THE WHOLESOME INFLUENCES OF A TRUE CONVERT.

**T**HROUGH the mountains and rocky valleys of the far-distant provinces of the Continent may be seen the humble Bible-carriers busily sowing the seed of the precious Word. What joyful harvest-fruits may result from their patient and assiduous labours, the great day of the Lord alone will reveal. Let the following simple narrative of a working man encourage us to hope, that from among the poor ones of the earth, there is preparing a vast multitude to join the ranks of the redeemed in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Marcennot was a Papist, and lived in the town of ———, a large manufacturing town in ———. By some means Marcennot lost an eye. He was much distressed with his misfortune: but it was the way chosen by God for leading him to Jesus. He renounced Popery, and became an earnest convert. He joined a small association for prayer, whose members consisted chiefly of those who had formerly been Papists like himself. In various ways he began to exert a most precious influence on the working men and the poor whom he visited, or in any way came in contact with. Not long ago, having accompanied one of his comrades in a little tour among an entirely Roman Catholic

population, they returned together, transported with joy on seeing the mercy of God bestowed on them. While they were engaged in prayer in a family where the sound of the pure Gospel had never been heard, the head of the family was deeply moved, proved a humble convert, rich in faith, and always rejoicing.

Marcennot, while rejoicing over the conversion of others, felt deeply grieved that, notwithstanding all his exhortations, his own wife continued still a Papist. He was counselled to have recourse to prayer on her behalf. This he practised with ever-growing fervour. Very shortly, this woman's character and conduct became quite altered. She entreated to be taught to read, that she might dive into the Word of God for herself. At last, she could not speak without tears, of her own sins, or of Jesus' love. One day, Marcennot undertook to speak a few serious words to a workman, a Papist, who was greatly opposed to the Gospel. The man at first repulsed him; afterwards, however, he said: "Well, give me a New Testament, and I shall see about it." Marcennot went to his pastor to get the Testament, and was advised merely to lend it. Two days afterwards, his friend brought it back to him. "What!" said Marcennot, "you will not even read it!—" "Oh! yes," was the reply; "*I have* read it; and for that reason I return it. This book has done me so much good, that I have bought one for myself."

On another occasion, another workman said to Marcennot that he must really not meddle with him. "I believe in nothing," said the man; "I see that the priests deceive us; where, then, can I find the truth? I wish no longer to trouble myself about these matters; but shall live and die as I am." Marcennot spoke to him of a Master and of a book which can never deceive. "Ah!" replied the other, "I am very poor; but I would gladly give a thousand francs (forty pounds) were I to become possessed of them, if only I could thereby know what to believe." Thereupon Marcennot obtained from his pastor a New Testament, and put it into the hands of this poor man. A few days afterwards, this new disciple of God's Word returned, saying:

"Now *I have found!* and, poor as I am, I would not give up that book for a thousand francs!"

Who will not be glad and thank the Lord for such joyful tidings from the Continent? Surely you do not send your contributions for pastors and Bibles there in vain! May all our youthful readers learn to set a higher and higher value on the Word of God, and to say; "The law of thy mouth is better unto *me* than thousands of gold and silver!" May they commend the precious treasure to others, and never neglect to be earnest, and diligent, and constant, in diving into it for themselves!



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### IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

At a meeting of the Society of Irish Church Missions, the Rev. J. C. Miller, of Birmingham, said: There was something in the proceedings of this Society so very unlike the history of modern missions, something so peculiar in the rapidity with which the work had spread, and the manner in which it had gained a hold upon the hearts of Protestant Englishmen, that people felt disposed to subject its reports and proceedings to very jealous scrutiny; and it had been subjected to the most rigid scrutiny to which it was possible for any institution to meet. There never was a religious work which, in the same brief period of time, had so won to itself the sympathies and the energies of persons who, in the first instance, were jealous, and suspicious, and reluctant to join it. The Society for Irish Church Missions is a most remarkable instance of men of God being constrained to give



up their prejudices and suspicions by seeing that the work is indeed of God; and that being themselves in stations of authority and influence, a woe would be upon them if they were not to give it their most hearty, energetic, and open support. Again, the best possible testimony as to the value of the work, is to be found in the opposition it has excited amongst the enemy. Independent of other benefits which have been derived from the proceedings of the Society, most valuable testimonies have been derived on one or two most important points. In looking at the records of the mission, it is impossible not to be struck with the progress which appears to have been made in the simple minds of the children. A wonderfully accumulated mass of evidence has been adduced in attestation of the great and simple principle on which the Protestant missionary ever relied—the simple power of the Word of God when accompanied by God's own Spirit. The missionary successes of the Irish Church Mission serve to bring out, in a remarkable manner, the real spirit of the priests of Ireland, in all their tyranny and in all their atrocious despotism over the minds and bodies of the people. Mr. Miller adduced an instance or two in illustration of the points on which he had touched. He took the little incident recorded in one of the valuable and interesting publications of the Society, with regard to the little boy Mick, who went by the common appellation of "a jumper." The boy lodged in the house of a Roman Catholic lady, and speaking of him to another person, the landlady said: "Well, that jumper-boy is a wonderful child; he ought to be a parson, nothing less. I never saw his like; he reads and prays when he is alone, and nobody to see him, just like his reverence the parson. I believe he would rather starve than give up his Bible and his prayers." This child was sent by a lady to change a pound note at a shop; the woman took the note, and said: "Now, I will not give you the change till you bless yourself." "I cannot do that," said the boy. "Then go without your change, you jumper." "I cannot dishonour God—He alone can bless;" and, at length, finding she could not move the steadfast babe in Christ, she gave the change, and let him go. Mick was one day called to attend the sick-bed of a school-fellow, who was, like himself, a youthful convert; and for three whole days and nights did he sit up watching by his little friend, his mother being obliged to bring him his food during the whole of that time. At length the little invalid said to him: "Don't leave me, Mick; sit by me. If I should lose my speech, the priest

might say I had recanted : or if I should lose my eyesight, he might come and try to deceive me. Oh ! sit by me, that I may not be allowed to deny my Saviour ; do not let a priest come near me !" Mick continued to sit by his bedside till the boy died ; and then he ran out to his mother, and said, " Oh ! he's safe, he's safe ! he is dead half an hour ; he has not denied Jesus !"

He would mention another case to illustrate the power of the priests, and the tyranny which they endeavour to exercise. The only child of a widow, a very respectable young man, was led to obtain a Douay Bible by reading the placards in a street ; and after much study became convinced of the errors of Popery, and came out truly converted. His mother was in despair, and persuaded two Roman Catholic bishops to go to him. They spent upwards of two hours conversing kindly with him, and using argument and persuasion to induce him to recant, but in vain ; with the sword of the Spirit he fought and conquered. At length, when they found they could not prevail by kindness, one of the bishops, a tall, commanding man, said to the other : "*It must be done ; yes, I see it must be done.*" and rising with great dignity and solemnity, he took off a signet ring, and pointing it at the young man, he began to pronounce the most fearful curses upon him. He stood meek and unmoved. At length the bishop brought in his widowed mother in his list of curses, saying, with terrible emphasis, " May the curse of a widow's broken heart wring your soul with untold agony !" The poor fellow could bear no more ; but, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud, and the bishops thought they had accomplished their end. The young man perceived that he had been misunderstood, and, uncovering his eyes, he arose with great decision, and said : " Gentlemen, you thought to win me back to error by cruelly wringing my heart ; but you have failed : I am only more thoroughly convinced that yours cannot be the religion of Jesus. Such curses could not come from lips which had felt the power of His love ; but I have been taught of Him ; and His blessed word is : ' Bless them that curse you ; and do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' Oh ! sirs, I will ever pray that His choicest blessings may descend on you ; and when you come to die, God grant, for Christ's sake, that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may be yours for ever and for ever !" They left him ; and he is doing all he can to draw men out of Popery, and to win souls for Christ.

### A WORD SET UPON WHEELS.

WE remember being much struck by a little story, shewing that "a word fitly spoken," or, to use the expressive Hebrew reading given in the margin, a "word spoken upon wheels," even by the weakest and youngest, is precious as gold and silver. One day, a boy was tormenting a kitten, when his little sister said to him, with tearful eyes: "O Philip! don't do that; it is God's kitten!" The word of the little one was not lost—it was set upon wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten; but many serious thoughts were awakened regarding the creature that he had before considered his own property. "God's kitten—God's creature; for He made it." It was a new idea. The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions, who was beating unmercifully a poor starved-looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and, almost unconsciously using his sister's words, he said: "Don't, don't—it is God's creature!" The boy looked abashed, and explained that the dog had stolen his breakfast. "Never mind that," said Philip; "I will give you mine, which I have in my basket;" and, sitting down together, the little boy's anger was soon forgotten. Again had a word been unconsciously set upon wheels. Two persons by heard Philip's words,—one a young man in prosperous business in the neighbouring town—the other, a dirty ragged being, who, in consequence of his intemperate habits, had that morning been dismissed by his employer, and was now going home sullen and despairing. "God's creature!" said the poor, forlorn one—and it was a new idea to him also—"if I, too, belong to God, He will take care of me, though no one else will." Just then he came to a public-house, where he had been in the habit of drowning his miseries, and then staggering home to inflict new ones on his wife and children. He stopped—the temptation was strong, but the new idea was stronger: "I am God's creature!"—and he passed on. His wife was astonished to see him sober, and, still more, when he burst into tears, declaring that he was a ruined man, but that he was determined to give up drinking, and to trust in God. At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and the gentleman came in to whom we have before alluded. He, too, had been rebuked by the boy's words for the scorn and loathing which he had felt to the miserable object before him. "God's creature! therefore entitled to help and pity!" We need not detail the words of hope and comfort

—the promise and the performance of active assistance which, in a short time, lifted up the poor man's head, and made him one of God's thankful and joyful "creatures." It would be well for us all, old and young, to remember that our words and actions, aye, and our thoughts also, are set upon never-stopping wheels, rolling on and on, into the pathway of eternity.\*

### CHINA.

CHINA has become a name of transcendent and absorbing interest. After thousands of years of ignorant superstitions, jealous, barbarous idolatry, it is now to be restored to the fellowship of nations, and, we hope, to the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We have heard a great deal lately—not too much, for all has interested us—of the discoveries which have been made at Babylon and Nineveh. The tombs of these ancient empires have been discovered, entered, and their mouldering relics brought out to adorn our museums, and, what is still better, to verify the great facts of Scripture history. I yield to none in the interest which I take in these matters; but what are Nineveh and Babylon now to China? With Nineveh and Babylon are associated the holy recollections of the past—with China the glowing anticipations of the future. The entrance to the tombs of Nineveh and Babylon was to bring out the relics of a dead man, as it were; but the revolution of China is opening the prison-doors, and bringing out a living one to light and liberty, to action and enjoyment. The inhabitants of Nineveh and Babylon have gone to their eternal destiny, and we cannot extend to them the benevolence of a missionary, a Bible, or a prayer; but to the 360,000,000 of the inhabitants of China we can send missionaries and Bibles, and invoke the blessing of God upon our exertions. Nineveh and Babylon will not now, as they once did, add to the domain of the Redeemer; but China will be—and think me not a prophet in thus speaking—the largest ruby that is to blaze, the most precious diamond that is to sparkle, in the diadem of Immanuel. That diamond is at present, I admit, surrounded with its earthy incrustations and impure admixtures; but if there be any truth in prophecy, if there be any meaning in Providence, the process of grinding is going on; and when its faces are polished, and it is placed in its

\* *Work; or, Plenty to do, and how to do it.* By Margaret M. Brewster.

intended receptacle, its hues shall flash with the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, delighting every beholder, and exciting the gratitude of every Christian who has prayed for the conversion of that vast empire. God is in history, my lord; for my part I hear His voice calling, I see His finger beckoning, I feel His hand drawing, I mark His footsteps leading—to China!

I shall be thought, perhaps, a little enthusiastic; but if enthusiasm mean ardour beyond what the cause justifies, imagination prevailing over judgment, I maintain, my lord, that there can be no enthusiasm in our views, feelings, and actions, with respect to an empire that has one-third of the population of the globe within its compass. I know very well that China is not yet converted to God, and I am quite conscious that we do not allow any mere visionary schemes and proposals to take possession of our minds. My own views, my lord, are these,—that before China is converted to God great convulsions must take place. The deposits of superstition and moral corruption have been going on through so many ages, and have formed such tremendous strata there, that there can be no breaking them up till there have been most terrible disruptions. The stagnancy that has held up that empire so long can never be purified but by awful storms. Therefore let us stand prepared for some considerable time to elapse before China will yield to the missionary and the Bible, and be converted to Christ; and we must not be astonished if, after all, considerable defeats arise to puzzle and perplex our faith; but what a scene was that which the gentlemen on board Her Majesty's ship *Hermes*, off Silver Island, beheld, when one of the broad rivers of China was covered with the remains of idols and buddhas, twenty feet high, floating onwards to the ocean, perches for the sea-birds, or seeming monsters to affright the credulous and ignorant mariner! This, as one has observed, was not to cast the idols to the moles and to the bats, but, at any rate, to the gulls and the fishes. Here, my lord, is much to encourage us. We are not the abettors of the cruelty, fanaticism, and intolerance of the insurgent army; we do not stand by, exulting spectators in witnessing their distempered and destructive zeal, which, rolling onward like lava bursting from a burning volcano, consumes everything in its course; but we do know, that the insurgent army has adopted, in a mutilated and partial form, our holy religion; and it would be criminal indifference to the interests of China, to our own obligations, and

to the honour of Christ, if we did not take advantage of the opportunity that is thus afforded us of pouring in the Scriptures and missionaries to that empire. My lord, let me tell you, that if you neglect China, there are those that will not. For ages upon ages the conversion of China has been a cherished object in the Vatican of that corrupt Church which quails not before the mightiest, nor despises the meanest object of its zeal—which will not condemn the conversion of a beggar, nor shrink from attempting the conversion of an empire.

At one time, thirty young priests sent a request to the Propaganda Society, with their names signed with blood drawn from their own veins, and requesting to be sent as missionaries to China; so that we must be upon the alert, or the Church of Rome will outstrip us in zeal. Whoever gets possession first, is most likely to be successful. Now, Protestants, I say to you: Fill China with Bibles, and they will keep out the priests; for if you let China be filled with priests, they will keep out the Bible. Therefore, let there be an effort to the uttermost, as we are making it, to send the Scriptures to that vast empire. And, my lord, there is another event in Providence coincident, in a very extraordinary manner, with the present opening in China, which is akin to it in its moral bearing, in its locality, and in the time of its occurrence,—I mean the opening of Japan to intercourse with the world. Russia, my lord, with the remorseless cupidity of a vulture, has pounced upon Turkey, has fixed her talons upon the provinces, and is whetting her beak for Constantinople; but, by an act more worthy of a great nation than this atrocious aggression, she has persuaded Japan to open her ports to the world. Now, it is well known that the educated classes in Japan speak the Chinese language as generally as French is spoken by the educated classes in this country; and, though the two spoken languages are different, the written language is the same. The Chinese character is used by the Japanese; so that the very Scriptures you are sending to China may find their way to Japan, and thus the whole of these mighty empires may be thrown open to the operations of Christian missionaries, and to this Society, and other societies of a kindred nature. All this, my lord, shews the importance of the exertions that have been made to send the Holy Scriptures to China. Oh! what a thought was that of Thomas Thompson, Esq., when he put out the idea of a million Testaments for China! My lord, we ought to be very

careful of our thoughts,—a great and good thought sometimes does wonders. Why, it was a single thought out of which this institution sprung—the thought of Joseph Hughes, that a little more exertion than was necessary to found a society for furnishing the Welsh with Bibles, would do to found a society that should furnish the world with Bibles. Let us take care, when a good thought visits our imagination, what we do with that thought—let us not destroy it, for a blessing may be in it. Now, this thought of Mr. Thompson has led to what we have heard this morning; and never was a thought more cordially, generally, promptly, and efficiently carried out than this. The expression has been echoed from the mountains of Wales: A million copies of New Testaments for China!—it has reverberated from Scotland—it has risen from every city, town, and hamlet in Great Britain; and even poor Ireland, weeping from the banks of the Shannon, has taken down her harp, and, amidst all her sorrows, has struck a note of joy in a thought of sending a million copies of the New Testament to China! It has come back to us from the Continent, returned in verberation from America, and from almost every other part of the world; and here, to-day, we have it announced, that not only have the million Testaments been subscribed for, but nearly, if not quite two millions! and who can tell what it may reach?

Now, my lord, may I tell you, just for a moment, what we did in Birmingham,—because it may, perhaps, furnish instruction as to how a similar thing may be done elsewhere? I said to my good people one morning, after a sermon that was, of course, a little intended to get up the feeling for the occasion, that, as their pastor had taken some part in the movement, the world would ask what his people had done for it. “Now,” said I, “go home, think over the subject, and after dinner gather round your tables, and let there be a family subscription; the husband first; the wife, as she ought to be, by the side of her husband, next; the children following; let the servants have a part too; and then bring the papers in the evening, and we will collect your promises”—for we had but lately remitted nearly L.500 as our subscription to the London Missionary Society, so that I could not ask for the money just then. I said: “If you will give me your promises, I will trust you till Christmas. See how much you can subscribe, and then at Christmas we will have the money.” The congregation broke up, and met, of course, again in the evening. When the second hymn

was about to be given out, I said to the deacons: "Now, go round with the boxes, and collect the papers,"—which they did. As I closed the sermon, one of my deacons came behind me, and shewed me a card. I guessed what it was. I looked at it, and I certainly looked with a little incredulity. "It is quite right," said the deacon; and I looked again and read: "Twenty-four thousand copies!" Since then, the number has been increased to thirty thousand. "But what," you may say, "about the payment? for you gave them credit. Did they come up to their promise?"—Oh! I thought I could trust them. I have known them nearly half-a-century, and I knew who I was speaking to. Christmas came, and of L 500 subscribed in that quiet way, with three months' credit into the bargain, there was only L.2 short.

Well, my lord, China is to be supplied with Scriptures; but, remember, this is not to supplement missionaries. The staff must be increased. We have had noble men in China—Morrison, and Milne, and Lake, and Medhurst, and Lockhart, and Hobson, and others; and I must mention another, whose name, I am sure, will be received with welcome and delight by this audience—Bishop Smith—that spiritual, heavenly-minded, and devoted prelate, the Bishop, I believe, of Hong Kong,—who is an honour to his own Church, and who has conciliated the esteem, affection, and confidence of the missionaries of every other Church. It would be unpardonable, on such an occasion, that that name should be passed over in silence; and I do mention it with the profoundest respect and regard, for he has thrown his whole soul into this movement for circulating the Scriptures in China. Members of the Church of England! with such a bishop, send him out a greater staff—men worthy as himself, for he wants troops. With such a leader, what may we not expect under the blessing of Almighty God?

One word, my lord, before I sit down. We want something else besides missionaries—something else besides Bibles—we want earnest, believing, persevering prayer. All these missionaries and Bibles will not convert a single Chinese to God, without the blessing of His own Spirit. We serve a jealous God, who will not give His glory even to His Bible—He will be honoured in His Spirit as well as in His truth. If we would save ourselves from the charge of Bibliolatry, let us remember that the book can do nothing without the Author. While, therefore, we are circulating the Scriptures, let us be earnest in prayer for the

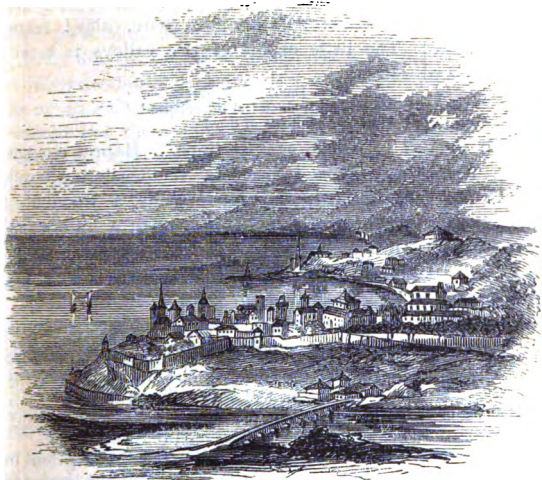


Spirit of God to come upon them. For, do not forget, if the insurgent party be defeated, what will be the consequences?—Christianity, having been identified with the insurgents, will be considered as high treason. So that the destiny of China is trembling in the balance; and it is for God's people, by earnest effort, to take care on which side the scale shall preponderate. Let us take a leaf out of the book of the Roman Catholics. While we renounce their system, let us imbibe the zeal by which it is sustained. That extraordinary man, Francis Xavier, when pacing the deck of the Portuguese vessel that was bearing him to the land on which his heart had been set for conversion to the Catholic Church, on catching sight of the sun-gilded tops of the mountains of China, broke out into the paroxysm of zeal: "Oh! give me China for the crucifix, and all Asia shall fall before her!" Protestants, with the change of a word, may put up the exclamation—oh! let us raise the fervent shout to Heaven, and adopt it as the watchword of our proceedings: "Oh! give us China for the Cross, and all Asia shall fall before her!"—*Speech of Rev. J. A. James.*

### ENTIRE DEVOTION.

WHAT is said of Madame Guyon ought to be true of every one whose engagement is to be the Lord's. It is said of her (See *Life*, vol. I. p. 108): "She gave herself to the Lord, not only to be His, in the ordinary and mitigated sense of the terms; but to be His *wholly*, and to be His *for ever*—to be His in body and in spirit—to be His in personal efforts and influence—to be His in all that she *was*, and in all that it was possible *for her to be*. There was no reserve."

I love my God; but with no love of mine,  
 For I have none to give.  
 I love thee, Lord; but all the love is Thine;  
 For by Thy love I live.  
 I am as nothing; and rejoice to be  
 Emptied and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.  
 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need,  
 And their is none beside;  
 From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed;  
 In Thee the blest abide.  
 Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,  
 Our source, our centre, and our dwelling place.



## GENOA.

**S**OME time ago we gave our readers a sketch of the city of Turin, the great capital of Sardinia; and our object was to draw attention to the noble work upon which the hearts of so many zealous Christians were set,—the founding of a church for the preaching of the pure Gospel, and for the true Protestant worship of God in that Popish city. Turin is celebrated for its *Superga*, a vast and magnificent temple of Popery, situated on the summit of a hill, within a few miles of the capital. We have gazed with admiration on its architectural beauty—we have been attracted by the gorgeous stateliness of its halls, and wondered at the splendour of its royal sepulchres; but, alas! it is a temple of a degraded and childish superstition; and sad, indeed, was it to witness the devotee of Rome going the round of his perpetual mass to obtain the release of the souls of sceptred kings from the pains of purgatory. A few years ago, the door of access to a pure worship in

Turin was completely closed. A traveller, in his notes on Turin, wrote thus: "Catholicism here, alas! reigns triumphant! The little candle of the valleys is totally extinguished—all is

Dark, dark, dark,  
Unutterably dark! total eclipse!  
Without all hope of day!

But it is good to "hope against hope." Happy change! Now, from the neat and spacious Waldensian Church, which we introduced to our readers, by a woodcut, a few months ago, there shines forth, with a higher and more glorious lustre than proceeds from all the marbled majesty and tawdry tinsel of the Superga, the saving and joyous truths of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In a weekly religious journal, *The Good News*, published at Turin, we find the following account of the new church:

"The church stands in one of the most frequented quarters of the capital, on the magnificent *Viale del Re*, 'The King's Walk,' opposite the terminus of the railway to Genoa. It is surrounded by an elegant iron railing.

"Over the great door is the following inscription in letters of gold:—'Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.'—Jer. vi. 16. Entering by the great door there is a spacious porch; and on the inner door, opening into the church, are inscribed the words: 'God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'—John iv. 24.

"The church has three spacious aisles, with elegant pillars, capable of containing 1500 persons; and should greater accommodation be required, galleries can at once be added over the side aisles. The pulpit, with the Word of God—the sole and infallible authority of the Evangelical Church—stands conspicuous in the centre of the apsis; and under the pulpit, upon a platform, is placed the table for the Lord's Supper."

To God be the thanks and praise of so happy an issue! Who will not add their hearty Amen to the prayer uttered on the occasion of its dedication, on the 15th of December last: "Bless, O Lord, this temple; and may it be the city set on a hill, that it may be the bright beacon that shall point out to our countrymen the truth of thy Gospel; that it may be the grain of mustard seed that shall grow up

into a large tree; that it may be the fountain of all thy blessings shed on our dear country!"

Nobly did the hearts of multitudes throughout evangelical Christendom respond to the call to help in the building of this Christian temple. In our own country, one hundred and three collections were made by congregations throughout the country,—some of them in the distant Highlands, who, out of their deep poverty, came forward willingly to help their brethren on the other side of the Alps in the time of their need, and to enable them to take advantage of the opening which the favouring providence of God had given. Of the sum raised for this great and good work, we find that England has furnished about £4000; Scotland, £2000; Holland, £1850,—the fruits of collections ordered throughout all the churches; and donations have been sent from all quarters of Europe, and all ranks, from the king of Prussia, whose name appears for 1000 francs, (£40,) down to the humblest Alpine peasant.

Now that Turin has been supplied with a candlestick on which to hold forth the light of truth, we want another for the second great capital of Sardinia,—GENOA. "The beautiful city of Genoa," we are told, "lies on the coast of the Mediterranean, at the foot of the Ligurian Appennines, in the recess of a wide crescent-like gulf. The town stands partly on the declivity of several hills, rising in the form of a semicircle round the spacious harbours, and partly on a narrow strip of ground between them and the sea. It is enclosed on the land side by a double line of fortifications, the external one being eight miles in length. The higher Appennines rise immediately behind, dividing the waters which run to the Mediterranean by the valleys of Bisagno and Polcevero, from those which flow northward into the Scrivia and Bormida, two affluents of the Po. Upon the summits of these mountains, which are near enough to command Genoa, are several detached forts. The appearance of the city from the sea is really superb. A succession of fine buildings lines the shore; palaces and gardens, churches and convents, rise on the steep sides of the hills." A living author of

some fame, in his *Pictures from Italy*, sketches "the noble bay of Genoa, with the deep blue Mediterranean—monstrous old desolate houses and palaces dotted all about—lofty hills, with their tops often hidden in the clouds, and with strong forts perched high upon their craggy sides. They who would know how beautiful the country immediately surrounding Genoa is, should climb to the top of Monte Faccio, or, at least, ride round the city walls, a feat more easily performed. There lies all Genoa, in beautiful confusion, with its many churches, monasteries, and convents, pointing up into the sunny sky. The fort within the walls commands that height upon the right. The broad sea lies in front there; and that line of coast, beginning by the lighthouse and tapering away, a mere speck in the rosy distance, is the beautiful coast road that leads to Nice."

We want to add to the interest of this interesting city—interesting, not only on account of the natural beauty of its situation, but its former political glory and ascendancy among the nations—by planting there, in the form of a visible temple, the standard of the true Cross. Often has the rude hand of a ruthless foe carried fire into its palaces and streets, and laid the city in a heap of smouldering ruins! We trust such days are for ever gone. We would ask the friends of truth and holy peace to combine to carry thither another torch—the torch of the truth of the Gospel—that may burn up and utterly consume every vestige of a soul-destroying superstition, while it introduces the light of a blessed peace, and joy, and heavenly hope, into the hearts and homes of all its people. Already a congregation has been formed, and plans and contributions devised and begun for the erection of a church. But considerably more funds are wanted to carry out the design. "We have been in treaty," says a correspondent, in speaking of the difficulties on account of the necessary expense, "several times for pieces of ground, but have been obliged to give up the purchase for want of means; for, however economically we may build, a church cannot cost much less than £5000; and all we can do

now is to buy the site. We are still on the look-out for a suitable spot, and I trust we may soon succeed. In the meantime, we have hired a place for two years, more in the centre of the town than M. Geymonat's house, and which can contain 400 people; so that your idea is already realized; and we would have made any sacrifice rather than allow our service to be stopped. I hope that this information will suffice to enable you to obtain subscriptions for the church at Genoa. This work calls for the sympathy of all sincere Christians, who consecrate their lives to the advancement of the kingdom of God."

Will our young friends, then, help us now for the church at Genoa, as they did for that at Turin? We invite them prayerfully and earnestly to do so, and shall take care of any contributions that they may send us for that purpose.

### THE SABBATH IN PARIS.

#### A HOPEFUL SYMPTOM.

A VERY numerous meeting was held lately of the shopkeepers in one of the districts of Paris, in support of a Sunday movement going on there. A very strong feeling in favour of the observance of the Sabbath was manifested; and a very large number of tradesmen pledged themselves to close their shops on the Sabbath. A considerable number who had previously given the promise have conscientiously respected it.

### IRELAND UNDER THE POT.

ONE of the Dublin agents for the Irish Church Missions was lately spending a few days in the west of Ireland. One Sunday, as he was walking from Clifden to attend service at Derrygimla, he met a little girl very poorly clad, about thirteen years of age, and the following conversation took place:—

*Agent.*—This is a very wild country.

*Child.*—It is, indeed, Sir.

*A.*—And it seems to be a very poor country too.

*C.*—Yes, Sir; but I think it is improving.

A.—How so?

C.—The people are all reading the Word of God, and the love of Christ is in their hearts.

A.—Oh! I'm afraid you are a jumper, and that you want to make a convert of me!

C.—I am a jumper, Sir, and would like very much to teach you how your sins may be pardoned through the blood of Christ.

"It does not seem to have done you much good," said the agent, glancing at her dress; "you look very poor."

"Ah!" said the child, "it has done my soul good."

"Why, what were you before you were a jumper?"

After a moment's thought, she answered: "*We were like people under a pot, with our eyes shut*, until Mr. Dallas brought us the Word of God."

"And was it Mr. Dallas that took you from under the pot?"

"Oh! no," she replied, quickly, "he was only God's instrument; it was God the Holy Ghost who took us from under the pot, and opened our eyes."—*Erin's Hope.*

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### MISSIONS IN INDIA.

WE are sure that every friend to missions will read with much interest the following account, given by the Rev. N. L. Moody of his journeyings through the missionary field in South India, at the recent great annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society in London:—

It is but very recently that I returned from a most interesting tour, which I had the privilege of making through the missionary station of the south of India. My course extended over a circuit of nearly 1500 miles, and I was engaged about five months in that occupation.

I will ask this meeting to follow me in my supervision, and to bear with me while I refer to certain topics that struck me while passing through that mission. We cannot but feel that there is a day of great things, God be thanked, in store for India. That day, I believe, has commenced. Wherever we look—and I am speaking now of South India, with which I am more intimately acquainted,—wherever we look, we see indications of the breaking up of the vast masses of native society—we see evidences that a lever is at work under the native mind, which is secretly

and imperceptibly lifting it up, and hurrying it forward from one inquiry to another, until it knows not into what it is plunging next. One evidence of that movement is, that the position of the missionary church in South India is beginning to be thoroughly understood by the natives. In past years it was not so. The natives used formerly to look upon our missionaries sometimes as political agents, sometimes as men who had come out to India to make money, and sometimes as men having some design or object which they could not fathom or understand. But those days have passed away for ever; and the natives of India now begin to feel that the aim and object of the missionaries is to subvert the whole of that gigantic system of idolatry and superstition by which that vast country has been for ages begirt.

### **Diminution of the Influence of the Brahmins.**

Another symptom of this great change which is going on in native society in India is, that the power and influence of the Brahmins is rapidly dying away. I was especially struck with this fact by what I saw in Travancore and Cochin, for there we know the domination of the Brahminical priesthood is more powerful than in any other part of southern India, and yet there the native population are not only beginning to think, but to speak against that domination.

I remember a circumstance which will illustrate the feeling of the natives as to the Brahmins. A young man, a Christian, was asked by a Brahmin, who was an influential landowner, to repair an idol temple,—the palmyra leaves which they use for covering the roofs had become displaced, and this young man was required to replace them. He refused, saying: "It is against my conscience to contribute any longer, or to support by work, or in any other way to uphold the system of idolatry from which I have, thank God, been separated." "But," said the Brahmin, "are you not aware that it is a meritorious act to repair a temple for the great God?" "If that be the case," replied the young man, "then I will transfer the work over to you, and you shall have all the merit."

### **Growth of Unity.**

Let me add one more circumstance, which I think is hopeful for the missionary church of South India, and that is, the growing union amongst all the Protestant Churches of Christendom which are engaged there in promoting the blessed work. Wherever that unity spreads, I believe God



gives it His blessing. It is as the dew of Hermon; it descends upon the mountains of Zion, and commandeth a blessing, even life for evermore. I do not mean to say that all is done towards accomplishing that unity; but what I do say is, that men have, at length, begun to act as right-minded men had long begun to feel.

I believe that the various Protestant Missionary Societies in South India are working harmoniously together; each taking its own separate field of missionary labour, and communicating their plans; and sometimes—though I am sorry to say but rarely—offering up together their united prayers for God's blessing on the world. The spread of this unity is teeming with a radiant and a glorious hope for the missionary church of South India, and God gives His blessing to it.

### **Missionary Labours in Travancore.**

Let me ask you to accompany me to one or two spots in Travancore,—that beautiful, but unhappy country where the tread of the wild beast and the coil of the serpent have so long remained undisturbed. There is a deeply interesting spot among the mountains, mentioned in the report—Mundakyam. Some hill tribes, called the Araans, are connected with this place. I know not why they are so called. In the Travancore country it is said they are the hill kings; but in the Malabar country, it is said they are descended from the loins of a great chief, and are of the highest caste. A few years ago my friend, Mr. Baker, was applied to by some of them, who went down to him for the purpose, for aid and assistance in preaching to them the Gospel of Jesus, of which they had heard something, but of which they were ignorant. He was not satisfied with their motives and bade them wait, feeling sure, that if the current of their heart was really set towards Christianity, time would increase its flow, rather than lessen it. At last he visited Mundakyam, which is the first settlement near which some Aaraan villages are situated. The village, which is called Combukuthi, stands on the verge of a precipice, down the face of which forests of brushwood and creepers cling and climb. When he went there 300 or 400 of those unhappy and benighted people met him. It was night, and they made up a glowing fire of logs as a protection against the beasts of prey, and that they might have light enough to see the missionary, and that he might see them. When he began to speak to them of the love of God in Christ—in His sending His own dear Son to die for their sins that

they might be saved, you would have been astonished at the deep interest which was created in their minds ; it was as though a ray of light had suddenly penetrated into their rude hearts, and bid their sympathies lament and love ; and as Mr. Baker went on explaining to them God's Word, he would be ever and anon interrupted. They wished him to tell them that part over again—that part again, one or other did not understand, and wished him to explain it ; and when he dwelt upon the love of God in giving His only Son for them, they seemed to feel that there was a hope even for them that they might not go down to the grave without joy in the future. And now what has been the result of the work thus carried on by Mr. Baker among the hill tribes of Travancore ? More than one hundred adults have been baptized ; and at Mundakyam, where there was not a house in 1850, there is now a settlement, a Christian settlement of 250 people, partly from the low country, and partly from the hills, who join in the praise of their God and Saviour. And the last note I had from Mr. Baker was to the effect, that he was about to baptize thirty adults more ; and he wished it might please God that the Committee would entirely release him from his work in the low country, that he might devote himself entirely to these 7000 Araans in the hills of Travancore,—a measure which, I hope, will soon be carried into effect.

### **Missionary Labours among the Slaves.**

Again, a movement has been commenced amongst the slaves of Travancore. There was a request that we should visit Mallapalli, a mountain station attached to the Tiruwalla district, where there is a missionary slave-school. This is in the heart of the jungle ; and, from local circumstances at the time, we could go no farther than the church. We asked two of the slaves to come to us, and enlighten us as to the condition of the class to which they belonged ; and unhappy, indeed, that condition is. It is scored with all the worst features of American slavery ; and how it could so long have continued under British government and British rule, I cannot, from my heart, understand. In this school we found gathered together some nine or ten adult slaves ; and the daughter of one of those who had been speaking to us about their condition had been educated there, and still continued to attend it. Being a married woman, she experienced great opposition from her husband and relations ; but she still continued to go, until one of those fatal diseases, which are

common in that country, fever or cholera, I forgot which, shortened her days. On her deathbed she gave the most gratifying testimony to the missionary reader, that she had profited by what she had heard at the school, and that her soul was about to wing its flight to Jesus her Saviour. That poor slave woman, though unbaptized with water, but baptized, as I verily believe, by the finger of God upon her heart, enunciated, in her dying moments, a confession of her faith, as satisfactory as we could wish to hear from any Christian dying on these shores. She said: I am going to heaven, heaven, heaven; and when I die, said she to the missionary-reader, grant my last request—lay my body close to the threshold of that beloved school which was so dear to me in life. We spoke to the slave, her father, concerning her, and endeavoured to console him; and it was with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and with deep emotion, he said: "Oh! sir, we do not sorrow for her as for one without hope, for she has gone to that place, (pointing upwards with his finger)—she is not lost for ever."

### **Tinnevelly.**

Let me now ask you to turn with me round Cape Comorin, and proceed up to the first mission-station in Tinnevelly—that blessed province where God has rewarded, with so much fruit, the labours of His servants; and let me ask you to set your eyes for an instant on Suviseshapuram. I have spoken of education, and I bless God we have commenced a system of female education which, I hope and believe, will redound to the glory of God. True, it is as yet feeble in its character, and often desultory in its operations; but in the school which we have established there, we often see hundreds gathered together who would else grow up in ignorance of God. A case happened, last year, at Suviseshapuram, to which I will, for a moment, call attention. It is that of a woman, who had been, for some years, receiving instruction in Mr. Spratt's school, and had exhibited some delightful evidence of her conversion to God by the Holy Spirit. She left the school, and was married to the schoolmaster of a neighbouring village, and for some time nothing remarkable happened. She was known in the village for her deep, and consistent, and ardent piety. Often she would retire to the palmyra grove, or to some other secret spot, and there, in private, pour out her heart in prayer to God. After a short time her health declined, and she was either removed to Suviseshapuram,

or Mr. Spratt visited her at her own house—I am not sure which. It was clear to him and to all that her days were numbered, and that she was about to die. On her death-bed all her care was that her child should be educated, in after years, in the knowledge of that Saviour she so ardently loved. She took from under her pillow the key of a box in which she kept the vernacular books and tracts she had received from the missionary, and she said: "There is the key; take the books, and when my child is grown up, educate her from those." Some one asked whether she would not like to change her clothes? "What need is there," said she, "to change my clothes? I shall soon be in heaven, where the new robe of the Sun of Righteousness will be put round my body;" and in that happy state of mind this Christian died. Let me say, in conclusion, what has been often repeated by those Christian friends who have addressed you, that there is a vast and increasing want of spiritual agency to carry on this mission. We want those agents from every quarter; we want men of every stamp, provided they are men of God, baptized with the truth; and as Israel, when she gathered together her armies, took them from all parts—the valley of Jehoshaphat and the mountains of Lebanon and Carmel each furnishing its quota—so we ought to draw our army for the mission-field from all quarters and from all ranks,—from the universities, from the halls of commerce, and from the quiet retirement of private life, and send them forth, that they may be messengers and heralds of love to this benighted continent of India.

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### CHILDREN—WHAT CAN THEY DO?

WHAT can little children do? Have you ever seen a man working with a very small tool to make a very large thing? and perhaps you have wondered how much can be done by so small an instrument. That tool is used by the man's hand; and that hand could do nothing unless it was guided by a *mind*; and that mind is made, and kept, and used, by the great God—that God who is so wonderful in working, whose hand guides the rolling planets, and paints the insect's wing; and that Almighty hand of love can make use of a little child to do great things for His glory.

The first Bible Association ever formed was set up at Sheffield, in the year 1804, by a young lady, only fifteen years of age, named Catherine Elliott. She used to visit

her poor neighbours, and she found a great many who had no Bibles; so she thought what she could do to get them some, and she prayed to God to guide her, and to teach her what to do. She put by one penny a-week, and her little brother a halfpenny, until they were able to buy a Testament for one shilling and fourpence. Catherine then wrote a little paper to beg help, which she sent to her school-fellows. The subscribers, or those who gave money towards it, increased; a number of friends formed a party, which is called a *committee*, and joined in this work. In sixteen years they distributed more than 2500 Bibles and Testaments. How little did this young girl think when she began, what God would enable her to do for Him; and how many souls may have been saved by these Bibles, through the power of the Holy Spirit carrying His Word to their hearts!

The first Jewish Association was also begun by children and teachers of a Sunday school in Southwark. This little Society has been gradually growing every year; and in thirty-nine years it has been the means of distributing 39,000 Bibles and Testaments; and it has paid to the Southwark Society more than £6500.

Let these facts encourage all who read this little book to go and do likewise. Let us begin by praying that we may perceive and know what we ought to do, and then, for "grace and power to fulfil the same," and we shall not be long without the comfort of knowing that God can make use of a little child.—*Erin's Hope*.

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### Isaiah xii. 2-6.

Jesus is become, at length,  
My salvation and my strength;  
And His praises shall prolong,  
While I live, my pleasant song.

Here, in the fair Gospel-field,  
Walls of free salvation yield  
Streams of life a plenteous store,  
And my soul shall thirst no more.

Praise ye, then, His glorious name,  
Publish His exalted fame!  
Still His worth your praise exceeds,  
Excellent are all His deeds.

Raise again the joyful sound,  
Let the nations roll it round;  
Zion, shout, for this is He:  
God the Saviour dwells in thee!

### PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

WE have had the opportunity of hearing, through the most direct channel, that the Box which some kind Christian friends in Scotland interested in the islanders on Pitcairn sent out to them some time ago, has arrived in safety. Everything in it was in good order, and much valued by the people. It is pleasing to know, that the Box supplied Bibles and Prayer Books in numbers more than sufficient to secure one for every person now on the island.

The poor people were much pleased with the telescopes, which, up to the time of our informant's departure, were the best they had. The spectacles, also, were of much use to the old people. The sewing materials, writing and school implements, were very acceptable. And more than one copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were seen, and evidently proved how popular the beautiful allegory of John Bunyan was among the reading portion of the people.

We again beg the prayers of all the children of God among our readers, on behalf of the church on Pitcairn's Island.

The recent ordination and arrival among them as their minister, of Mr. Nobbs, formerly their teacher, begins a new era, and is quite an important crisis in the history of the community there. Let us pray that it may please God to pour His grace upon their minister. May God replenish him so with the truth of the divine doctrine, and adorn him with innocence of life, that, both by word and good example, he may faithfully serve the Lord in his office, to the glory of the name of God, and the edification of the people committed to him as his flock!

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### OUR JEWISH MISSIONS.

#### Germany.

THE Rev. G. F. Sutter at Karlsruhe, the Rev. J. C. Lehner at Darmstadt, and the Rev. Rudolph Stern at Speyer,

have laboured, during the past year, in their respective stations, with the same discretion, energy, and devotedness which, in former years, has elicited your warm approval.

They are unceasingly occupied in visiting Jews, not only in the towns in which they are stationed, but in all the surrounding villages and rural districts. They frequently attend the worship of the synagogues, and avail themselves of the opportunities, often given them, of addressing large assemblages of Jews at the religious meetings usually held at the close of the synagogue service. They distribute suitable tracts, and copies of the Word of God. They take a special interest in Jewish schools and schoolmasters. They preach in the parish churches as often as occasion offers, and hold weekly meetings for prayer and exposition of the Scriptures. And they endeavour to stir up in the minds of the small number of faithful Protestant ministers in their several districts, and of the more numerous class of pious laymen, a warm interest in the spiritual welfare of their Jewish neighbours. In almost every quarter their visits have been kindly received, and their statements of Divine truth listened to with respectful attention, and frequently with eager interest. In not a few instances they have good ground to think that a favourable impression has been made upon their Jewish hearers; while, in the case of some, there is little room to doubt that the truth of Christianity is inwardly acknowledged by them, although they are still hindered, by various considerations of a worldly and prudential nature, from its open profession. Our missionaries use extreme caution in dealing with professed inquirers; and though various applicants for baptism have come to them, they are slow to receive them until both the extent of their knowledge, and the sincerity of their conviction, have been searchingly and fully tested.

### **Extension of our Mission.**

The Committee are most anxious that their efforts for the conversion of the lost sheep of the house of Israel should be more and more extended, by the occupation of new fields, and the employment of additional labourers; and are specially desirous of securing for this great work the services of well-qualified probationers of our own Church. With these objects in view, they invited Mr. Sutter to spend six weeks in Scotland during the course of last winter; and sent him, along with Mr. Laseron, to our University seats for the purpose of diffusing information among the students regarding the General Assembly's Missions to the Jews, and

exciting an increased measure of interest in their behalf in the minds of the aspirants to the ministry in the Church of Scotland. These visits of the two missionaries were cordially welcomed, and highly appreciated. They have been instrumental, to a very great extent, in removing prejudices that had previously been entertained against this interesting department of the missionary cause, and in stirring up an earnest zeal for the promotion of it. And as one important result of them, the Committee are happy to state, that one young man, of high character and distinguished attainments, now undergoing his probationary trials, has already been induced to offer them his services; and they have reason to believe that several others are disposed, when ready for license, to follow his example. This is a consummation greatly to be desired. For though we have every reason to be very highly satisfied with those able and devoted men on whose agency we are at present dependent, there can be no doubt, that if natives of our own land, and preachers of our rearing, would give themselves to this good work, a much greater interest would be felt in its advancement on the part of the various congregations of our National Church.

It is the intention of the Committee, so soon as they have taken any of our own probationers into their employment, to send them, in the first instance, to Germany, to serve, as it were, an apprenticeship to the missionary work under the able and judicious superintendence of Messrs. Sutter, Lehner, and Stern; and, ultimately, to appoint them to such fixed stations, whether in Germany, or Syria, or elsewhere, as may seem to afford the fairest opening for their exertions.

In the meanwhile, the attention of the Committee, has been directed to Paris as an eligible field for the Church of Scotland to occupy. In that city there are twenty thousand Jews, nearly all Germans; among whom, it is believed, that there are peculiar facilities for missionary labour, if the services of a well-qualified agent could be secured.

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### LONDON CITY MISSION.

It has often been said that London contains the best and the worst of everything. We have a striking illustration of this when we contemplate the deep degradation of its



wretched masses, and the earnest energy that is at work to raise them from their dungeon-darkness to the daylight of a Gospel hope. It is in the doings of the London City Mission, as they are reported to the annual meeting that assembles, with eager interest, in the great metropolis in May, that we see this picture realized. The Report of the past year shews how busy sin and Satan still are in that mighty city; but it gladdens us by proving that the soldiers of Christ are manfully and successfully fighting against these adversaries. Let us listen to some of the statements made in the Report. It opens with the statement,—

“That, notwithstanding the great increase in the number of the Society’s agents, not more than one-half of the poor of London had as yet been brought within the sphere of its operations; that many of the most deplorable and debased districts were still unvisited by any missionary, and that there were many families who were as ignorant of Christ and His salvation as the pagans; that one-seventh of the poor of London still professed the superstition of Popery; that not more than six out of every hundred attended public worship of any kind; that one family in six were without a Bible; and that the shops open for trade on the Lord’s day were as numerous as those which were closed. Of the number of adults dying,” the Report stated that “more than one-fourth received no other Christian visitation than that of this Mission. The number of visits made by the Society’s missionaries during the year, was 1,439,313, being 199,000 more than in the previous year. 122,772 visits had been paid to the sick and dying, portions of the Scriptures had been read 432,407 times. The number of families assigned to the care of each missionary was 500,—each family, on the average, numbering four persons. There were about 650,000 persons under the regular and systematic instruction of the missionaries, a number much larger than was under the regular public instruction of all the clergymen and ministers in the metropolis, in the churches and chapels at any Sunday service; and the 650,000 who were visited and instructed by the missionaries were almost wholly a distinct class from any that were found in the churches and chapels on an ordinary Sunday.” It is stated that “23,035 family meetings for prayer and the exposition of God’s Word, had been held by the missionaries during the year, and the persons who attended them were generally such as would not, in the first instance, be brought to the

house of God. The attendance at these services varied from fifteen to a hundred. The Society had distributed in the course of the year, 1,931,705 religious tracts, which, together with a library of entertaining books, supplied by the Religious Tract Society, had greatly aided the missionaries in their labour, and had done much in counteracting the pernicious influence of the cheap infidel and other irreligious and immoral publications." There had also been distributed during the year "6728 copies of the Holy Scriptures; 8853 children had been sent to ragged and other schools, through the intervention of the missionaries. 132 shops had been closed on the Sabbath; 569 drunkards had been reclaimed; and 307 families had been induced to commence the practice of family prayer. Many thousands of persons had given real evidence of conversion, in their reformed lives; 676 of these had been admitted to the Lord's table; 158 persons who had departed from God, had been restored to church membership. An extensive system of visitation had been carried on in the workhouses, and amongst the military and the sailors in the east of London. Many of the soldiers who had gone out to the war had been supplied with religious books and tracts; and, in all, 13,268 of those publications had been distributed by the missionaries amongst the soldiers and sailors going abroad. Religious books, in their own language, had been distributed largely amongst the Chinese in London. Everywhere almost the missionaries were esteemed by the poor, and treated with respect, even by the thieves in St. Giles."

How should the thought of all the ignorance and wickedness of these poor inmates of the lanes and alleys of London, excite our gratitude for all the mercies, both temporal and spiritual, of our lot! But let us receive the warning to take heed, lest while many are, by the means of these humble earnest Bible readers, brought from the east and west, and north and south of the vast metropolis, and made to sit down as the children of God in glory, any of us who think ourselves the children of the kingdom should, when weighed in the balance, be found wanting, and so be thrust out,—lest when the storms of calamity, and disease, and death begin to beat upon our house, it should be found to be built only on a sandy foundation, and so should fall; and great should be the fall of it!

**FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.****BAPTISM OF SIX ORPHAN GIRLS.**

It is with feelings of sincere gratitude to the God of missions, that we put on record an account of an interesting service which took place at the Scottish Orphanage, Lower Circular Road, on Tuesday last, when six of the inmates of that Institution made a profession of their faith in Christ, and were admitted into the membership of His Church. Most thankful do we feel at this renewed manifestation of God's blessing on the instruction imparted in the Orphanage, and most fervently do we pray, that the efforts of the Ladies' Association, both in the Orphanage and day schools, to diffuse the light and truth of Christianity amongst the females of this land, may be abundantly owned of God as a means of increasing the number of His people from amongst the heathen, and others who are in spiritual darkness.

We understand that the girls who sought and obtained a name in the visible Church, on this occasion, have, for some time past, given evidence of a work of grace in their hearts; and there is every reason to believe, that they have been taught by a power and influence higher than that of man's to seek the Lord.

The service on Tuesday was peculiarly solemn. The Rev. J. W. Yule, superintendent of the mission, after singing, began with prayer. After which, the Rev. R. Henderson of St. Andrew's Church, read a portion of the Scriptures, and called upon the candidates for baptism to give expression of their faith in Jesus, and their desire to devote themselves to His service; which being satisfactorily done, he baptized them into the holy name of the Triune-God. After the administration of the sacred rite, Mr. Henderson, in an address of much tenderness and affection, counselled, encouraged, and warned the young disciples respecting their future walk and life, entreating them to keep near, at all times, to that Jesus whom they had, on that day, taken and owned to be their Lord and Redeemer.

The service was concluded by prayer and the benediction.

We were pleased to see such a good attendance of sympathizing friends at the dispensation of the ordinance; and we are sure that all must have felt that of a truth God was there.—*Calcutta Christian Advocate of April 29, 1854.*

**FEMALE INFANTICIDE IN THE PUNJAB.\***

A LADY who was a witness of the splendid meeting held on the 14th November last at the Holy City of Umritsir in the Punjab, to listen to the Governor General's order on the subject of infanticide, writes the following interesting details:—

“Every civilian in the Punjab was there; the street of the camp was nearly a quarter of a-mile long, and composed entirely of civilians' double-poled tents. It was calculated that more than 20,000 natives, independent of the usual inhabitants, were assembled. A small apartment, with a fine bamboo screen, was provided for the few ladies present, that they might witness the scene. All were invited to come to the Durbar at eleven o'clock on Monday, 14th November. There were three thousand natives inside the grand *shemeana*—three hundred were of rank sufficient to have chairs allowed them, which were placed in a semicircle at the end of the tent; at the end of this semicircle stood all the civilians. All the old Sikh generals and rulers were there, and among them many hill chiefs who had never before been tempted out of their native mountains. All who were not entitled to chairs, were seated on the ground, and presented one large compact mass of human heads.”

Mr. Edmonstone, on whom devolved the duty of opening and explaining the object of this important meeting, was listened to by the brilliant assembly amid the most profound silence. He addressed them in Hindustanee, denouncing female infanticide as barbarous, cruel, and unholy. (This horrid practice has hitherto been adopted by many of the Sikh tribes, rather than bear the great expense of their foolish marriage ceremonies.)

“So powerfully,” writes the lady, “did Mr. Edmonstone's address influence his hearers, that every native present signed a solemn agreement or oath never again to allow female infanticide within the circle of his acquaintance, without denouncing the perpetrators.”

Government has now limited the expense of the marriage of daughters to certain sums proportioned to the rank of the parents, which just now is viewed as a blessing to all parties; and all the chiefs expressed their satisfaction and delight at the new law. A more splendid scene of oriental magnificence could not be imagined than the breaking up of this vast assemblage;—the chiefs, attended by their

numerous followers, and mounted on splendid elephants, their heads and trunks painted with various devices, and their housings of scarlet and gold, and moving along in stately procession. In the evening the whole city was illuminated; and it was curious to look back on the long narrow streets, and tall irregular houses blazing with rows of lamps, and literally crammed with people. At the entrance of the far-famed holy tank of Umritsir the crowd was so dense that they looked like one solid mass.

"The spectacle was magnificent; all was light as day. The golden temple, the steps round the tank, the very water itself, seemed on fire. Around the edge were packed twenty thousand people, and the murmur of their voices came up like the roar of the sea in a storm. At the signal of a cannon, fireworks broke out on every side, fountains of fire fell from the roofs, and rose from boats in the midst of the tank; rockets pierced the air, and fell in showers; and myriads of fire-balloons appeared like so many new stars. This particular time was chosen for the meeting because crowds then always assemble at Umritsir to hold a great Hindoo festival, connected with the worship of fire."

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### THE WONDERS OF REDEEMING LOVE.

How wondrous are the works of God  
Display'd through all the world abroad!  
Immensely great! immensely small!  
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

He formed the sun, fair fount of light;  
The moon and stars, to rule the night;  
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,  
Are little works compared with one.

He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies,  
Made valleys sink and mountains rise,  
The meadows cloth'd with native green,  
And bade the rivers glide between.

But what are seas, or skies, or hills,  
Or verdant vales, or gilding rills,  
To wonders man was born to prove,—  
The Wonders of Redeeming Love!

'Tis far beyond what words express,  
What saints can feel, or angels guess,—  
Angels that hymn the great I AM,  
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.

The highest heav'ns are short of this;  
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss  
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,  
Or hope expect, or faith believe.

Almighty God sighed human breath!  
The Lord of Life experienced death.  
We know not how it could be thus;  
But this we know, 'twas done for us!

Blest with this faith, then let us raise  
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise,  
All things to us must work for good,  
For whom the Lord hath shed His blood.

Trials may press of every sort,  
They may be sore, they must be short;  
We now believe, but soon shall view  
The greatest glories God can shew.

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### IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS.

We very anxiously invite the attention of our readers to an effort which is about to be made, to engage among us more general interest and larger contributions on behalf of the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics. The Society have appointed George Maxwell, Esq. of Broomholm, as their Secretary for Scotland; and for carrying out the object of his appointment, we believe Mr. Maxwell is about to make arrangements for visiting different districts of the country to unite the friends of the reformation in Ireland. We cannot doubt that he will be everywhere well received; and we trust that, by diffusing information as to the wonderful success vouchsafed by the blessing of God to the work of the Irish Church Missions, he is to succeed in greatly widening in Scotland the basis of that support, by both prayer and almsgiving, on the steady continuance of which these Missions depend for their support.

Our juvenile readers will, we know, be glad to have the opportunity, which we hope many of them will enjoy, of hearing, from the Society's own Secretary, about that work in Ireland which they were permitted by God to help

on by their recent gift of Bibles to many stations occupied by this Society.

As some new illustrations of the work and wonderful success of these Missions, we add some statements made by one of the speakers at the meeting of the Society in London the other day, in reference to the plan of gaining attention to the truth by means of .

### **Placards and Handbills.**

One very singular mode in which the warfare is carried on in Dublin, and in other parts of the country, is by placards. There is something truly Protestant in this mode of carrying on the warfare. The first placard that was ever issued was issued by Luther. The open war of the Reformation was begun by fixing his immortal thesis to the door of the Church at Wurtemberg; so that those who are engaged in fighting the battle of the Reformation over again in Ireland, have the sanction of very high example in carrying on the warfare, in part, by means of these placards. You have seen some of these placards, I doubt not, in which very puzzling questions are put to the Roman Catholics—so puzzling that they find it extremely difficult to answer them. I heard, the other day, of a labouring man, whose labour called him to pass every morning out of Boyle, whose eye was attracted by a placard on the angle of a building, to this effect: "A great fact! Stop! All the Protestant religion is in the Roman Catholic Bible! but none of the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion are in the Roman Catholic Bible. Who, then, will remain a Roman Catholic?" Then there was a question asking the priest to come forward and deny the statement. The man, after passing this corner for about three months, said that his confidence in Romanism was entirely shaken, for the placard had been on the wall for three months, and had not been answered yet.

Not only do we carry on the work by means of placards, but also by handbills,—of which I hold a copy in my hand. Every time a controversial sermon is to be preached, handbills are printed, giving notice of the sermon, and containing puzzling questions for the Roman Catholics; and these bills are distributed by thousands, and the persons who read them are induced to come to our controversial classes. In the course of the last year, 44,750 placards have been posted in Dublin; and in the last year, 766,000 handbills have been circulated in that city. In the country the number of placards posted was upwards of 12,000, and the number of

handbills distributed was 250,000—in all, 56,750 placards, and 1,016,000 handbills.

I will now give some evidence of the way in which the practice is regarded by the Roman Catholics themselves. Some time ago, Dr. Cullen, the Roman Catholic primate, said, in Dublin, that the children should avoid taking tracts or bills from the heretics; that the bills which they were circulating were constructed with such devilish cunning, that there was enough in one of them to poison a soul against the Holy Catholic Church; that these pests had been thrust even into his own hands in the street; and that, if parents did not persuade their children not to accept of these emanations, they would be judged for it at the day of judgment. Happily every Roman Catholic priest is known by his dress, and our agents never get near one without putting one of these bills into his hands,—every one of which, Dr. Cullen says, contains poison enough to poison a soul against the Roman Catholic Church. Now, to what is all this success owing? What has been the real secret, and what lies at the root of this marvellous work which is going forward in Ireland? Our aim has been one—the salvation of immortal souls, to the glory of God, through His dear Son Jesus Christ. Our weapon has been one—the Word of God. Our mode of using that weapon has been one—a spirit of love.

It is very remarkable that, in the controversy which is going forward in Ireland on the part of the agents of this Society, you never hear a word of abuse directed against a Roman Catholic. It is the principle and it is the rule of the Society to carry forward the controversy without compromise, without reservation, without any holding back of what we believe to be the truth of God on the one hand, or the errors of Romanism on the other. But one mode in which we state these points is a mode of love, our object being to bring the Roman Catholic to the Word of God, in order that, by the truth of that Word, he may be pushed off the field of Romanism on to the region of Protestant truth. And this is evidenced in the success of our work. Go and converse with the converts of whom we speak, whether we find them in Dublin—and in Dublin, thanks to God, we know of upwards of a thousand converts—go and converse with them in Dublin, or in the west, or in any place where our mission is going forward, and although they will be able to bring forth texts to refute Romish error, yet the thing that will strike you at every turn is the spiritual tone by which the converts are distinguished. They seem to imbibe the truth for the truth's sake; and in imbibing the pure faith,



they have found that Saviour of whom it was said of old :  
 " We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write."

In illustration of this, a little half-clothed girl was asked :  
 " What is the meaning of faith ?" The child answered :  
 " The soul's strong trust in the Lord Jesus Christ." I think a more beautiful definition of faith, not to take the apostle's own definition of faith, could hardly be found.  
 " Why is it wrong to pray to the Virgin Mary ?" the child was asked. Her answer was : " Jesus has said, ' Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my name, He will do it.'"  
 Again the child was asked : " But is not the Virgin Mary a kind mother,—and ought you not, therefore, to honour her and pray to her ?" The little child answered at once :  
 " Greater love hath no man than this, that He laid down His life for His friends." These are specimens of the way in which the children feed on the blessed truths of the Gospel. So, on another occasion, when some of the convert children were exposed to danger in a boat, during a storm, when they were directed by the missionary to lie down at the bottom of the boat, and keep quiet, they were presently heard singing, in notes which sounded sweetly amid the tumult of the waves,—

" Why those fears ? Behold ! 'tis Jesus  
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship."

On another occasion one of the children was asked : " Can you tell me, my child, what was that miracle in which our blessed Saviour exhibited his divine and human nature at the same time ? The answer which the child gave was : " It was the miracle which He wrought at the graveside of Lazarus. He wept as a man ; He said : ' Come forth,' as God." Another little boy stretched forth his hand to shew that he could give an answer ; and when asked : " What was the miracle ?" his reply was : " Jesus in the ship, when the storm was at its height, slept in the hinder part of the vessel, as man. He rose and rebuked the winds and waves in the majesty of His Godhead."

There is a spiritual tone among these children, and, while they are coming out of Romanism, they are also coming to that spiritual understanding—that feeding on the truth, and application of the truths of the Gospel to their own souls, which gives the conviction that it is not only an emancipation from the outward trammels of Romanism, and an introduction into the visible fold of Protestantism, but that it is a real work of spiritual emancipation from the power of Satan to the power of God, and from the errors that make them slaves, to the truths that make them free.



### NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

**A**MID much that is of stirring interest in the shape of news from the seat of war in the East, our young friends will be gratified to read the following:—

Bibles have been distributed, through the care of some pious persons, among the soldiers and mariners who have gone to the East; and they will in some sort supply the absence of Protestant chaplains. It is difficult to know if the inspired volume is regularly read by those to whom it has been given. The good seed, however, is not entirely lost. A sergeant-major has written a letter from the seat of war to his brothers at Lyons, from which I transcribe a few lines:—"Our vessel," he says, "arrived at Gallipoli; and the next day, being disembarked, we encamped near the village of Boalain. Dear friends, in our unoccupied moments those who love the Gospel meet together. We go outside the camp, to be able quietly to converse with God, and meditate on His holy Word. I have observed, with great joy and thankfulness to our Saviour, that many of the soldiers to whom I gave New Testaments at Lyons have carefully preserved them. The number of Christians is very small, but it has increased under the Lord's blessing since we encamped. Some of the soldiers in my regiment, convinced of sin, have enrolled themselves under the banner of Christ. Let us pray that this sad war may come to an end, or, at least, that it may contribute to the advancement of the kingdom of God. Let us supplicate the Father of mercies, that the evangelical element preserved in our

little Christian band, may be a precious leaven in the ranks of the army; and that in poor Turkey there may shine some rays of the grace which enlightens souls."

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### BAPTISMS AT OUR ORPHANAGE IN CALCUTTA.

It will gladden the hearts of our young friends who support the Orphanage at Calcutta, to receive the good news conveyed by the following extracts from a letter written by Mr. Henderson, one of the chaplains of the Church of Scotland at Calcutta:—

"Besides, I have another purpose in writing to you at present, viz.,—to give you some account of the baptisms which lately took place in the Orphanage, that you may communicate the impressions which I have received of the girls who were baptized, to the Committee of the Ladies' Association, of which you are a member.

"I suppose Mr. Yule has already given you some information regarding the very interesting events; and it must have been gratifying to all the Christian ladies, whose sympathies are so enlisted in the work which this Association has in view, to hear what great things the Lord hath done for us, and to know that six of the children who have shared so largely the benefit of their generosity and prayers, had been admitted into the flock and fold of the Lamb.

"But, peculiarly interesting as this must be to the Christian friends of the Association at home, it was above measure so to all of us here. To me it was an especially solemn and interesting ceremony. I had had frequent interviews with the young converts preparatory to their baptism. I had often conversed and prayed with them alone, and felt deeply convinced that the Lord, in His mercy, had indeed touched and changed their hearts; and, therefore, it was with devoutest gladness and gratitude to God that I admitted them into the bosom of the Church of Christ. Their religious knowledge was accurate and extensive. They have a conception of the way of life such as few girls of their age at home can boast of; and had I not had frequent opportunities, on other occasions, of knowing how minutely they have been taught the lessons and truths which the Bible contains, I would have been perfectly amazed at the

amount of information on the scheme of salvation which they displayed in their interviews with me. But what was more pleasing to me than all was, that I fervently believe that they not only knew, but felt the power of divine truth. Some of them had passed through greater anxiety than others—their convictions had been deeper and stronger—their concern more intense; but all had felt, more or less, of that trial and travail through which a spirit always passes in being born again. One of them was in great distress of mind during my first interviews with her; but she, in common with the others, was able at length to rejoice in the sweet sense of a reconciled Father's love.

"My object in all my conversations with them was, not to ascertain whether they understood the nature of the vows which they desired to take, (I was speedily satisfied on that point,) so much as to learn, if possible, whether they had the love of God in their souls, as I felt that, unless I had good ground to be satisfied on this point, I could not feel warranted to baptize them. And truly thankful am I to be able to say, that I have much reason to hope and believe that they have all been born again—that the great Shepherd has indeed had mercy on them, and called their souls to Him. When I closely questioned them on the motives which had induced them to desire to be baptized, they all said, 'that it was because they felt they were sinners, and wished to be washed in the blood of Jesus, which cleanseth from all sin.' I then asked: 'Whether they believed that baptism would wash their guilt away?'—They said: 'No; that it was only Immanuel's blood, sprinkled by the Holy Spirit on them, which could purify their sin-polluted souls.' I then asked them: 'Who were the persons for whom baptism was intended?'—They said: 'For those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all their hearts.' I then inquired: 'Do you so believe?' They replied that they did. Wishing to ascertain their views of the nature of saving faith, I reminded them of the passage which describes it as 'purifying the soul,' and 'working by love,' and then asked them: 'Whether their faith had shewn its purifying influence by making them grieve for sin?' They said that it had. When I inquired: 'Why it grieved them?'—they replied: 'Because it was such ingratitude towards God.' I then put the solemn question: 'Do you feel in your hearts that you truly love the Lord? If the Lord Jesus were to appear and say to you, as He did to Peter of old, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" could you lay your hands upon your hearts and

say, as Peter did: "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee?" And four of them replied, one of them with tears in her eyes: 'Yes, we do love the Lord Jesus,'—the tone of their voices, and the expression of their faces, giving me reason indeed to believe that they felt what they said.

"The other two could only say that they desired, and prayed to be able to love the Lord. They had been under very strong convictions, and had not yet got the peace which springs from a sense of acceptance through the blood of Christ. I was naturally very anxious on account of these two, and conversed and prayed much with them—directing them to make this the subject of fervent supplication to God. During some of my subsequent interviews with them, they continued in great distress and anxiety of mind; but at last, I am thankful to say, obtained peace through the blood of the Lamb. I solemnly charged them that they were to search their hearts, and answer, as in the sight of God, 'whether it was out of love to Jesus that they wished to be baptized;' and they said, both with an expression and a tone which I shall not soon forget, that they now felt that they could say in truth that they loved the Lord.

"That they have uttered the solemn convictions of their hearts, I firmly believe. They have lived as the regenerate ever live. They are jealous of sin—humble in spirit. They are much in prayer, and love to read the Word of God. Mr. and Mrs. Yule have testified that, both before and since their baptism, they have given most compatible evidence of a change of heart.

"Of course, in the above I have given only the substance of our conversations. I, on every occasion but one, saw them separately; and though they answered differently, so far as the words they employed were concerned, they all said in substance what I have stated above.

"In public, I put only a few questions to them, as I informed the audience that I had already been satisfied of their fitness as candidates for baptism. The questions which I put regarding their knowledge of the great doctrines of the Bible, were simply and satisfactorily answered, but the inquiries which I put as to their motives were peculiarly so; and the earnestness and feeling which breathed from their reply, 'that they were moved by love to Jesus to desire to be baptized,' touched every one who listened, and moved them almost to tears.

"I need not swell out my letter to greater length, although I feel that I could say much more than I have said; but I

cannot close without commending these precious lambs to the sympathy and prayers of the Christian ladies of Scotland. I am sure that all of you will join us in our joy, and unite in rendering thanksgiving on their account to God. Pray for them, dear sisters; pray that the Shepherd of the sheep may keep them—may guard them from the wolf that would tear, and the wild beast out of the woods that would devour the lambs. And pray not for them alone, but for the other precious souls in India who have not yet been won to Christ—for the others that are dying in the darkness of idolatry, and going away to a forlorn eternity.

“Be up and be doing, sisters in Scotland; for, oh! there is much to be done for Jesus, and no time to lose! Be yet more liberal in giving, more abundant in praying, for the poor daughters of Hindustan. Shall souls be in danger, and we indifferent? Shall souls be perishing in millions round us, and we, who profess the great love of Jesus, stand coldly by and fold our hands as we see them die!

“God forbid! Oh! how shall we meet them when they rise to upbraid us at the judgment seat, the blood of their immortal spirits on our souls for ever! Let ours be the joy of rather meeting them in glory above for ever—of uniting with them in the endless song which rises before the throne of God and the Lamb—of falling down before the mercy-seat with those whom we loved and blessed below, whom we often thought of, and for whom we often prayed—of meeting in paradise those whom we never saw on earth, and forming an acquaintance which shall endure for ever.”

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### TRIALS AT SHANGHAI.

THE great conflict going forward in China between the imperialists and the followers of Tae-ping-wang remains yet undecided. At Shanghai the insurgents continue to hold possession of that city,\* although the emperor's troops are engaged in the siege, and, from time to time, essay to recover it. Meanwhile, much suffering is inflicted on the population, as well within the city as of the surrounding districts; and stray cannon-balls cut off many poor innocent creatures, whose only fault is living too near the scene

\* The band of insurgents which has held Shanghai must not be confounded with the body under the command of Tae-ping-wang. The former have always maintained the worship of idols, whereas the latter have constantly waged war with idolatry.

of action. Among these is one in whom we are interested. Our missionary, the Rev. J. S. Bardon, writing under date of March 14, 1854, says:—"You will be sorry to hear that one of our very few baptized converts has been killed by a cannon-ball from the city. He was a member of the blind class begun by Mr. M'Clatchie, and, I believe, was the first who was baptized by him. The name of the poor man was Sau-vá-Dzun. I do hope the poor fellow remembered enough of the teaching he had already received to enable him to cast himself solely on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation."

Subsequently, the imperial troops having aggressed upon the European community in such wise as to place it in great danger, strong and vigorous measures became requisite. A force was collected, consisting of some men from two small vessels-of-war in harbour, and the European volunteer corps, and with this a portion of the imperialist camp was stormed and destroyed, not, we regret to say, without the loss of some lives. Our missionary school has been broken up a second time, and the premises occupied by a garrison; while all the approaches to the settlement have been barricaded against night attacks, with the view of preventing the houses and go-downs being fired by the imperialists, which they had attempted to accomplish. The missionaries were prepared to run at a moment's notice, and seek shelter on board the ships, although the prospect of abandoning their work was very trying. "This," write our missionaries, "is the day of China's visitation, and we must share in her troubles." Let our readers be much in prayer, that this state of confusion may soon be ended, and opportunity be afforded for the Gospel of peace to go forth on its blessed mission. Lord! hasten the time when nation shall not lift up sword against nation—when the stormy winds and waves of this troublesome world shall be hushed to rest by the Saviour's voice, and there shall be a great calm!—*The Church Missionary Gleaner.*

### A JEWISH YOUTH NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"I took my course this month," says Mr. Stern, one of the Church of Scotland missionaries to the Jews in Germany, "into the south of my field of labour, into a district in which I had not been before. I beheld the romantic

country, with its lovely and fertile valleys, its vine-clad hills, and lofty mountains crowned with ruined castles and isolated craggy rocks, in all the glory of vernal beauty. But the vineyard in which I had to labour presented a far different aspect. *Its* vines are withered and sapless still. I visited the following places:—Henchelheim, Gocklingen, Bergzabern, Vorderweidenthal, &c. On the whole, I found the Jews in the same condition as they are everywhere else. In the last mentioned place, and also in Busenberg, which are situated in lovely and secluded valleys, they were simpler and more accessible, and I had some delightful experiences among them. At Henchelheim, on the contrary, I was, in several instances, rudely and unceremoniously repulsed; the teacher, in particular, stoutly refused to hear anything about Jesus, and when I endeavoured to speak to him, he left the room.

“When I left Busenberg, I observed behind me some young people, whom I recognized as Jews. I waited for them; and finding they were going to the same place with myself, I joined myself to them. It was long before I could manage to begin a religious conversation with them. I began, therefore, to talk on indifferent subjects. By this means their hearts gradually opened to me. By the time we had come near to the end of our journey, one of them, whose earnest and humble bearing had all along pleased me, desired of me a solution of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. He had often inquired of Christian people regarding this subject, but had never obtained a satisfactory answer; and he added, that he was really earnestly desirous to come to a right understanding of the subject. I said, that if he were really in earnest, I should be happy to give him, as far as I could, the desired information. I therefore proposed, that we should adjourn together to a quiet inn in the village which we were approaching, and there thoroughly discuss the subject—and to this he readily assented. At first we were alone; but soon we were joined by a number of villagers, both Jews and Christians,—some of whom merely listened, while others took part in the conversation. I first shewed them, in a simple and popular way, the insufficiency of human reason to decide in matters of divine knowledge, and the necessity of a revelation by God himself, and that it was incumbent on us to receive in faith such a revelation. The young man followed with great attention, and expressed his cordial assent. I then opened my Bible, and shewed how God, in revealing to man His own being, had, according to His Fatherly wisdom, adopted a gradual method,



proceeding from the lower to the higher—that He had not revealed the mystery of the Trinity, which is liable to great misunderstanding by man's carnal reason, till He had first laid a sure foundation for it by making known to the Israelites the unity of the Godhead. I then shewed him, from the prophecies concerning the Messiah, that dignities, names, and works, are attributed to Him, which are the exclusive attributes of God himself,—from which it necessarily follows, that the Messiah must be a divine person; for God hath said that He will not give His glory to another. After this, I spoke to him from the text: “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I believe that the truth entered into his heart, although he endeavoured, for a long time, to bring forward objections to my statements; but he stated these objections in so modest and upright a manner, that it was easy to meet them. When our discussion had lasted for several hours, he took an affectionate leave of me, thanking me for what he had heard, and for the tracts which I had given him. May the Good Shepherd follow this lost sheep with His eye of mercy! I shall often think of him. It appears to me that he is not far from the kingdom of God.”

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### **“THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HAS BEEN THE SAVING OF MY SOUL.”**

THE following account of a scholar furnishes a precious testimony to the blessings of the Sabbath school:—

“On Monday an event of some moment to our school took place in the death of one of our boys, W—. He had been happily led to the Sabbath school; and it was a great blessing to him. He improved so well, and exhibited such information and steadiness that, though he was young, he was put over a junior class. He was in a spinning factory during the week; and it is worthy of notice that, while his good conduct caused us to elevate him in the school, the same cause gave rise to his elevation in the mill to be superintendent of a class of workers, just shewing that faithfulness to God will produce faithfulness to man; and that, as we advance the young in the steadiness which Scripture teaching is wont to produce, we prepare them the better to act a proper part in every position in which

God may place them. Poor W—— fell into a decline, and no art of medicine could stop its progress. He could not work; but God provided that he should not want. I mentioned his delicate state to the owner of the mill where he had worked while he could; and, conscious as he was of the faithfulness with which he had served him, he desired him every day, while he could walk, to come and walk in his garden, and allowed him daily to be fed at his home with food convenient for him. So did God fulfil that word: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want:' and so true is it: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.' W——'s illness progressed, and as his latter end drew nigh, I was the more anxious to ascertain the state of his mind. In the earlier part of his illness he said little, but his flowing tears shewed he felt much; but whether they were tears of godly sorrow, working repentance unto salvation not to be repented of, or tears of gratitude for the enjoyment of the blessedness of the man whose iniquity is forgiven, and whose sin is covered, was not very apparent. A little time, however, shewed that his sorrow had been turned into joy. He said that he was not afraid to die, —'that he knew whom he had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he committed to Him till that day.' A favourite text that dwelt on his heart and lips was one which, he said, he had heard my daughter quote when she was visiting his dying grandfather: 'God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' . . . On the day of his death I called to see him, when the dying struggle was nearly at a close; and I asked if he had recollected what had, under God, been the means of his first religious impressions. Summoning up the last remains of his feeble strength, he exclaimed: 'The Sunday school—the Sunday school—the Sunday school has been the saving of my soul.'"

### A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

THE Church Missionary Society has an interesting and extensive mission at Tinnevely.

"It is divided," says the *Church Missionary Gleaner*, "into thirteen districts, in which are to be found 28,444 professing Christians, under the charge of eight European missionaries and seven native pastors, besides native cate-

chists, readers, &c. There are amongst them, we rejoice to say, very many truly God-fearing people, who love their Saviour, and endeavour daily to 'walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called;' and efforts are not wanting, on the part of all engaged in this work, to deepen and strengthen the hold which Christianity has on the minds of those who profess it, and to extend its influence among the surrounding heathen. It is deeply interesting to read the accounts of the different districts sent home by the missionaries; and much there is to gladden the hearts of those at home who desire the salvation of poor sinners and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

"In one of the reports—that of the Rev. P. P. Schaffter, of the Nullur district, for the half year ending June 30, 1853—we find the following instance of conversion, one of the most remarkable he had ever witnessed. He expresses a wish that many hardened sinners might read it and reflect, and that many burdened and heavy-laden souls might get peace and joy in Jesus the crucified Saviour. We are anxious to make it known, in the hope that such a prayer may have its answer, and that this fact, like a seed borne on the wings of the wind, may fall on some heart, and, sown there by the Spirit of God, may bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

"Vitheyalingum, of Alankullam, was deeply versed in astrology, magic, necromancy, and all those secret arts calculated to render him the oracle of an ignorant and superstitious multitude. He had studied the rarest books on those subjects,—which enabled him, in the estimation of others, and perhaps, also, in his own, to divine the fate of new-born children, the success or failure of an enterprise, the eligibility or ineligibility of a piece of ground to build a house or sink a well on. There was scarcely a mystery which he did not profess to fathom; so that he was incessantly consulted, his advice was implicitly followed, and he grew rich by the reward; and, as he was generally kind and fair in his dealings, he was looked upon by the Shanars, to which caste he belonged, not only as a clever, but also as a most respectable man. He was one of the corner-stones of heathenism in Alankullam and in the neighbourhood, and did probably much harm to Christianity, not by opposing it openly, but secretly, and by artfully casting contempt on it.

"In the beginning of March last, I was informed that Vitheyalingum was very ill, in great agonies of mind, and wished much to see me. I found the poor man in a con-

dition deplorable beyond description. He was much reduced by illness. Fear and anguish were depicted in his countenance, and he was bewailing his state in an agony of mind. 'Oh!' said he, as soon as he saw me, 'I am miserable beyond description; it will soon be all over with me. I am undone! Vain knowledge! wicked world! how ye have deceived me! I know now that Christianity is a lie, and all the rest is a lie. Sir, you are a teacher—can you not advise me? What have I to do? I am undone! I am undone!' He went on in this vehement strain for some time, fixing an eye of despair on me. I was much shocked, and was apprehensive he was going out of his mind. He grew more composed; and when he gave me, in a weak and less agitated voice, a long account of himself; by which it appeared that he was deeply conscious of his sinfulness; that all the reasons on which he had stayed himself had failed him, one after the other; and that the problem, *What shall I do to be saved?* now proposed itself to his mind with an overwhelming power. As he went on exposing his great misery, I felt myself as poor and as needy as he did, with this only difference, that I knew there was a Saviour for him and for me. I read to him the parables of the lost son and the lost sheep—blessed parables!—and a few other portions of Scripture which record the tender love of God in Christ Jesus towards the greatest of sinners; making a few remarks, as I went on, to render the meaning clearer to him, and apply it to his own case. He became more and more calm. His countenance cleared up, and the gloom disappeared, and at last he said, 'It is even so. O Jesus, I have laid hold of Thee! Jesus, here Thou art! It is even true I have Thee!' His joy was indeed great, and his speech overflowed with prayer and thanksgivings. I never witnessed yet such a sudden, complete, and happy change. It was a complete transition from darkness to light. We all felt the presence of Christ, and, on his request, I baptized him forthwith. Then he addressed his wife and children, charged them to forsake heathenism and all the works of darkness, and committed them to my care. In this happy state I took leave of him, and saw him no more, for he soon after died; but the catechist told me that he continued in the same happy frame of mind to the last, relying on the merits of the Redeemer for salvation, and that he once more spoke seriously to his wife and children, and charged them to join the congregation, which they have done."

## POETRY.

The last composition of James Montgomery.

Among the hymns for the Sheffield Sunday School Union, sung on Whit-Monday, June 5, 1854, is the following, recently composed for the occasion by JAMES MONTGOMERY, and probably his last poetical composition :—

“ Welcome, welcome, glorious day !  
When the children, year by year,  
All in Whitsun array,  
On their festival array,  
Not with sound of trumpet and drum,  
Nor death-weapons in their hands;  
Though with banners spread they come,  
Humble, peaceful, happy bands.

With the Gospel message shod ;  
Fearless faith their sevenfold shield ;  
And their sword the Word of God,  
Who shall foil them in the field ?  
While a holy war they wage,  
Through strange perils and alarms,  
Satan's malice, wiles, and rage,  
And the world in Satan's arms.

Prince Immanuel at their head,  
These, where'er they face a foe,  
By their teacher-captains led,  
Conquering and to conquer go :  
Still a self-renewing race,  
As the elder rise in life,  
Young recruits supply their place,  
To maintain the endless strife.

For till time his roll has seal'd,  
And the dead in Christ arise,  
(Heaven, and earth, and hell reveal'd  
Unto all created eyes.)  
Soldiers, vallant for the truth,  
Shal this holy war prolong ;  
Men and angels, age and youth,  
Sing the Church triumphant's song.

Learn we now that wondrous strain,  
In our schools, our homes, our hearts,  
‘ *Worthy is the Lamb once slain !*’  
In all languages, all parts :  
Then the countless chorus swell,  
Round His Throne, with glad accord,  
Never more to say, ‘ *Farewell !*’  
But, ‘ *For ever with the Lord !*’ \* †

\* Ephea. vi. 10-12.

† 1. Thessa iv. 17.



### MISSIONS AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—Isa. xxxv. 1.

**N**OT many years ago the spot now occupied by the neat church and houses sketched above, was an uncultivated "wilderness and solitary place." The native inhabitants, for many hundreds of miles round and round, consisted only of hordes of Red Indians; and myriads of wild animals roamed up and down through the desolate wilderness. The country is that vast district of territory extending to the north-west of Canada, and to the south of Hudson's Bay, covered, we are told, "with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains." It is now upwards of one hundred-and-eighty years

since this country was taken possession of by England. Some Europeans settled gradually in these dreary regions; but they had no churches—no ministers; they became very wicked people, and instead of being an example to the Indians, they only led them into deeper depths of iniquity than before. It is scarcely fifty years ago when numbers were invited out from Scotland, Canada, and elsewhere, to dwell there. They went, but still without a minister to care for them, or a church to worship in. The case was a very sad one. "The Indians," said an eye-witness of their misery, "are sunk to almost the lowest state of degradation to which human beings can be brought; their life is spent in struggles for its support; and they pass on from infancy to death without comfort, without hope in this life; while no bright gleam of future hope enlightens their dark and cheerless path, for no one has ever told them of a Redeemer's love."

At length some Christian hearts were found to beat with earnest desire for their salvation, and some Christian men came forward to their help. The Church Missionary Society sent out their first missionary in 1820, who laboured on, as well as those who followed, with unwearied zeal, amidst the greatest privations, the most crushing trials, and difficulties to all appearance hopelessly insurmountable. But when they remembered, that "with God all things are possible," their desponding spirits were cheered up, and onwards they boldly went, through trial, difficulty, and danger, in the promised grace of Christ. Year after year did these patient labourers continue using every means for promoting the comfort and welfare of these neglected outcasts, and seizing every opportunity of sowing the seed, and watching for some joyful issue. Schools were opened, and habits of civilization were gradually introduced and formed, and every effort made to win the affections and the confidence of the natives. The precious truth of the Gospel began slowly to take effect. They sowed in tears, they reaped in joy. Just as the cloud pours out its watery treasure, when, illumined by the rays of the golden sun, immediately there appears the cheering rainbow with

its lovely tints; so the *Rainbow in the North*,\* telling of showers of tears, through which at length there darted forth the bright beams of heavenly light, gave promise of a glorious day, when the dark flood of ignorance and misery which had so long overspread the land, should for ever pass away.

But we must tell our readers of some of their trials, and some of their successes. Among their trials we read of famine, flood, and fire; but we must add to all this the difficulties of a foreign tongue, and the opposition arising from the corrupt heart, and the inveteracies of deeply-rooted prejudices and sinful habits. The following account, which we find in the volume referred to, may give some idea of the severe trials to which the Missionaries were there subjected:—

It was in 1825-6 that, from some cause, the hunters had failed in their winter expedition against the buffaloes,—on which, in that uncultivated region, the natives depended for support. This was a severe trial to the colony. They were “reduced to the extremity, not only of devouring their dogs, but of eating old shoes, buffalo cloaks, and the leather of their tents. As the spring of 1826 advanced, the river (on the banks of which was situated the Missionary Settlement) became swollen from the melting of the unusual quantity of snow which had, during the winter, fallen on the higher lands; the thick crust of ice with which it was bound was gradually raised to the level of its steep banks, till, early in May, the frozen mass, four feet and a-half in thickness, was dislodged by the impetuous torrent, and borne towards the lake, carrying with it everything that impeded its resistless progress—young maple-trees, oaks, and large elms, being uprooted and swept away. Soon the water rose above its banks; and now began a long course of varied calamities to the inhabitants. The houses in the lower part of the settlement were rapidly filled with water, and deserted by their occupiers; and soon the higher ones shared the same fate: the cattle were driven to the few spots still left dry, where their piteous wailings for food and

\* The title of the deeply interesting volume which contains an account of the Mission.



shelter added to the general distress of the scene. All this time the thermometer continued five degrees below freezing point, the weather was stormy, with sleet, hail, and driving snow; and the suffering inhabitants were driven to take refuge on the nearest hills. Some fled towards the lake, and pitched their tents on the cedar hills, nine or ten miles distant from their homes; while five or six hundred of the rest found safety in an opposite direction, and fixed themselves on the Snake Indian hills, about the same distance from the settlement.

"By degrees the mission family and a few strangers who sought shelter from them, alone remained; their house and the Upper Church were still untouched; but all around was desolation. As far as the eye could reach on every side, the mighty torrent was holding on its way, always troubled, and sometimes lashed into waves, several feet in height, by storms of wind. . . . Still the waters rose; and now the mission-house itself began to be in jeopardy. The Missionaries endeavoured to secure some of their own property and that of the Society, by placing it in the roof of the Church; for though the waters had entered the building, the walls still stood firm. They also prepared a wooden platform, to which they might retreat in case of sudden necessity; and it was well they did so, for, in the course of the night, the water suddenly burst into the house.

"Sunday, May 14, 'was a very dismal day—no people assembling to celebrate the day of rest, no church to go to;' but they held divine service on the platform, now the only abode of about forty persons, including, besides themselves and the Indian boys, a few poor people, who had lingered near their ruined homes in the vain hope of saving some of their possessions.

"For three days they continued there; but the flood still rising, and the wind becoming so strong as to threaten the safety of their fragile retreat, they determined to follow the example of their neighbours. With some difficulty they procured boats, and taking with them as many small articles of daily use and comfort as they could, they rowed over fields and plains, now an almost uninterrupted waste of water, to the Snake Indian Hills. Here they pitched their tents, and here they remained a month in anxious suspense, watching the continual rising, and at length the subsiding of the waters, with feelings of alternate fear and hope, sorrow and thankful joy, till the 12th of June.

"It was a month of much bodily as well as mental suffering; the weather was inclement, and the cold severe.

"On one occasion a violent hurricane arose suddenly in the middle of the night, and blew down many of the tents and all the wigwams: the scene was one of indescribable confusion; and in the midst of it, their alarm was wrought up to the highest pitch, by a spark from one of the tents having set on fire the long grass with which they were surrounded. The flame ran swiftly along the ground, and destruction seemed inevitable; but God in His mercy preserved them."

"A torrent of rain was sent which extinguished the fire; the wind lulled, and all further danger was averted."

In the midst of all this trial we read of no murmuring—nothing but gratitude. "Every recurrence," says Mr. Jones of himself and fellow-labourers, "of our devotional hours brings with it a subject of gratitude in some visible proof of the care of our gracious God for His unworthy servants."

Again, he says,—

"The people receive all this as a chastisement from God, and they await the issue from His gracious hand. Henceless as they are, their language is still, 'It is the Lord.'"

During this time—it was on a Sabbath day—a party of settlers heard the voice of singing when crossing the inundated plains. On approaching, they were "not a little struck with hearing in the midst of this surrounding desolation, the sweet voices of those lately ignorant and degraded beings, floating over the water in songs of praise."

It was between 1833 and 1835, that the Indian village, of which we have given a sketch—rose from the wild desert, on the banks of the Red River. Early in the former year "all was a dreary waste; the sweep of the river had formed a kind of bay, the shore of which was lined with wood and tangled thicket, that had never yet been disturbed by the hand of man, while one solitary wigwam on the margin of the frozen stream, with its wretched-looking owner breaking through the ice, and fishing for his scanty meal, rather added to than relieved the desolation that reigned around."

- In October 1835, Mr. Cockran—the zealous missionary there—thus records the change which, by God's blessing, two years and a-half of unwearying toil had wrought:—

"Now, from the opposite side of the river I see the village standing along the crescent bay; *twenty-three* little white-washed cottages are shining through the trees, each with its column of smoke curling to the skies, and each with its stacks of wheat and barley. Around them lie various patches of cultivated ground; here and there pigs are seen busily seeking for their food, cows are lowing for their calves, while in the centre stands the school-house, where sixty merry children, 'just let loose from school,' are leaping, running, or wrestling; and all is life and cheerfulness. It is," continues he, "but a speck in the wilderness, and a stranger might despise it; but we who know the difficulties that have attended the work, can truly say that God hath done great things, were it only that those sheaves of corn have been raised by hands that hitherto had only been exercised in deeds of blood and cruelty to man and beast."

Speaking of their attendance at church on the Lord's day, Mr. Cockran says:—

"In England it is a frequent and painful remark, 'So many at market, and so few at church!' But here it is the reverse. On week-days you may travel for miles, and not see a human face; but on Sundays, as the time of service draws near, the track is covered with old, and young, and middle-aged, pressing forward to worship God in the congregation. It never comes into their minds that a slight cold, or a soaking rain, or a violent snow-storm, or a piercing frost, are any reasons to keep them from public worship. They have made up their minds to be found always in the house of God, and hitherto their strength has been equal to their day. Be the weather ever so bad, none ever stay away but the aged and the sick; and when the ground is too wet for the women and children to walk, they are put into their little carioles: while the men, carrying their shoes in their hand, walk by their side through mud and water reaching half-way to their knees."

And all this in a climate where, in summer, the thermometer stands sometimes at from 80 to 100 degrees in the shade—while so intense is the cold in winter, that it is

often 30 or 35 degrees, and occasionally even 40 degrees below zero!

We cannot now enlarge further on this interesting mission; but must refer our young friends to the volume we have named for the subsequent work of the Gospel there. Surely we have said enough to interest the heart of every reader in the spread of that precious Gospel, which is able to make the wildest of solitary places glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose!

May that *Rainbow in the North* unite with every other bow of promise throughout the earth, until its whole circumference is encircled with its cheering light!

#### LETTER FROM THE ORPHAN MOOTEE.

THOSE of our young friends who contribute to the support of orphans at the Culcutta Orphanage, will be gratified with the following letter from one of the orphan girls to the Greenside Sabbath School, Edinburgh, by whom she is supported.

The original letter is very beautifully written in Bengalee. We will first give two lines *exactly* as written by the little girl, and then the translation of the whole:—

শ্রী মীর্জা ফারুক আলী

শ্রী মীর্জা ফারুক আলী

*A free Translation of Letter from Mootee:—*

I, the obedient Mootee, with much humility make obeisance to you, and write to tell you, that for all your kindness to me I am very grateful. But I know that it is God who has put it into your hearts to shew kindness to me.

I wish now to tell you how I *cat* (spend) the day. I rise very early in the morning, and after bathing and dressing, &c., I get ready for morning worship, which takes place at half-past six o'clock. After worship I go to the English Bible class. As soon as this class is over, I make *eat* of food. At ten o'clock, with the other girls I sing a hymn,

and then I go into school, where I remain till two o'clock, reading, and writing, and counting. After school is over, I again make eat of food ; and from three till five o'clock I sew or knit, or do crotchet work. At seven o'clock we have evening worship, and afterwards I go to sleep.

When I was a very small child, my father and mother became receivd into the other world, (i. e. died,) and then I was very ignorant ; but now, by the mercy of God, I have received much instruction in the Christian religion ; and although I do not as yet know all about it, yet, by giving my mind to it, I am learning by degrees a little and little.

As the Bible tells me that all are indeed sinners, so my heart tells me that I am a sinner ; and I know that all have lost the glory of God, and that no one person can do any good work.

I wish to be free the sin-death, and to become living in Christ. I wish to be free from the sin-sickness, and to become whole by the blood of Christ ; and I am learning to love Him, and to keep His commandments.

I am now to tell you what I believe as in aforetime. I trusted in Ram-Shéb-Doorga-Kali ; so now, having left confidence in these, I believe that there is one true God, and that Jesus is my only Saviour. He having suffered very much sorrow, at last gave His life for my salvation.

I wish to tell you that this year I am reading some new books. *The History of India, Brooks' Remedies against the Devices of Satan, History of England, Grammar, Geography, and Catechism.*

• I will be very much glad if you will pray for me and for my country ; particularly if you will pray for my country-women who are still Hindus.

Now I make an end to my letter, and I am yours confiding,  
MOOTEE.

### OUR JEWISH MISSION.

MR. STERN sends, from Speyer, the following account of a conversation he held with a Jewish family :—

“ One other incident I cannot refrain from mentioning—it was most refreshing in this sterile time. With a clerical friend I visited a family of this place, H—— ; we met two old people ; the man in particular, whose hair was white as snow, was bent under a load of years. The family is rich, and of independent circumstances. The man was pointed

out to me as a zealous Jew, well skilled in the law. Under these circumstances, I entered the house with small hopes, and considerably disheartened. My companion, who was already acquainted with the family, but had never had any religious conversation with them, facilitated the first difficulty by his salutation, and we received a friendly welcome. The lady, when she perceived what turn the conversation was taking, looked rather gloomy, and listened with firmly compressed lips and searching looks; her husband, on the other hand, continued most friendly, and the Lord gave me grace to speak to his heart, with perfect freedom and with earnest love, of the promises of God regarding Israel, of the hopes of believing Christians concerning their conversion, and to offer him the salvation of Christ for his own soul. When I concluded, the lady, who had become more complacent as the conversation proceeded, expressed a wish to ask my companion a question; but her husband interrupted her, saying: 'Wife, what I have now heard is more precious to me than meat and drink.' On this I seized his hand, and said: 'May the Lord hear that word which you have now said, and cause you to feel the truth of it in your heart!' and I wished him still further blessings. He pressed my hand with much emotion, and kindly answered: 'What I now tell you is the real truth,' (and he repeated it twice with much energy;) 'I cannot express to you all that I think and feel on this subject, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart; may God bless you!' We thus departed from this house, where, contrary to all my expectations, I was permitted to behold a trace of the peaceful unseen influence of the Holy Spirit. Though it was only a slight trace, my heart rejoiced because of it. Oh! may He who is the Alpha and Omega, and who is able to continue the good work which had been begun, be graciously pleased to do so! In the time to come it will be manifest."

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### THE STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH.

WE are at this moment entering upon a marvellous epoch in the history of the world; and we are opening a great volume of European history, to be followed by, perhaps, the most memorable events that have happened since the beginning of the world. I really feel awed by the position of the Christian Church; I do not know to what to compare it. I feel sometimes that we are in that position towards the

enemy that our army was at Waterloo about five o'clock in the evening, at the moment when the cavalry and infantry went down steadily to fight, but a short moment before the battle concluded, and when they brought the charge along the whole line. I think we are in this position; the whole world is opening to the Christian Church, and she must rise and do something as she never did it before. May every regiment, may every part of the Christian Church, rise up, go in, and take possession of the land! We have had our Genesis commencing at home; we have had our Exodus, and our missionaries are gone abroad; we have had our Leviticus, and all our laws and regulations are laid down; we have had our Numbers, and our travels in the wilderness, now going back, and now going forward; and, I think, we are opening the Book of Joshua. Now, in an especial sense, we are to cross the Jordan, enter in, and take possession of the land. Some people think that it augurs ill for this view of the case that we commence the war by making alliance with Turkey. But the Book of Joshua commences with the alliance of the Israelites and the Gibeonites. They were more acute diplomatists than ever were the Russians. They got the better of Joshua; but yet, when he had lifted up his hand, and pledged his honour that he would assist them, he was not backward in the day of battle; and the sun stood still, and gave him an opportunity of keeping his troth and fealty to them. I do not look at these alliances as a bad augury for us. I think it is rather a strong proof that we are in the right; that, contrary to our feeling as men, contrary to our feeling as Christians, we stand by the cause of truth and righteousness, and we have no object of our own to gain. But if we are to do this work, I take it there must be an immense revolution in the Church. I think we have not a glimmering of what is before us. I do hope that, in the next twenty years, people will smile at us, just as we smile at the wonder of our ancestors when they saw coaches going six miles an hour. I do believe that, very soon, instead of being amazed at what is doing, the Christian Church will look at an idol as we look at a fossil brought up out of the earth—and this is not very far off. The truth is, there is a force in the Christian Church not yet defined. There is a latent force in every Christian man, infinitely more than the man himself knows. Look at a story which I had from a friend who visited the pastor of a small parish in a portion of Germany, who educates poor children, and stirs them up to a

divine life. When you come to ask him, "Can you do anything for Christ?" his answer is, "Yes, we can: we have no money, but let us select six men, and teach these Christian men to be shoemakers, to be agriculturists, to be field-labourers; and I will teach them theology and the languages." That man has been labouring for years; and that humble man, and his assistants in that humble village, have prepared these men for foreign usefulness. Some months ago, afraid that they might be corrupted by Europeans, they built a ship; and these men, educated in this poor parish, in a ship built by themselves are gone off to Africa. This is the force that is in a man. I repeat, there is this force in the Christian Church; and, if you would draw it out, what an ample force it is! You talk of your great forces in the East, you talk of your army. I defy all the forces under Sir Charles Napier, all the forces under France and England, to make a primrose grow; but the dew can do it—the sun of heaven can do it. There are forces which all the material Powers of Europe cannot exercise. I defy all the material forces in the world to quicken a human spirit, to bring a soul to God; but we have in the Church of Christ these forces, according to the power that worketh in us. And what an omnipotent power it is, if you, and I, and every man, had but faith to draw upon it, to take advantage of it, to believe in the Word of God—the power inexhaustible, and able to convert a world! The other day, I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who, during three years' sickness had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a singular enlightenment of the Spirit. I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him, and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move, it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ears these few words, "I am strong in Him." The words were few, and uttered feebly; they were words of a feeble child in a poor home; where the only ornament was that of a meek, and quiet, and affectionate mother; and these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart—they seemed to make the world more beautiful than ever it was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth. May you, and I, and every one else, be strong in Him!—*Speech by Rev. N. Macleod.*



## TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN HYMN.

BY DRESLER.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."—Psalm xvi. 11.

O Lord, how happy is the time  
 When in thy love I rest,—  
 When from my weariness I climb  
 Ev'n to Thy tender breast!  
 The night of sorrow endeth there;  
 Thy rays outshine the sun;  
 And in Thy pardon and Thy care  
 The heaven of heaven is won.

Let the world call itself my foe,  
 Or let the world allure;  
 I care not for the world—I go  
 To this tried Friend and sure:  
 And when life's fiercest storms are sent  
 Upon life's wildest sea,  
 My little bark is confident,  
 Because it holds by Thee.

When the law threatens endless death  
 Upon the dreadful hill,\*  
 Straightway from its consuming breath  
 My soul hastes higher still:  
 She hastes to Jesus, wounded, slain,  
 And finds in Him her home,  
 Whence she shall not go forth again  
 And where no death can come.

I do not fear the wilderness  
 Where Thou hast been before;  
 Nay, rather will I dally press  
 After Thee, near Thee, more:  
 Thou art my strength—on Thee I lean;  
 My heart Thou makest sing;  
 And to Thy heavenly pastures green  
 Thy chosen flock will bring

And if the gate that opens there  
 Be closed to other men,  
 It is not closed to those who share  
 The heart of Jesus then,  
 That is not losing much of life  
 Which is not losing Thee,—  
 Who art as present in the strife  
 As in the victory!

Wherefore, how happy is the time  
 When in Thy love I rest,—  
 When from my weariness I climb  
 Ev'n to Thy tender breast!  
 The night of sorrow endeth there;  
 Thy rays outshine the sun;  
 And in Thy pardon and Thy care  
 The heaven of heaven is won!

E. G.

\* Exod. xx.; Gal. iii. 10.



**SHE IS SAFE! SHE IS SAFE!**

**M**Y YOUNG FRIENDS, — I heard a minister preaching lately to a number of little children, and, amid great silence and attention, he told them the following story:—

In a place in Germany (I cannot well remember the name) there had been, at one time, a great many mines. These had now all been abandoned, cottages were built over the top of many of them. Many of the people who lived in these cottages had forgotten all about the mines, and seldom thought of their danger, although often there were only a few planks or boards between them and a pit several hundred feet deep.

In one of these cottages there lived a poor woman and her



child, a girl of seven years of age. One day the mother sent her daughter to fetch something out of the cellar; the poor little girl was running as her mother requested, with a mug in her hand, when the boards below her feet, which had become quite rotten, gave way, and she was precipitated in a moment down one of those very deep and dark pits of which I have spoken. The mother heard the noise, and in great agony of mind discovered the awful position in which her loved child was placed. She had fallen deep, deep down, water was at the bottom, and, had she reached it, it must have drowned her in a few minutes; but providentially an iron hook caught her clothes several feet above where the water was, and *there* she hung in that dark pit of despair, expecting every moment that the hold would give way. Her mother ran in dreadful alarm shouting for aid. At last ~~she~~ got an old miner, who lived in the neighbourhood, a kind and good man, to come to her help. He calmly got a large bucket with a rope; he fixed the rope on a pulley above, where the mother and other female friends were standing, and, lighting a small lamp, he let himself down gently in the mine, calling on the poor girl not to fear, as he was coming to help her.

All at once they heard a splash below; they never doubted that she had at last fallen into the water, and that all the good miner's attempts to save her would be vain. They were partly relieved, however, when they heard her voice, saying that she was quite safe, and that it was only her mug which had tumbled in. The old man continued to descend; he let down a rope from his bucket, and told her to lay hold of it. She had no sooner done so than the hook, which had preserved her hitherto, yielded, and, if she had not a minute before seized this rope, she must certainly have perished. "Keep a good hold, and never fear," said the old man again. The little girl, though in great terror, resolved to do all her kind benefactor told her; she grasped firmly the rope, and he gradually pulled her up till, with a joyful heart, he found her safe in the bucket with himself. Imagine the joy when the old man called aloud to the terrified group above: "She is safe! she is safe!" In a few minutes the rejoicing

mother had her arms round the neck of her darling, exclaiming: "This my child was dead, and is alive again; she was lost and is found."

What a picture is this of our state by nature! Down in the horrible pit of sin, that nail or hook a fit emblem of the insecure hold we have of life, "being but a step between us and death." In that kind old man with the rope, we have a picture of the Lord Jesus Christ coming down into this deep pit of our misery, that He might rescue us from our awful danger. The little girl laying hold of the rope is a picture of the sinner's faith laying hold of Jesus, and trusting in Him for salvation; while the crowd of anxious weeping females above is a type of the blessed angels in heaven, who rejoice as one sinner after another is brought out of the horrible pit and miry clay,—"there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over every sinner that repenteth."

Children! have you fled to this Saviour? Have you grasped that rope? "Neither is there salvation in any other." If that poor girl had tried to climb up herself, or if she had refused to lay hold of the means of safety provided, she must have perished. So must you, unless you lay hold of Him who came down into the world's dark pit of misery to save the "chief of sinners."

### COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE.

THE *Official Gazette* in Wurtemberg, at the beginning of November last published some account of plans now rife in that country for emigration to Palestine. A "Society for the bringing together God's people in Jerusalem," has constituted itself, and, among other proceedings, has prepared a petition to the Bund at Frankfurt, the purport of which is as follows:—That the Assembly of the German Confederation will be pleased, through the agency of the two great powers of Germany, to induce the Sultan to permit the "Society for the bringing together God's people in

Jerusalem," to found communities in the Holy Land under the following conditions:—1. Self-government in all civil and religious matters, that these may be able to be arranged entirely according to God's Word; 2. Security for person and property against the arbitrments of Turkish officials, and against uncontrolled and oppressive taxes; 3. Exemption from Turkish military service; 4. Guarantee of the same rights to every one who shall subsequently become a member of this Society, whether he may previously have been Christian, Jew or Mohammedan, Turk or foreigner; 5. The assignment of the Holy Land to these communities, in order that they may settle there conformably to the object and purpose which they have stated above.

This plan is by no means confined to a few, or to illiterate persons. During the sittings of the Evangelical Kirchentag, —the seventh of which was held in Frankfurt towards the close of September,—a number of its members endeavoured to procure the adoption of a motion, that the Kirchentag should apply to the Bund to take steps to procure the holy city of Jerusalem to be declared a free town, and put under the protectorate of the great powers of Europe. Some of the leading members of the meeting advised them, however, first to apply to the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia. That advice, of course, proceeded upon the notion, that Austria and Prussia are likely to have something to say with Turkey in arranging the terms of a peace, and settling the affairs of the East in general—a notion at this moment so absurd as to make the advice little better than a mockery.

But this we believe, that, whoever the arbiters of the present struggle in the East may ultimately come to be, they will not be able to avoid the question raised by the state of Turkish rule in Palestine; and must meet the movement that is setting in towards the ancient Land of Promise as the scene of new colonization, and towards Jerusalem as the centre of a new nationality. That question and that movement may, for ought we know, be deep-lying elements in present political commotions. Interesting to every one who is "looking after those things which are coming on the earth," these commotions ought specially to engage the

prayers of the friends of Israel. Who can tell but perhaps the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time, may be come, when the Lord shall arise and have mercy upon Zion.

### "I AM ONLY THE BRUSH."

ONE of the first lessons a Christian learns after his introduction into "the household of faith," is to *glorify God* in his daily walk and conversation. Like the holy apostle, he can truly say: "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again," (2 Cor. v. 14.) All Christians are required to glorify God in the stations they occupy. A servant may do this as well as a master, by a proper discharge of daily duties.

Elizabeth Kenning was not unmindful of this duty. In the Penitentiary, and on the bed of extreme suffering, she glorified God by humble submission to His will, and by her efforts to advance the kingdom of Christ, and the spiritual good of her fellow-creatures. One interesting fact of usefulness has been mentioned. On the first visit to the Penitentiary, the writer saw the remains of a young female who had been directed to the Saviour by Elizabeth. This devoted young woman had experienced the blessings of pardoning love, and she wished others to participate in the same blessing. The Lord had restored unto her the joy of His salvation; therefore she taught transgressors His ways, and sinners were converted unto God, (Psalm li. 12, 13.)

The ingenuity of Elizabeth was very remarkable. In 1822, having lost the use of both her feet and hands, she learned to write with her mouth; she placed a pen between her nearly closed jaws, and by the movement of her head she succeeded, by great perseverance, in writing very intelligibly. Having thus succeeded in writing with her mouth, she thought she could place a brush there instead of a pen, and so draw, and paint flowers and other little pictures. After much difficulty she succeeded in this attempt also; and by selling these specimens of her ingenuity and industry, in twelve months she disposed of as many as realized £38,—which sum she gave to the institution which had so liberally supplied her wants. She wrote to a Christian friend in America, in 1823; and in her letter she remarks: "Through mercy the Lord hath enabled me to

do some little by writing and drawing with my mouth, and I humbly trust it may be to His glory. I have sent you a specimen of both, to shew to the followers of Immanuel; and beg of them to join with me in giving Him all the praise and glory."

The writer told Elizabeth that he had heard of her efforts to promote the cause of the Redeemer, and that he should be glad to have one of her little drawings. At her request the young woman who attended her gave him a card, on which she had painted a very beautiful butterfly. He thanked her for the little present, and promised to keep it as a memorial of their interview. When she saw him looking at her ingenious work, she said, with the deepest humility: "*Remember, sir, I am only the brush; GIVE ALL THE GLORY TO GOD.*" The secretary of the Penitentiary mentioned, that Elizabeth, by the produce of her drawings, had contributed nearly £70 to the funds of that institution.

Her conversations with her fellow-inmates were exceedingly useful to them. Under her affectionate instructions the most hardened were sometimes melted. It was no unusual occurrence, when the matron was absent at worship on the Sabbath evening, for Elizabeth to collect all the poor women in her room; to whom she read and explained the Scriptures, and then applied the truth to their various cases. The ladies' committee retained Elizabeth in the institution on account of her exemplary conduct, which had a favourable influence on the minds of the other women. She not only felt the deepest anxiety for the young women who were with her, but "for her kindred after the flesh;" to whom she addressed letters, full of the most important remarks on the great truths of the Gospel. She also sent an address to the prisoners confined in the Liverpool Borough Jail, warning them to "flee from the wrath to come," (Matth. iii. 7.)

The example of this afflicted woman gives an important hint to Christian readers, and should lead them to imitate her liberality and her anxiety for the good of others. "The redemption of the soul is precious." "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," (James v. 20.) After reading this account of Elizabeth's personal efforts to glorify God, what Christian can excuse coldness and sloth in the Saviour's cause? One talent is acceptable to God, and let not that be withheld from Him which He calls upon us to consecrate in His service. "She hath done what she could," (Mark xiv. 8,) was the high commendation of the Saviour when a female pre-

sented Him with her alabaster box of ointment. Let us be anxious to receive the same testimony from the Divine Redeemer at the last day.

### LOVE TO A MINISTER FOR HIS WORK'S SAKE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have often observed with the deepest sorrow, that the ministers of the Gospel and the means of grace are disregarded and despised among us in this highly favoured land. I will give you an instance of a far different spirit manifested by a North American Indian toward a minister of the Church of Scotland, who was resident for some time in one of the Colonies. This young Indian had come to town for the purpose of selling moose-meat, which they frequently do. He called at the house of the missionary, whose wife chose a small part of the moose-deer, and requested the Indian to go across the street to have it weighed, as the Indians never carry anything for that purpose with them. He did so, and returned in a few minutes, laying down a large piece of the best of the animal along with what had been selected. The wife of the missionary objected, saying, "She could not take so much." The Indian replied, "You must take it." On being asked, "What was the price?" he said, in broken English, "I take nothing from you. De old lady (alluding to the person who weighed the meat) tell me you de wife of de good man who came far far over de sea to teach; and she say you pray for de Indian; and so I take nothing from you." Before the astonished listener could reply, he walked away, leaving her in admiration of that grace which had taught this poor ignorant Indian to value what so any under them instructions and blessings of the Gospel, disregard or despise. It was truly a touching example of obedience to the apostle's injunction to esteem very highly in love for their work's sake those who labour among us, and are over us in the Lord, and admonish us.

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.



## THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

- I WANT that adorning divine,  
Thou only, my God! canst bestow :  
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,  
Which distinguish Thy household below ! COL. iii. 12-17.
- I want, oh ! I want to attain  
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee !  
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain,  
Thy comeliness put upon me ! 1 JOHN iii. 2, 3.
- I want to be marked for Thine own,  
Thy seal on my forehead to wear ;  
To receive that " new name " on the mystic white stone,  
Which none but Thyself can declare. REV. ii. 17.
- I want every moment to feel,  
That Thy Spirit does dwell in my heart—  
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,  
And newness of life to impart. ROM. viii. 11-16!
- I want so in Thee to abide  
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise !  
The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble and dried,  
May languish, but never decays. JOHN xv. 2-5.
- I want thine own hand to unbind  
Each tie to terrestrial things  
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,  
Where my heart too tenaciously clings. 1 JOHN ii. 15.
- I want, by my aspect serene,  
My actions and words, to declare,  
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,  
That my heart and affections are there. MATTH. vi. 19.
- I want, as a traveller, to haste  
Straight onward, nor pause on my way ;  
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance to waste  
On the tent only pitched for a day. HEB. xiii. 5, 6.
- I want—and this sums up my prayer—  
To glorify Thee till I die ;  
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,  
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh ! PHIL. iii. 8, 9.

END OF VOLUME III.

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THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD

AND

*Sabbath Scholars' Magazine*

IN CONNEXION WITH

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise,"  
MATTHEW xxi. 16.

VOL. IV.—NEW SERIES

PATON AND RITCHIE, EDINBURGH  
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# THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD.

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## "HOW OLD ART THOU?"

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

**M**Y YOUNG FRIENDS,—I wish to address a few words to you on this, the first day of a New Year; and, as is my wont in speaking to those older than you, I shall select a text of Holy Scripture as the subject of address. The text will be a very short and a very simple one. You will find it in the book of Genesis, the forty-seventh chapter, and the eighth verse: "And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?" This question, we need scarcely tell you, was first asked by a very great man,—Pharaoh, king of the Egyptians. And the individual to whom it was put was another great man,—Jacob, one of the patriarchs; and the occasion on which it was asked, was, you remember, this: Jacob, who was now an old man, had come up to Egypt to see his son Joseph,—the boy, you remember, who was once sold as a slave by his brethren, but who was now prime minister of Pharaoh. And he was now being presented by his son to the great monarch, and was standing in the king's presence, before the imperial throne. We think we see him, an old venerable man, his head covered with silvery grey hairs, and his brow marked with not a few wrinkles by the hand of time, and by grief for the loss of his son Joseph. Pharaoh, seated upon his throne, looks at the venerable patriarch. He sees the traces of years written upon the forehead of the good old man, and he accordingly kindly asks him, "How old art thou?"

Now, my young friends, the question which Pharaoh put to Jacob we are going to put to you to-day: "How old

art thou?" And not only will we put the question, but we will answer it. Listen to us, then, and we will tell you something about your age.

And first of all, we observe, you are young—you are yet in the morning of life. You are not like the patriarch Jacob, full of years. You are now in the happiest of all seasons, youth. Grief has not yet weighed heavily on your young hearts, as it did upon the heart of old Jacob, bringing his grey hairs to the grave. Prize, children, your present happy time,—improve your present happy time. There is many an old man in the world who would like to be young as you are. There is many a one that would like to have your golden time back again. But listen to us a little longer, and we shall tell you more about your age. We have said that you are young; but you are older than perhaps you imagine. Let us see.

1. We remark, *You are old enough to seek God.*

Perhaps some of you may be thinking that you are too young to seek God. What! you may be saying to yourselves, does God care about me, who am but a child? When I am a man He will care for me—when I am a man I will seek God. Now, this is an error. God cares as much for you as He does for the oldest and the greatest man. You have seen the fields, children, in a summer day, and you have seen there the flowers blooming in all their beauty, and the trees covered with their rich foliage. Now, does God not care as much for these tiny flowers as He does for the tall trees? Yes, quite as much. He gives to these flowers their delicate forms, their lively colours, their sweet perfume, as much as He gives to the trees their giant strength, their tall stature, their green leaves. So God cares as much for the youngest and feeblest of you, as He does for the greatest and mightiest upon earth. But what shews still more clearly that you are old enough to seek God, God himself invites you to come to Him. They who seek me early, He says, shall find me. Remember your Creator, He says, in the days of your youth. And not only has God thus shewn you, by these invitations put into the mouths of holy men, that you are old enough to come

unto Him, but He has said so directly himself. There was once One who walked this earth in human form, to appearance a mere man, but in truth God manifest in the flesh; and on one occasion He took children younger than many of you, and lifted them up in His arms, and blessed them, and said of them: "Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This was God himself telling you that you are old enough to come unto Him. But,

2. *We observe, You are old enough to commit sin.*

Some of you may think that you are too young to commit sin—that seeing you know so little, though you do at times what is amiss, that little will not be considered by God as sin. This, too, is an error. Whenever a child has come to the time when it can distinguish between right and wrong, then every offence which he commits is sin. Do you do, then, at any time, that most ungrateful of all acts—disobey your parents?—know that you commit sin, grievous sin in the sight of God. Do you do that most impious of all acts—take God's name in vain?—know that when you do so, you commit a grievous sin in the sight of God. Do you perpetrate that meanest of all acts—telling a lie?—know that in any such offence you commit a deep and grievous sin in the sight of God. And remember, that sin, in each and all of its forms, is a very pernicious thing—pernicious both in this life and in that which is to come. Sin is like a snake, pretty enough in appearance,—but fatal when touched. You have perhaps seen a snake—there is scarcely a fairer creature in all creation, its skin so smooth, its spots so beautiful, its movements so graceful; but take it into your bosom and it stings you. Flee then sin, children, as you would do a deadly serpent. Remember, you are old enough to commit sin. But,

3. *You are old enough to do good.*

Some of you may be thinking that you are too young, too feeble, to do good. But this, too, is an error. There is nothing in the whole of God's creation that may not, in its way, do good. The sun that shines so gloriously, cheering with its light, and warming with its heat this earth, glad-



dening men's hearts, and ripening the fruits of the earth, does good. The smallest flower that springs up from the earth, attracting the passer-by by its beauty, and delighting him by its fragrance, does good. The very weed that you are apt to trample under foot, containing in it, as it often does, some healing medicine for man, or yielding some nourishment for the lower creation, does good. And are you, children, the only creatures in God's creation that need not try to do good,—you that have immortal souls within you, more valuable than all the world beside? It is impossible! You, too, ought to do good. You are old enough to know, that it is your duty to love God, and believe on Christ; to honour your parents; and to cultivate and improve your minds by a proper use of the education you are now receiving. And can you not do something for the cause of Christ and the benefit of the poor benighted heathen, by contributing your mite for the support of the missionary and the Gospel among them? In these, and many other ways should you, too, be doing good. And remember, that little things are not despised by God, and ought not to be despised by men. A brick is indeed a little thing, but many bricks make a house. A thread is a little thing, but many threads of hemp make the cable strong enough to hold the noblest ship. A drop of water is a little thing, but many drops make the unfathomable ocean. You are old enough, even the youngest of you, to do good. But once more,

*4. You are old enough to die.*

Do you ask me for proof of this? Go into the churchyard, and read the tombstones, and you will find there the infant of days by the side of the old man of threescore and ten years. Do you ask me for further proof of this? Have you lost no brother or sister, younger, it may be, than yourselves—no fellow-scholar that may have sat on the same seat, or read on the same book with yourself? Yes, you are young enough to die. Bright as your eye now is, the enemy may dim it—warm as your blood now is, the enemy may chill it, and that ere the close of the year on which you have now started. Seek, then, the Lord while He may be found. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.

**A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT AND A NEW YEAR'S DAY.**

"HERE is a New Year's present to you both!" said an old man, as two little children stood by his arm chair. "Here, James, are ten shillings to you; and here, Emily, is the same to you!"

The happy children leapt for joy, and bounded away off to their own little room, where they immediately began to talk to one another how they were to spend New Year's Day, and also how they were to spend the money their old grandfather had just given them.

Now, they were both good little children. They were early taught to fear the Lord, and to love one another: and whenever little children or grown-up people love God, they are sure to love others, and especially to be kind to the poor and those who are in want.

"Who do you think, James," said Emily, "is the poorest in the village?"

"I think it is Widow 'Garvie," said her little brother; "you know she lost her husband three years ago, and her only boy went out to sea last summer, and she has never heard of him since. She is both sorrowful and in great want. I think it would cheer her poor heart to give her some little thing."

"Oh! yes, you are right," said Emily; "and I also was thinking of Janet Davidson, and Elspeth—poor blind Elspeth!"

"Yes," replied James, "I quite think these three are the neediest. Come, let us go to-day to ———. You know the shops will be all closed to-morrow; for every one will be out, like ourselves, on their holiday."

So James and his sister, taking a basket in their hands, hurried away to the market-town of ———, which was about two miles off. James asked Emily to select three little warm tartan shawls,—they were 1s. 6d. each; three half-pounds of tea were next purchased, and a special little package of tobacco for old Elspeth.

"What do you say, before leaving town," said Emily,

to go to ——, our Sabbath-school teacher, and ask him to put in a shilling from each of us into the missionary-box?"

"Oh! that is quite what I was also thinking about," said James. "Let us see," said he, (counting the remainder of the money over in his mind,) "we shall still have seven shillings over for our own use; and I think we shall be much happier in getting something with it, than if we had spent the whole on ourselves."

"Yes, indeed!" said Emily, "much more so; I want a nice little copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* with mine."

"And I think I should like a pencil-case with mine," said James. Accordingly, these two good children went first to the only bookseller's shop in town, who, in addition to his books, had a vast variety of lovely things for sale. Emily got a beautiful little copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, with a picture of Christian's bundle rolling down the hill, and a nice gilded binding. James saw a pencil-case quite to his mind. He also bought Emily a little needle-case; and she, in her turn, gave him a pretty knife for a New Year's gift. James then slung the basket on his arm; and with a pair of happy hearts they set out again, under a clear frosty sky, to their village.

They were not long, next day, of going to the three poor cottagers. What a joyful surprise did each of these receive as the little New Year's gifts were produced! They could only thank their little kind benefactors with tears.

When James and his sister lay down in their beds at night, they were happy to think of the joy they had given to these helpless neighbours. While they thanked God, in their nightly prayer, for all His blessings to *them*, they prayed that they might ever be able to keep in mind those who were less highly favoured—to remember the truth of the words of Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Oh! how sad it is for little children, or grown-up men and women, to be *selfish*, and to keep all they have to themselves! How happy it is to have this short little history for our own,—*"To be good, and to do good!"*



### THE EVE OF BATTLE THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

**W**E are sure many of our young friends have often felt stirred to ask: HOW CAN WE HELP OUR BRAVE COUNTRYMEN AT THE SEAT OF WAR?

To that question we may have several answers to give by-and-by. We have opened communications by which we hope to ascertain if there be anything which the efforts of our Sabbath Scholars, and other young readers of the *Juvenile Record*, could procure to help our Presbyterian

chaplains in their labours for the spiritual good of the soldiers, and sailors, and marines, who are fighting and dying for us in the present war. But there is one answer to that question which we can *at once* give. We can say at once, that the most material help is to be given to our country's arms by ~~THE~~ CHURCH'S PRAYERS. And we put that answer first, because, *without* prayer to God for them, all the means of seeking the good of our brave countrymen at the Seat of War *can avail nothing*.

The prayers of the people of God have already, we believe, done much for us in the dreadful struggle in which we are engaged. Even ~~as~~ when Moses, in the mount, raised his hands to heaven, and Israel prevailed in the battle-field below, so ~~now~~, those battles we have gained, in which our troops have ~~shewn~~ a courage and constancy never surpassed, we believe to have directly resulted from His divine interposition who is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

"It will be remembered," says the *Patriot*, "that the last act of more than one regiment which has distinguished itself in this campaign, before leaving the British shores, was a united act of public worship. During the encampment of the troops in Turkey, there were several striking religious services, in which officers and men took part. In prospect of the battle of the Alma, according to the statement of one of the chaplains, they committed themselves in solemn prayer to the divine protection. The battle of Inkermann, we now learn, was preceded by a remarkable intercessory meeting, at which ministers and other persons of various denominations assembled to commend the allied arms to the blessing of the God of battles. This 'concert of prayer' took place at Constantinople. The subject, which had been previously mentioned in private, was introduced, on the day before the battle, at a meeting for business of the American missionaries. Without any foresight, of course, of the impending action, arrangements were made for simultaneous prayer in all the Protestant congregations, native and foreign, throughout the Moslem capital. While the hostile armies were actually contending in the field,

the Christians of Constantinople were thus unitedly commending them to the care and help of Heaven. Although the chaplain to the British Embassy was prevented, by the restrictions of his Church, from offering special prayer for the troops at the regular time of service, he held a prayer-meeting on their behalf in the afternoon, precisely, in all probability, when they stood in most imminent need of the divine help. Thus, during the entire progress of that tremendous conflict, and till victory crowned the cause of right, were its brave champions sustained by the intercessions of their fellow-Christians, offered up in six different languages, and in twice as many separate services, in the capital of the empire whose independence is at stake. When it is remembered, that, in addition to this special concert of prayer, there probably is not one place of Protestant worship in the three kingdoms, from which, during the most uncertain stages of the protracted conflict, prayers were not ascending to Almighty God, that He would frustrate the efforts of the aggressor, and succeed those of the champions of liberty and right, it is not merely warrantable to believe, but it would be impious to doubt, that the wonderful issue of so unequal a contest was in answer to prayer. While, then, the hearts of those who unhappily deny, because they do not know its value, are failing them for fear, let Christian patriots see, in the still accumulating difficulties of the great enterprise, not less than in the signal manner in which those arising from the immeasurable superiority of the enemy in numbers and munitions have been surmounted, only new reasons for perseverance in referring the arbitrement of this bloody quarrel to Him who has hitherto defended the right, and who has pledged His word to break in pieces the oppressor."

But while that victory at Inkermann is thus seen to have been so remarkably given us in answer to prayers for our soldiers engaged in it, (and an answer given even "while we were speaking in prayer," Dan. ix. 21,) it is no less the subject of thankfulness to know, that such victories are gained by an army many of whom are men of God—good soldiers of Jesus Christ—who make their comfortless camp

the Bethel of communion with God, and the eve of battle the very hour of prayer for themselves and their enemies.

At a meeting held lately at Manchester, in aid of the Religious Tract Society, the Rev. P. J. Saffery, the secretary, related the following interesting circumstance of our soldiers now in the East:—"A Christian officer who had been out reconnoitering a camp late in the evening, thought he heard singing in a ravine he was passing. He dismounted, tied his horse to a bush, and creeping slowly and gently down, saw a number of soldiers standing at the bottom, singing a hymn which had been found at the close of one of this Society's tracts. When the singing was over, the soldier who had given out the hymn read the tract aloud to his comrades; and after he had finished reading, another soldier knelt down with the rest of his comrades and poured out his heart to God in fervent prayer, not only for those present, but for every soldier in the camp, for their country and their Queen, their kindred and friends; but what touched him most deeply was, that, with faltering voice, and evidently with deep emotion, he poured out his heart in prayer to God for the enemies they were about to engage."

In the hands of such soldiers as these are, how safe may we feel to be the honour of our country! In a struggle animated by such a spirit as was breathed from the lips of these brave men, we need fear no evil!

Let us be much in prayer, that God would multiply in our camp and fleet men who, having learnt to prevail with God *before* their battles, shall prove, in the hour of danger, that far more and mightier is He that is on their side, than all who can be against them!

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#### CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

THE Rev. Mr. Yule writes as follows to the lady who supports the orphan girl Christina, at the Orphanage, Calcutta, enclosing a letter from her:—

CALCUTTA, October 3, 1854.

MY DEAR MADAM,—On receipt of your letter of July 14th, I spoke to Christina about writing to you, and told her of the deep interest you take in her. The enclosed note is her letter,—short, and perhaps not very interesting, but it is her first attempt at letter-writing, and as such I am sure you will kindly overlook its imperfections.

Christina is indeed a very good child. I do not consider her so quick as some of our other girls; but in sterling principle and trustworthy conduct she is second to none in the school. She seems to walk very much in the steps of our best girl, Diljahn, whom she calls her mother, and whose example among the other girls is all for good. Christina is a thin, delicate-looking child, but generally enjoys good health.

I am sure you will mingle your prayers with ours, that her soul may prosper, and be in health.

Your nieces have called several times to see her, and appear very much interested in her, and Mr. ———, who claims an interest in her, and his claim is founded on good grounds,—he having sent her to us.

I do hope that she is even now a child of grace, and if spared, that she will, in her after-life, adorn the religion of the holy name by which she has been called. In this you and ourselves will be fully rewarded for expense and labour, while our great Lord will be glorified.

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*Christina's Letter, translated from the Bengalee.*

MY BELOVED MADAM,—I am very grateful for the beautiful box which you sent me; and I am grateful for all the kindness and compassion which you have revealed to me, even although you have never seen me; and I am more grateful that, having come to this school, I have been taught concerning the true God. I think you would like to hear what I am learning:—*The English Bible, Shorter Catechism, Grammar, Geography, History of England.* In Bengalee, *Bible, Hymns, Grammar, and History of India.*

I am also very happy to tell you, that in April, by the mercy of God, I received baptism; and I hope, that for me and for the school girls you will pray, that having daily increased in religion, we may grow; and for you I still pray; but without the help of God we cannot pray, for in ourselves there is nothing good.

This is my *first* letter, and I can think of nothing more, so will end it.—Your trusting

CHRISTINA.



### A NEW YEAR'S EXERCISE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

MR. EDITOR,—I wrote the following as a Sabbath lesson for a little child of four years old. I send it for your readers of a similar age, thinking it may be a nice New Year's exercise for them. I would humbly propose, (where this can be done,) that every child under seven years who can answer the whole of these questions *on the first Sabbath of the New Year*, should get some little reward.

A FATHER.

- A** Stands for a priest whom bright robes did adorn?
- B** Tells you the city where Jesus was born?
- C** Murder'd his brother when they were alone?
- D** Kill'd a great giant with sling and with stone?
- E** Went up to heav'n in a chariot of flame?
- F** Heard an apostle the judgment proclaim?
- G** Went out a leper for telling a lie?
- H** Caus'd the poor infants of Bethlehem to die?
- I** Stands for the prophet, of Jesus who told?
- J** Is he whom his hard-hearted brothers once sold?
- K** Did through the vale of Jehoshaphat flow?
- L** Stands for the mountain where cedars did grow?
- M** Stretched out his rod, and the Nile became blood?
- N** Built a great ark, and was saved from the flood?
- O** Often refreshed the apostle when tried?
- P** Three times his Lord and his Master denied?
- Q** Greetings of love to the brethren sends?
- R** Meets with her kinsman while reapers he tends?
- S** Prayed, as he died, in behalf of his foes?
- T** Stands for a child who the Bible well knows?
- U** The high priest of old on his breastplate did wear?
- V** Christ Jesus *himself* to this did compare?
- W** Were guided by a star in the sky?  
No word found in Scripture for **X** or for **Y**.
- Z** Stands for the hill which the Lord did so love,  
The type of the courts and the temple above?

EDINBURGH, 13th November 1854.



### THE ESKIMOS.

**M**ISSION stations of the Church Missionary Society in Rupert's Land, at Fort George, on the east coast of James' Bay, afforded some prospect of communication with the Eskimos; and the *Church Missionary Gleaner* says, the Rev. E. A. Watkins persuaded an Eskimo youth, called Peter, to reside with him. Opportunities have been far fewer than had been expected, not many of that people coming so far southward, so much so, that during eighteen months he had only seen seventeen of them; while the impossibility of procuring dogs and provisions for the journey has prevented him from going more northward to visit them. Still, some opportunities of seeking their good have been presented to him; and one of these, of which he gives us an

account in the following extracts from his journal, will be read with interest :—

*March 8, 1854.*—I was informed that an Eskimo sled was in sight. I found that the party consisted of a family of eight persons, the youngest being a child somewhat more than two years old, who was carried naked in the hood of his mother's coat. I endeavoured to make them understand that their arrival had been a cause of much pleasure to myself, as I felt much interest in their nation. While standing at the side of the sled, with some members of the family, I found that the father, with the energy which characterizes this interesting people, had already commenced the building of their igloo, or snow-house, having selected a suitable site, where the snow had drifted to the depth of ten or twelve feet. After watching his operations for some time, together with the others who now came to render their assistance, I left them, but returned a little while after with Mrs. Watkins to see these very ingenious builders complete the roofing of their circular home. She stood inside whilst they fitted the key-stone to their dome, which was accomplished with great cleverness by the builder outside.

*March 9.*—After breakfast I paid a visit to the igloo, taking the Eskimo, Peter, with me as my interpreter. On approaching, I perceived that the outer porch was arched over, which was not the case with the one which was made here last year. Before creeping through the low doorway, my eye was attracted by the sight of another snow building at a little distance off, which, upon reaching, I found to be a wall of about three feet in height, made in the shape of a horse-shoe, in its broadest part being four feet in width. It contained a fire, over which was a kettle suspended from a stick pushed into the walls of the enclosure. The idea of having a fireplace made of snow, is one, I must confess, which had never occurred to my own mind, but which, to the clever Eskimos, presents no difficulty in being reduced to practice. Leaving this novel cooking apartment, we proceeded to the igloo; and having crept in through the two door-ways, and seated myself among its inmates, I began to speak to them of the deep interest I took in the welfare of their nation, and of the object which prompted me to leave my native country. They expressed their surprise that I should have come such a distance to live amongst them, and wondered that the "great boat" was not lost in being so many days out of sight of land. Having taken with me a small book containing texts of Scripture, which

had been written by Peter, I commenced reading some of the passages, and gave explanations through my interpreter. They were deeply attentive while I spoke of the love of God in sending His Son to die for their souls, and exhorted them to repent of sin, and believe in that Saviour who alone is able to deliver them from the wrath of their Maker. They repeated, for the first time in their lives, the sacred name of Jesus; while it was my great privilege to tell them something of what He had done and suffered on their behalf.

At a later hour in the morning Mrs. Watkins accompanied me in paying another visit to the igloo, when we were amused to notice the great astonishment which the poor people manifested in seeing her bonnet, and the veil which she had put on to prevent the dazzling effect of the glare of the snow. They were not satisfied till they had well examined these unusual articles of dress, by feeling them in various parts with the tips of their finger, expressing, at the same time, their surprise by strange gestures and astonished looks. On our return we brought three of the party to our house, when we both pleased and instructed them by exhibiting several articles of English manufacture, and pictures. They took a deep interest in all that they saw, and manifested a great degree of inquisitiveness, which, for once, we felt much disposed to gratify. If any articles might be mentioned which seemed to excite their surprise more than others, they were, a watch, a clock, and a daguerreotype portrait. Having spent a good deal of time with our visitors, we dismissed them with a present of a little flour, and a shirt for the poor child.

*March 10.*—I spent a long time this morning in the igloo, in endeavouring to communicate to its inmates more knowledge of the true God, and of salvation by His dear Son. I read to them various texts of Scripture, and strove, by means of my interpreter, to impress the sacred truths upon their minds. Afterwards I taught them a short prayer, consisting of the petition of the publican joined with one for the gift of the Holy Spirit, being similar to the one which I have been in the habit of teaching in Cree to the Indians. They were deeply attentive to all I told them, and seemed evidently desirous to be able to learn the prayer. Such a state of readiness on their part for religious instruction is most encouraging; whilst, at the same time, it augments the sorrow which I feel that the opportunities for speaking to them of the precious truths of the Gospel are so few. Indeed, this post can scarcely be

said to afford any opportunities at all, as, during a residence here of nearly seventeen months, I have only seen thirteen individuals of this interesting race, including children; while now my expectations of visiting Little Whale River, where they are, at this season of the year, to be met with in considerable numbers, are entirely disappointed, from the impossibility of procuring provisions for the journey. How long, how very long, must it be before these poor heathen are made acquainted with that name by which alone they can be saved!

This afternoon the whole party spent a long time at my house, while Mrs. Watkins and myself exhibited to them a variety of articles of a character which they had never before seen, and which highly gratified their curiosity. When displaying Scripture prints, and endeavouring to give a brief outline of the subject of each engraving, we were much pleased to witness the fixed attention which was paid. As I was shewing among them a representation of "Christ among the doctors," I pointed to our Saviour, and said, "The Son of God," when the father of the family immediately said, "Jesus," without my having mentioned that name,—which was a pleasing evidence of his attention to my word when in the igloo. The most astonishing thing which they saw this afternoon was a magnet, the attractive power of which seemed utterly to confound their mind.

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### THE LONDON CITY MISSIONARY TO THE JEWS.

SOME time ago the London City Mission appointed a missionary to the Jews in the city of London, on the promise of contributions being made specially towards his support by the friends of Israel. The following extracts from his report are peculiarly encouraging, and fully manifest the benefit which has arisen from his appointment:—

"By the grace of God I have, for the last nine months, been a humble bearer of the precious seed of the Gospel to the Jews in the city of London, and I trust I have witnessed His power granting a blessing to my efforts to bring the lost sheep of the house of Israel to their Shepherd. I bless the God of my fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, for every success.

"At the commencement of my labours, indeed, I met

with much opposition and mockery. I was called by offensive names. But the confidence of the Jews has been much gained since, so that I can now visit them with tolerable freedom, and they are ordinarily willing to listen to me, especially the young. Although I have chiefly been engaged among the poor, I have had some opportunities of making known the Gospel among the more wealthy of the Jews. But I have chiefly confined my attention to the Talmudical and strict Jews, rather than to 'the Rationals,' as they call themselves, as, notwithstanding their prejudices against Christianity, they have a veneration for the Holy Scriptures, and I have with them a foundation on which to build; while the Rationals have given up the Bible as well as the Talmud, and make unbelief their boast. The class that, above all others, I have sought after, are the Talmudists, who have come over from parts where the Roman Catholic religion prevails, and where the Jew has had no opportunity of meeting a Christian missionary, and has only beheld Christianity in an idolatrous form.

"There are already several who are ready to come forward and embrace the truth as it is in Jesus, but their deep poverty, and the need which they would have of pecuniary aid, is very embarrassing. Still, nothing is impossible with Him who, though rich, yet became poor for our sakes. Among this class are Mr. —, Mr. —, and more especially Mr. —. These only wait for an opportunity of confessing Christ publicly. The last mentioned gives much evidence of real conversion of heart.

"Then there is another class, who have evidently begun to think and reflect on what has been said to them, although they have at present come to no conclusion in their own minds. These have, to a greater or less degree, become unsettled in their faith. I entertain hope of some of them, and might, in illustration, mention the names of three men whom I have visited in different parts of the City. There are others who have been induced occasionally to attend Christian worship, and some with tolerable frequency. This class would number from fifteen to eighteen persons.

"Into other Jewish families I have introduced the New Testament.

"The confidence of two very learned men has been gained, whose influence among the City Jews is considerable. I have lent them the *Old Paths*, in Hebrew. One of them allows me to visit him when it is dark.

"One man is being prepared for baptism by a Christian minister.

"From twenty to twenty-five families or individuals have left the City, and gone to live in other parts of the metropolis. But I am allowed to visit them there.

"Several anxious inquirers, from whom I had hoped much, have left England for America. I supplied them with the Scriptures, books, and tracts, and gave them a letter of recommendation to Mr. Newman, missionary to the Jews at New York, that he may build on my foundation.

"Those who appeared to be evidently impressed with the claims of the Gospel, have been supplied with copies of the Scriptures in Hebrew, German, and English. I have also lent them the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Old Paths*, in Hebrew; but these are too valuable to be given away.

"Many Jewish children have also been brought to attend Christian schools, where they are instructed in the New Testament, and I have heard some of them sing hymns to the Lamb of God,—only they substitute the word Messiah for Christ.

"I have held a Bible-class in ——— lane and in ——— street. But this had to be discontinued during October, or the month of Elill, on account of the many sacred days then occurring. Many obstacles have had, however, to be encountered in the holding of these classes. One class had to be given up, because the place in which it was held was too public, and the Spanish Jews used to watch us. One Saturday morning, while we were reading the New Testament, they came on us with much violence. To prevent mischief I had to hide the Testament in a saucepan. Since then I have had to change the place of meeting almost every Saturday.

"I have daily visitors at my house, and continued have been the opportunities of conversing and disputing with my brethren there, more especially on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Two married Jewesses in respectable life, from Poland, used to visit me every Friday evening; but they have now obtained permission from their husbands that I may visit them at their own abodes, which I do in the presence of their husbands, and make known to them the Word of life. I have lent them the *Old Paths*, in German.

"The minds of the Jews at this time are, from various causes, much unsettled concerning their faith, and there is a disposition among them to read for themselves the New Testament. They have great want of a teacher, like Philip to the eunuch, to expound to them the things con-

cerning Jesus Christ. There are some number of secret disciples."

We add a translation of a letter recently received by this missionary from one who was a learned Rabbi among the Jews:—

"*This day, the 29th, Afternoon.*—BELOVED AND HONOURABLE BROTHER,—You have enlightened my eyes, that I should not die in darkness. It is, indeed, my duty to call you father, even more than if you were my earthly father; for he gave me earthly things which soon perish as the grass, and are gone when a little wind riseth, but you have brought me to everlasting life. You are my father indeed. I cannot express the obligation which, as a son, I feel to you. Although I call you brother, as to a dear father I write. I have now put on Christ. I was baptized at Oxford\* on last Sabbath, with my young friend, your son in the Gospel. I have no words to express myself, but I now beg of you, as you have brought me to the truth, not to lose sight of me. You have received a letter from the minister who baptized us. Tell our brethren of the riches of Christ, argue with them that they should look to Him for salvation—even to Him whom our fathers crucified, but whom God has risen from the dead, and given to Him all power. Our fathers have despised Him, and called Him impostor. He had not where to lay His head. At last they scourged Him, and crucified Him between two wicked men. But He obeyed the holy will of His Father. Oh! the fountain of all love! for, after all, He will forgive them when they will trust in Him. Farewell, with your wife and children, from your very thankful brother, ————."

To the Lord alone must the praise be rendered for whatever benefit has resulted from this missionary's appointment.—*The London City Missionary Magazine.*

## APPEAL

ON BEHALF OF THE SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE  
RELIEF OF CHILDREN ATTENDING SCRIPTURAL  
SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

HAVING lately spent a considerable time examining the Schools in connexion with the Irish Church Missions in

\* He fled there to avoid persecution from those of his own household and connexions.



Dublin, Galway, Achill, and Connemara,—and being deeply impressed with a sense of their great value and their great necessities, I venture to make the present Appeal on behalf of the above Association, instituted for the purpose of assisting them and other similar institutions.

The Irish Church Mission Schools are spread nearly over the whole of Ireland. Wherever a Mission station is planted, schools are also established. These schools form an essential, and one of the most important parts of that system organized for the conversion of the Irish Roman Catholics,—the astonishing success of which is the theme of admiration over the whole kingdom. Thousands of poor destitute children, the children of Romish parents, are there instructed in Gospel truth, over the whole length and breadth of the island. When they leave the school, they go out thoroughly imbued with Protestant principles. From personal observation and searching examination, I can bear unqualified testimony to the excellence and Scriptural character of the education there given. I have found multitudes of half-naked and half-starving children possessed of an amount of Scriptural knowledge, which not more delighted than astonished me. I have found many examples of poor children there, of whom I should not be afraid to say, that they are mighty in the Scriptures. On points of controversy especially, they are wonderfully instructed. Confine the controversy to the Word of God, and children will be found, in these schools, capable of refuting all the arguments of the priests. They have done so again and again. These schools are, therefore, every year sending forth multitudes of young people thoroughly instructed in the truth as it is in Jesus, and thoroughly imbued with Protestant principles and Protestant feeling. Let the Society for Irish Church Missions but have the means of supporting and extending them, and they will infallibly change the whole aspect of the country. England and Scotland are almost as much interested in this result as Ireland herself. The flood of ignorance, vice, and pauperism, which Popery pours out of Ireland into our large towns and manufacturing districts, is intolerable. These schools are drying up the flood at its fountain-head. Popery is the plague-spot and the weakness, not of Ireland alone, but, through Ireland, of Great Britain. These schools are washing it off.

**But mark this:** All these schools are essentially ragged schools. The children must be fed, and, if possible, clothed as well as educated. They cannot possibly come to school

without receiving food there. They are starving, and must go and beg, or steal, or gather sea-weed, or shell-fish, or other refuse, to allay the cravings of nature, unless they receive a small quantity of food at school. A miserably insufficient mess of Indian corn meal porridge without milk, is all the schools pretend to give; but this they must give, or the children cannot come, or would come in a condition unfit to receive instruction. The supplies which the schools are able to afford are altogether insufficient, as is evident from the miserable rags, and the wan and haggard countenances of multitudes of the children. Now, many of these humble but invaluable seminaries are on the point of sinking for want of means to continue even this wretched supply. Fellow-Christians, and fellow-Protestants! this must not be.

Mark this again: The Society for Irish Church Missions, whose energy and zeal have supplied the desert places of Ireland, to so great an extent, with the means of grace,—with missionaries, teachers, and Scripture readers,—cannot, from the very terms of its constitution, give one farthing for temporal relief. It can build schools, and pay salaries, but not purchase a pound of meal or potatoes. And this, we frankly acknowledge, is a wise and prudent regulation, for many reasons; but so much the more necessity is there that this essential deficiency be supplied from other sources. In districts where Protestants are numerous, and tolerably wealthy, this is not difficult. But, alas! in those very localities where the schools are most required, this is not the case. There are vast districts in which, until the Irish Society and the Church Mission Society began their labours, there were no Protestants at all; where, though now increasing in numbers, they are in extreme poverty themselves; and where the original Protestants, where there are any, are few, timid, irresolute, or indifferent. Hence the absolute necessity for such assistance as that which is offered by "The Scottish Association for the Relief of Children attending Scriptural Schools in Ireland." The Ladies who compose this Association, belonging to various denominations of Christians, deeply impressed with the importance of the object in view—sympathizing with the faithful missionaries and teachers connected with the Irish Mission in their almost overwhelming difficulties—grieved at heart to hear of the dangers to which the schools are exposed, and the sufferings of the unhappy children of the poor in the West of Ireland—and zealous to give practical effect to the invitation of their common Lord and Saviour:

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,"—venture to make this earnest Appeal to their fellow-Protestants in Edinburgh. They have already been able to afford valuable assistance to the schools at Oughterard and elsewhere; and they have just exhausted their little funds by sending a small sum to the schools in Tuam, which are almost in a sinking state, and stand in absolute need of still greater assistance. To those who love the Bible—who love their country—who are acquainted with the wretchedness and ignorance of the Irish Roman Catholic population of our own towns—who would wish to dry up the fountain of such a national evil—who sympathize with the poor, and pity the children of the destitute,—to these, they are confident, they will not appeal in vain. They have requested me, as one intimately acquainted with the circumstances of the case, to certify the Scriptural character and national importance of these schools, as well as the urgent necessity in which they stand of assistance, independent of the noble Society which established them. With this request I, with all my heart, comply; and add my fervent prayer, that the Spirit of God may dispose His people to come zealously to their help.

12 DRUMMOND PLACE,  
7th Dec., 1854.

WM. ROBERTSON,  
*Minister of New Greyfriars.*

### GOOD NEWS FROM THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

A FRIEND has sent us the following communications:—

THE MANEE, ———, 11th January 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—By the kind permission of the gentleman to whom it is addressed, I am enabled to send you the enclosed extract from Mr. Calvert's letter, which, as containing recent and authentic intelligence of the great change going on in the Feejee Islands, may perhaps be of some use for your *Juvenile Record*.

Mr. Calvert is the missionary whose wife you may possibly recollect\* was instrumental, a few years ago, in rescu-

\* See "Horrors of Heathenism," at pages 14 and 26 of last year's volume of the *Juvenile Record*.

ing several persons from becoming the victims of a cruel cannibalism in the same country in which, through God's blessings on her husband's labours, they are now "bowing before the Lord" of peace and love.

*Extract from a Letter by the Rev. James Calvert, Missionary in the Feejee Islands.*

VEWA, FREEJEE, 4th May 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—In December last I wrote to you, when it was my painful duty to tell you of wars, and strangling, and cannibalism. Now I have the heartfelt satisfaction to inform you, that our mutual friend Tui Feejee, now Vuni-malu, bowed before the Lord last Sabbath at Bau with upwards of three hundred of his people. It was a most pleasing sight. All were dressed—many of them in Tonga cloth. He was preceded by his grey-headed priest with a long beard. His children stood, with many others, in front. His wives, chief women not a few, and others, on the right hand. He and the male attendants were on the left. All were orderly, serious, and attentive. Evils of long standing and great magnitude, which we could not get removed, were thus done away with at a stroke. It was the commencement of good, which shall spread with great rapidity, and which shall endure after this short life is ended.

You know my long and anxious concern which, thank God, I have been enabled to maintain amidst many and various discouragements, for the salvation of the chief. On that day he abandoned heathenism. He seriously, I doubt not sincerely, became a worshipper of the only living and true God. I trust that his repentance will be hearty, by which he will forsake sin, and that he will unfeignedly believe, trusting with his heart on the Lord Jesus Christ so as to obtain the forgiveness of sins.

Now the way will be plain for the speedy spread of the Gospel in Feejee. We greatly need an increased number of labourers. We have despatched the mission schooner for native teachers from Lakemla and the Friendly Islands.

. . . . We have just printed a new edition of 3000 copies of the New Testament. The Word of God is eagerly sought and carefully read by the natives.

May 20th.—On the 7th about 600 assembled for worship at Bau. The chief is very decided. He has got a bell to announce family worship, so that all from the outhouses may assemble.

The aspect of affairs in Feejee is greatly changed.

### THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.\*

"And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them; and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid."—MARK x. 32.

JESUS! what was that which drew thee  
To Jerusalem's ancient gate?  
Ah! the love that burned so truly  
Would not suffer thee to wait!  
On thou journeyedst, thus securing  
Me a city more enduring!

To my spirit, now, draw nearer,  
Lord! as to Jerusalem!  
Let each moment prove thee dearer,  
Make this heart a Bethlehem!  
Thus my Saviour's love possessing,  
Surely I have Salem's blessing!

To the world thou hast sent me,  
Like the twelve that saw thy face.  
Lead me through the journey gently,  
Keep me near thee by thy grace.  
My allotted work fulfilling,  
Ever ready, ever willing.

Let me gladly see my calling,  
When and where thou sendest me,  
Never into darkness falling,  
Gazing on futurity;  
But obey when thou hast bidden,  
Though thy counsel should be hidden.

Let me follow thee, my Saviour,  
Not with words or empty show;  
But my heart, my life, behaviour,  
Prove thy presence here below.  
Meekly with the froward bearing,  
And each brother's burden sharing!

Oh! my Lord, if thou shouldst ever  
Call me desolate to roam,  
For thy truth and conscience sever  
Every tie of house and home,  
Then draw nearer, if thou smite me,  
Let not crosses disunite me.

So shall I, hosannahs singing,  
All the desert-way rejoice.  
Late and early praises bringing,  
But with feeble, earthly voice.  
Though these broken notes distress me,  
Jesus! thou wilt hear and bless me!

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.

\* *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, translated from the German.  
Second Series. Edinburgh: Wm. Kennedy, 1835.

## OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT SCUTARI.

We think our young friends, the readers of the *Juvenile Record*, can, and we are sure they will, help to carry out the suggestion contained in the following letter from one of the chaplains of the Church of Scotland at the Hospital of Scutari,—an extract from which we find published in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*:—

“HOSPITAL OF SCUTARI, 2d February.

“You will wonder, perhaps, at learning from this note that I am stationed at Scutari, instead of being with our troops in the field, as I had expected to be long before this time when I left Edinburgh. But I am sure you will approve of the course which I have taken when I tell you my reasons.

“When I came out here, I found that never, from the opening of this hospital, had any Presbyterian clergyman been stationed here, although hundreds of our brave countrymen had been languishing on beds of sickness, and dying. This, I felt, was not as it should be; for although the English chaplains might do their duty as faithfully by them as by others, I felt assured that it would be a far greater comfort to our poor fellows, and would even make a deeper impression upon their minds, if they were dealt with by one of their own Scotch ministers—one who could understand their feelings—to whom their tongue was not strange; and so, accordingly, having no one to say to me yea or nay, I determined to remain where, to the best of my judgment, the calls of duty were the loudest and most urgent. And experience has proved that I was not mistaken in my supposition.

“It has been very affecting the hearty welcome which I have, in general, received from our suffering countrymen, and the unbounded gratitude which they have expressed for my ministration. More than once has it been said to me: ‘Ah! sir, I am quite contented now; I have got everything that I want when I have got one of our own ministers to come and speak to me, and to pray with me.’ It is, indeed, very encouraging to meet with men who give such testimony of confidence and affection, as I feel that this, humanly speaking, is calculated to carry home such counsels and admonitions as I may give, with tenfold force to the hearts of those whom I visit.

"There is one thing which weighs more and more upon me every day in my ministrations,—and that is, the deep necessity of having another chaplain sent out from the Church of Scotland to labour among the sick in and around Scutari. As far as I can learn, there are at present in the several hospitals here—seven of them—no less than seven thousand men. Of these a very considerable proportion are Scotchmen, and Presbyterians. I need not say how utterly impossible it is for me to attend to all, or even a very large proportion of these, scattered as they are over miles of corridor, and in hospitals at considerable distances from each other. In the largest hospital alone there are, I am assured, *three miles and a-half* of beds, and I am satisfied that it is no exaggeration; and it does seem very hard (and our brave soldiers, I know, feel it so) that our noble countrymen, who have ever been the first to roll back the tide of battle, should be so far overlooked, that here, in a strange land, worn down by sickness and wounds received in their country's cause, they cannot have a minister of their own Church—one whose services they so much prize—to advise, to instruct, and to comfort them. Should you think of sending out any nice simple religious books for the use of our poor fellows here, or anything, in fact, that might conduce to their comfort or edification, I need scarcely say how gladly I shall do my best to second your endeavours."

Several additional chaplains have probably arrived since the above was written. We may add, says the *Advertiser*, that any such contributions as the reverend gentleman refers to will be received by the Rev. Dr. Muir, 13 Saxe Coburg Place, Edinburgh.

We propose, therefore, that all of you, dear young friends, should unite in collecting funds to buy "nice, simple, religious books," for circulation by our chaplains among the poor wounded soldiers at Scutari.

The means thus supplied we shall hand over to Dr. Muir, by whom contributions for this object are to be received; and we hope to be able to report very soon, that a large supply of books have been sent off, as your offering of sympathy with the brave men who have bled and suffered for our country.

**NORTH-WEST AMERICAN MISSIONS.**

THE following extracts from the *Church Missionary Record* introduce us to scenes of missionary labour amid the wintry desolation of North-west America, and prove that even from these "ends of the earth" there shall be fruit found in the great ingathering:—

On March the 16th a great snow-storm came on. Travelling across the plains at such times is full of danger, especially should the wind shift and the snow commence drifting. The wandering Indian, enfeebled from want of food, and incapable of effort when most needed, has often perished on the dreary waste. Mr. Cowley writes:—

"March 17, 1854.—A cry of distress was heard from the plains at a little below our house, and, upon search being made, it was found to have proceeded from Isabella Sumner, in a state of exhaustion, or nearly so, from cold and frost. She went after her son David, who had gone from home without his mother's permission, and she followed to fetch him back. The storm of last night caught her at the edge of the lake St. Martin's, and compelled her to remain there in the rushes all night. This morning, when the storm had considerably abated, and the sun was risen upon the earth, they made an attempt to walk home. Before doing so, however, knowing her great danger, she set up her sled on end to mark her track. They succeeded in making a little progress towards the house; but, being very wet, they soon began to freeze, and to get so benumbed as to be incapable of further effort; so they sat down on the snow and raised a cry of distress, hoping that some one might hear and come to their relief. As soon as their case was discovered, we sent—indeed the people most earnestly ran—without delay, and got them home to our house. I cut David's shoes from his feet. Mrs. Cowley and the women attended to Isabella and her infant daughter, and ordered all the frozen parts of both of them to be rubbed with snow till vitality, or at least a complete thawing of the parts, should be produced. During this process, we fed them at first with a little warm milk and water, then with stronger food and a little tea; and when we had thawed their feet and warmed their stomachs, we put them both to bed, wrapping the body warm, but exposing the head for the benefit of breathing fresh air. After they were a little comforted, we led their thanksgiving to God for the very merciful answer which He had vouchsafed to



their prayers. They called upon Him, and He heard their cry, and delivered them from their distress. Had they remained another hour without being discovered, I fear all hope of recovery would have fled. Isabel told me that she prayed to God all night, and that David, too, prayed much, and also taught her what to say in her prayers. She assured me that she was not at all afraid to die; and that David, finding they were in the hand of death, exhorted his mother to cease calling for human aid, and to resign herself to their fate, saying that they should soon be with God, in a much better place than this in which we now live. David is yet unbaptized, but had learned to know God in the school. May we not hope that, when time shall have matured that knowledge, he, too, will join himself to the Lord in a perpetual covenant which shall never be broken? I could not but feel the greatest satisfaction for all the labour, and toil, and doubt, and anxiety—if my poor imperfect services are worthy such dignified terms—which, during a course of ten years, I have been permitted to sustain on their account. I felt it to be more than a reward for all to witness two poor Indians, in the very jaws of death, struggling successfully with the king of terrors, and enabled, without a fear, thus to resign themselves, in hope of a glorious inheritance in that world of bliss which a preached Gospel had opened to their view, and which the sweet influences of the blessed Spirit had graciously led them to embrace. The case was almost too much for my feelings. To God be all the praise! To Him it assuredly belongs, and I gladly give it, and bless His wonder-working power, which, from Ojibwa hearts, can produce such fruits. O Lord! make bare Thine arm, and do Thy great work, and none shall let or hinder: so shall Thy kingdom come!"

Mr Cowley's arrival at the Indian settlement was soon followed by the breaking up of the long winter, a joyful and welcome event at all the missionary stations throughout Rupert's Land—when "the winter is past . . . the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come," and the keen and wintry blast is succeeded by pleasant weather. Then the plough is called into requisition, and busy hands consign to the earth the seed of a harvest to be gathered in before winter resumes his reign over these far northern climes. Long and dreary was the winter that prevailed in the earlier period of missionary labour in Rupert's Land. It seemed as though "times of refreshing" would never come. But the following description of an Easter communion at the Red River will shew

that the hard hearts and degraded condition of the Indians are not beyond the genial influences of the Sun of Righteousness, and that He can change the winter into summer :—

"April 16, 1854, *Easter Sunday*.—After morning service, I preached; and then, assisted by Mr. Settee, administered the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ; 110 communicated; the collection was 18s. 2½d. In the afternoon I spent a short time in the school, and at church read prayers; Mr. Settee preached. The services of this day, I trust, have been blessed to all our souls. It was a lovely day, and, as the ice still admitted of the people crossing on it, we had a large congregation. The communicants conducted themselves with great propriety and decorum; they approached the table with almost more than usual reverence, and many seemed deeply affected, the streaming eye telling of the hidden emotion of the heart, which was to me peculiarly pleasing. The sight of such a number of Indians thus engaged, impressed my mind deeply. The appearance of many of them was very similar to the appearance of others whom I know still in heathenism at and around Fairford. If it be true, and we know it is, that no man may 'redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him,' seeing 'it cost more to redeem their souls, so that he must let that alone for ever;' if it be true, and it cannot be otherwise, that should a man gain the whole world, he yet would have too little to give in exchange for his soul; the Church Missionary Society have, in this people, redeemed by its means, more than compensation for all the labour, and toil, and earthly substance, and everything that can be computed as spent in all their missions throughout the world. May the success here vouchsafed by the Great Head of the Church encourage the Society to greater devotion to God, and zeal in His cause for the salvation of the heathen; and may it beget in the minds of such as wish well to Zion, yet who are not helping forward the great work, a readiness, not only to will, but also to do, to come 'to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!'"

### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

DEAR CHILDREN,—One day out walking I met a poor girl who begged from me. I gave her a penny, and asked her where she came from, and whither she was going. She said, "from Perth," and that she wished to get back there again. She then asked for a pair of shoes, which as I could

not give her, I walked on; and the servant where she had rung, opening the door at that moment, I did not again speak to her, though we looked round at each other more than once. I had not gone far when I repented my brevity; the poor thing was trembling with cold, a cutting north-west wind was blowing like ice, and she was scarcely clad. A pang shot through my heart when I contrasted her situation with mine. *She* had no stockings, and an old worn-out pair of shoes—I had two pairs stockings, and good warm boots; *she* had some scanty petticoats, and a wrapper of the same material—I had petticoats many and warm, and a thick woollen dress; something, I know not what, was wrapped round her—I wore a double wadded jacket; *she* a liningless straw bonnet—I a warm wadded one; no sleeves nor gloves covered *her* poor bare arms and hands—while *mine* were well provided with both. And yet I felt cold! what must she have felt? Why did I not think on this sooner? I could not have clothed her, but I might have given her more than a penny—I might have spoken a word of comfort—I might have told her of a Friend above, and that might have been the means of saving an immortal soul. If I were more like my Master, who went about doing good, I would have thought *in time* of all this. Now, it is too late; I can only pray that this poor outcast may be directed to some one who will do what I ought to have done, and did not do.

Dear children, why do I tell you this? Simply that you may learn a lesson from it, as well as me, not to pass by a suffering fellow-creature, as we read in the story of the good Samaritan, that the priest and the Levite did, (read about it in St. Luke x. 25-37,) but that we try to follow the example of the good man there described. We may not have money to give, but if we set rightly about it, we may be able to do something kind, and for the advantage of others. Besides, who is it makes us to differ from our less fortunate neighbours? Have we *deserved* to be better off than they? Certainly not, and if we are, we can only say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!"

Then let us often count up our blessings, and let us adopt as our motto, and strive to put into practice, the following well-known lines:—

"Are these Thy mercies day by day,  
To me above the rest?  
Then let me serve Thee more than they,  
And strive to love Thee best."

Your affectionate friend, E.



### THE SEED OF THE WORD, AND ITS FRUITS.

**I**N an interesting little book, called *Philip O'Flaherty, the Young Soldier*, we have a very remarkable narrative of the progress of a poor ragged boy in one of the Industrial Schools in Connaught, who has actually risen to the position of an interpreter attached to the head-quarters of Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the British army in the Crimea.

"A lad, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, a Papist, and in rags, applied to the Superintendent of the Ballinglen district for admission into one of his schools, and was received. In his new position he made extraordinary progress, and in a short time was appointed assistant-teacher in a school in which there were one hundred and twenty Roman Catholic scholars. He left the Church of Rome, and manifested all the zeal of a young convert on behalf of his pupils. Though few of them could read, he taught them orally the greater part of the Shorter Cate-

chism, and stored their minds with the leading doctrines of the Gospel. He had a singular taste for geography, and a very peculiar mode of teaching it to others. He became possessed of a map, which for safety he carried in his breast. When about to give instruction in geography, which he frequently did in the Irish language, he called up four boys, who held up the map in the proper position, while he proceeded to point out the chief cities, the principal mountains and rivers, the boundaries and divisions, &c. The lesson done, the standard-bearers were relieved, and the bosom-friend returned to its place of safety.

"After some time he was appointed sole teacher of a school, which he taught with great spirit and success. Before and after school-hours he diligently improved his time in acquiring knowledge; and not unfrequently in the winter nights might he be seen squatted near the peat-fire, or on his hands and knees blowing it, his book meanwhile on the ground beside him, and each flickering glare, as it fell upon the book, enabled him; to transfer the information from its pages to his quick and retentive memory.

"He was anxious to leave the Glen, there being no prospect of his bettering his condition there. A situation was procured for him in England by a friend; but thither his father and brother followed him, and, while persecuting him for his religion, they, with a meanness that fearfully depicts the effects of Popery upon the mind, cast themselves upon him for support. Being unable to maintain them, without his former friends to advise him, and utterly disheartened at the prospect before him, in an hour of great grief and trial he enlisted as a common soldier. The recklessness that almost invariably characterizes the young recruit does not seem to have attended him, for in several towns where he was stationed he sought out those who conducted prayer-meetings, associated with them, and took part in their devotional services; and wherever he went he endeavoured to disseminate the blessed truths which he had learned in the Connaught Mission Schools. Last year a deputation from the Irish Presbyterian Church visited England, to plead the cause of the Connaught mission. After they had addressed a meeting in Manchester, and had given some cheering accounts of the operations of the Scriptural and Industrial Schools in the west of Ireland, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, resident in Manchester, ascended the platform, and in a short but effective speech referred to a young soldier belonging to the regiment then

quartered there, whose exemplary conduct, scholarship, and extraordinary acquaintance with Bible truth, made him a living epistle of the good done by Connaught schools, that might be seen and read of all men. The young Irishman who was now wearing the uniform of a British soldier at Manchester, is the same person who formerly carried his atlas in his bosom, and taught geography in the Irish language at Ballingen. His regiment was known to be under orders for the East, and the minister referred to proposed that he should be presented with a good pocket Bible, which he could carry with him to the field of battle in Turkey. Though the subscription was limited to sixpence, yet such a sum was raised that it was proposed to purchase his discharge, and employ him as a catechist to his fellow-countrymen. But ere these kind Christian friends had completed their arrangements, tidings came from the Horse Guards that no soldier could be bought off."

In June last he writes from Aledin Camp, Turkey :—

"I got a Turkish grammar and vocabulary, and by the assistance of an interpreter, I can speak Turkish very well now, and I am employed by the officers to buy for them what they want."

Again he writes :—

"The Turks are a fine people. By conversing with them I know them better ; they glory in a person who can converse with them. I can do so now easily. I am learning the language very fast. The officers are surprised at me, and employ me in buying necessities for them, which throws double duty on me ; but by and by I hope to be struck off duty, for the purpose of interpreting. I am now in hospital, but I expect to be well in a few days *I have my Manchester Bible with me.*"

Again he writes :—

"I am making great progress in the Turkish language, and am learning the Russian and Spanish. Whenever I get the chance of meeting a respectable Turk in the field, I begin to reprove him for the abominable habit of the country in having many wives. I bring England as an example, where each man has only one wife, however rich he may be. I tell them in England is Christianity, while they are led astray by the wicked suggestions of a false prophet. I tell them of his life and death, and how he rose in the world by warfare, and by persuading his followers, if they fell in his service, they would go to heaven. I tell them of God, and His Christ. I bring simple truths out of my Bible, in translating which into Turkish I spend my leisure hours, and say many things that I hope may be of use to them."

Before the following letters, intimating his promotion, were received, his friends were somewhat surprised, and

not a little gratified, to see the following notice of their young soldier, by the special correspondent of the *Times*, under date, *Varna, August 26* :—

"Our officers and men are beginning to make more or less progress in the language, and the intelligent sergeants that we have can make themselves pretty intelligible to the natives; indeed, a private, named O'Flaherty, of the 7th regiment, has made such good use of his time since he has been here, that he understands both Greek and Turkish, and was passed the other day as third-class interpreter—Sir George Brown having sent out his interpreter at the man's request to examine him, when he was found *perfectly competent for the post*."

His next letter was written on board the Emperor steamship, *Varna, Sept. 2, 1854* :—

"We are aboard this ship, and about to go to Sebastopol. We expect a large army to oppose our landing. I have now to inform you that I am appointed interpreter to the general. I was severely examined by a first-class interpreter, who said I had a pretty fair knowledge of the Turkish language. I think, however, that I shall be discontinued in consequence of the present movement, for we want as many fighting soldiers as we can find. Up to this time my leisure hours, though short, were divided into three parts; first, translating several passages of my Bible into Turkish; then telling that over and over again to the people; and, lastly, acquiring other useful knowledge."

"The manners and customs of the Turks are strange and ridiculous. They do not use either knives, forks, chairs, or tables; they sit like tailors on mats and cushions, and eat garlic to excess. . . . No stranger is admitted to a Turk's house. If they see a strange man coming, they will run into their cabins, and close the door, or cover their faces with their ghost-like shrouds. Curiosity sometimes got the better of them, and they often invited me into their houses to tell them of the beauty of England and the English, which I did. I also spoke to them about England's religion; and about several of their abominations—of their false prophet and his doctrines—of the truth of Christianity, and of Jesus Christ being the only Saviour. The women even took off their veils to speak and listen to me, which, I assure you, is a great honour to a Christian. . . . This may be the last letter that I may ever write you. We are now about to fight at last. I conclude by requesting you to remember me at the throne of grace, and may the Lord prosper *thee* and *thine*."

At Balaklava he writes, *September 29, 1854* :—

"How exceedingly rejoiced was I to hear from you! Every word of your letter was as the trumpet's sound to me, striking and musical. I was not going to write till the town and fort of Sebastopol were taken; but I cannot delay, although I am scarcely able to hold my pen, much less to put my mind on paper. On the 16th September

we landed in the Crimea, about thirty miles from Sebastopol, on a sandy beach, about ten perches in width; the place is between a salt lake and the Black Sea. We remained there till the 19th. I was busily engaged as interpreter, going about the country looking for carts, arabas, cattle of every description, and all sorts of grain. The place was altogether destitute of water, with the exception of one well, which was brackish, and about two miles distant. We expected opposition to our landing, but there was none. The country is populated for the most part with Tartars, ancient Turkish tribes, who can speak the Turkish language. These people are very kind to us; they are adverse to the Russian yoke; they do not like the French, nor Turks, but they would embrace our English laws and obey them, and none other. After landing, we had a severe rainy night, but afterwards it turned out fine."

His plans for the future are thus described:—

"I am now getting a little refreshed. The last two nights are the only nights I lay on any sort of bed since I left England. I am really worn out, and my health is on the decline; for though I am interpreter, yet I have a good deal of work to do, riding about to this place and that, besides taking charge of the baggage. I am advised to join my regiment, which I think I will do. If it is my lot to fall, I will fall; or die, I will die; if not, I will come home, and may the Lord protect and spare me to live a useful life! This is what I am longing for. I am almost master of Turkish. Greek and Russian I am learning. I saw my name in the *Times* newspaper as interpreter this morning. If I had time, I would learn French and German, as you suggest, but both interpreters and soldiers are indeed busily employed. You have not the least idea of war. It is a horrid thing."

And again:—

"If I am spared to return again safe, I will be able to buy my own discharge; and, God willing, I will come either to Turkey or Russia, to do good to the followers of the false prophet. I think that the fruitful seed of the Word of Life and Truth has already taken root in the stony hearts of some Turks. I think I handled the plough of salvation and dug up their hearts; and now I only wish that the rain and dew from heaven would descend and water it, and that missionaries from our Presbyterian Church may be sent here also. May the Lord enlighten the eyes that for centuries have been blinded with falsehood; and may I live to see and hear that Constantinople, the great storehouse of Turkish delusion, has been cleansed and white-washed with the white-lime of the Gospel, in order that the old stench of Mohammed's doctrine may be entirely annihilated! This is what I want. I would then be satisfied. If I am spared to go home, and have as much money as will buy my discharge, I will go myself to Constantinople, (if not sent there,) and lay down the way of salvation, and the knowledge of Him in whose hands are the heavens and the earth, and who has brought about this war for the better, and not for the worse, and who governs alike the Turk and the Christian."



The last letter that has reached this country from Corporal O'Flaherty—for that is now the military rank of our young friend—is written after the commencement of the siege of Sebastopol.

He says :—

"When I go into the field to perform my devotional services, and when I sing my favourite psalm, my thoughts speed back to you ; for it was you that taught me both the psalm and the tune. May the Lord prosper you and yours !—I am, Rev. Sir, your affectionate son in Christ,

"PHILIP O'FLAHERTY,  
*Interpreter and Corporal.*"

Such a narrative as this beautifully illustrates what the fruits are of teaching the Bible, when it is taught by the Spirit of God. May many such tokens of the divine blessing be gathered from every Protestant missionary school in Ireland, and Ireland will become the strongest arm of the United Kingdom, whether in peace or war !

#### CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S ALL.

LAMB of God ! we fall before Thee,  
Humbly trusting in Thy Cross ;  
That alone be all our glory,  
All things else are dung and dross.  
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
Only source of all that's good ;  
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour  
Come to us through Jesus' blood.

Jesus gives us true repentance  
By His Spirit sent from heav'n ;  
Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,  
" Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."  
Faith He gives us to believe it,  
Grateful hearts His love to prize.  
Want we wisdom ? He must give it,  
Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what He requires,  
Makes us follow His directions,  
And what He commands, inspires.  
All our pray'rs and all our praises  
Rightly offer'd in His name ;  
He that dictates them is Jesus ;  
He that answers is the same.

When we live on Jesus' merit,  
Then we worship God aright ;  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit  
Then we savingly unite.  
Hear the whole conclusion of it :  
Great or good, whate'er we call,  
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,  
Jesus Christ is all in all !

### OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We are glad to know that our proposal for your collecting a little to aid in sending books to the wounded soldiers in the hospitals in the East, has been everywhere well received. In not a few instances, prompt measures were at once taken to start the collection in Sabbath schools; and with the greatest interest and zeal our young friends have engaged in the good work. By intimating it from their pulpits, ministers have given their Sabbath scholars good help by recommending their collection to the aid and encouragement of the people. And we have heard of the late National Fast-day having been seized as the appropriate occasion for making a collection at the church-doors for this useful and interesting object. In one Sabbath school, we are pleased to hear, our proposal had been anticipated, and carried out with great spirit. It will interest you to give you a sentence from the letter we received about it, and may prove a stimulus to you to follow the good example. Our friend in Glasgow, who writes on the 13th March, says:—

“About six weeks ago a similar proposal was made to the children attending St. Matthew's Sabbath school, and they, in *one evening*, collected £2, 2s., which being handed to our minister, he applied to the Religious Tract Society, who generously granted five pounds' worth of books for the two guineas. These, along with a few books sent by members of the congregation, were forwarded to Mr. Ferguson, missionary from the Church of Scotland to the wounded at Scutari.”

The Rev. Mr. Drennan, one of the chaplains engaged in visiting the hospital there, writes thus:—

“For a beginner, it is really mournful work this. To walk through *miles* of sick and wounded—when I say miles, I speak not in figure, but in sober earnest—to see here the sunken features of the last stages of dysentery, and there the vacant stare and restless movements of delirium—to hear, on the one side, that hard dry cough of a galloping

consumption which makes you shudder, and on the other, the smothered groan which tells of wounds that would make your flesh creep to look upon even for a moment—to be for hours amongst this; and then, when you speak to these poor fellows, to hear the feeble faltering tones of apparently decrepit old age from those who, but a short time before, might well have been taken as models of manly strength and vigour, it is very sad. Often has my heart sunk within me, and I have had to go and seek relief in the open fields, amongst other and far different scenes. Already, however, do I begin to get accustomed to this, as one must do if he is ever to be of any service here; and I can now go about any work with some considerable amount of comfort. And really when one gets over the first shock, which every one must experience whose feelings are in the least degree sensitive, at moving about in the midst of so much suffering, there is very much to cheer one on here in the work to which we have been called. It is, indeed, truly encouraging to receive the hearty welcome which I everywhere meet with from our poor suffering countrymen. And when I speak to them of home, and friends, and their past lives, and seek from that to lead them on to thoughts of their higher relationships, and of the better life which is through Christ Jesus, the earnestness with which they enter, in very many cases, into these things, and the gratitude which they express, and their strong desire for a speedy renewal of our intercourse, make my work, in spite of many drawbacks, very hopeful. God grant that it may prosper in reality, as well as in seeming. Talking of the welcome which I receive, I was very much affected by what one poor fellow told me to-day. He said, that on my visiting two men in his ward three or four days ago, he was very hopeful that I would come and speak to him too; but I went away taking no notice of him. At this he was grievously disappointed, for he knew of no way of communicating with me, till he thought, that if he wore his Highland cap it might attract my notice on my repeating my visit. And so he lay there, poor fellow, for days, with his cap on, watching eagerly for my coming, and hoping that his plan would succeed. This incident, you will say, is amongst the smallest; but yet it struck me somehow very much."

**THE HINDU GIRL:****A NARRATIVE FOR THE YOUNG.**

A LITTLE Hindu girl was one summer's afternoon playing before her father's bungalow, when she was carried off, taken to Calcutta, and sold as a slave. She was a sweet and beautiful little girl; and the lady who bought her soon began to love her very much, and she thought she would not make her a slave. She had no children of her own, and she liked to have a little girl to play with her and amuse her. She loved her more and more, and as she grew older, she made her her companion.

When the little girl was stolen from her father, she was too young to have learned his religion. The lady who bought her was a Mohammedan, and she brought up the little girl as a Mohammedan too. Thus she lived till she was sixteen years old; and then all at once it came into her mind, she knew not how or why, that she was a sinner and needed salvation. She was in great distress of mind, and went to her kind mistress for comfort; but she could not tell her of a Saviour; all the lady could do was to try to amuse her, and make her forget her trouble. She hired rope-dancers, jugglers, and serpent-charmers, and tried all the sports of which the natives of India are fond, to give her pleasure. These were of no use, and the girl remained as miserable as ever. Her mistress, deeply grieved at the distress of one whom she loved dearly, next sent for a Mohammedan priest. He had never felt the want of a Saviour, and he could not understand the girl's distress. However, he took her under his care, and did his best. He taught her a long string of prayers in Arabic, a language which she did not understand. She learned the long hard words, which had no meaning to her, and she repeated them five times a-day, and each time she repeated them she turned towards Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, and bowed her face to the ground.

Did the poor girl find comfort in these dark words and idle ceremonies? No; she felt there was no forgiveness, no salvation in these. When she had tried these prayers for three long years, the thought struck her that perhaps all the sorrow of mind was a punishment for having left the faith of her fathers, and become a Mohammedan. She set out directly in search of a Brahmin or Hindu priest, and entreated him to receive her back into the Hindu church. How do you think the Brahmin answered her? He cursed her in the name of his god. She told him how unhappy she

was, and how long she had suffered, and begged him to pity her; but he would not listen. She offered him a large sum of money, and then he was ready to do anything; so she put herself under his direction, and went again and again. He told her to make an offering of flowers and fruit, morning and evening, to a certain goddess, who was some way off, and once a-week to offer a kid of the goats, as a bloody sacrifice.

In India the people have a language of flowers; each flower means something; and when you go into a temple, and see the flowers which have been laid on the altar, you may often tell what petitions have been offered. The flowers she brought as her offering signified a bleeding heart. Oh! there was One who would not have refused such an offering! He only could have healed her broken heart; but she knew Him not. For a long, long time did she carry flowers, morning and evening, and once a-week offer a kid of the goats, and sprinkled the blood on herself and on the altar; but she found that "the blood of goats could not take away her sins;" and very often she cried out in her deep distress: "*Oh! I shall die; and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?*"

At last she became ill through the distress of her mind; and her mistress, with deep sorrow, watched her beloved companion sinking into an early grave. But one day as she sat alone in the room, thinking, and longing, and weeping, as her custom was, a beggar came to the door and asked alms. Her heart was so full, that I suppose she spoke of what she wanted to all whom she met, in the hope that some might guide her. She began talking to the beggar, and used a word which means salvation. The man started and said: "I think I have heard that word before." "Where, oh! where have you heard it?" she eagerly asked. "Tell me where I can find that which I want, and for which I am dying; I shall soon die, and, oh! what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?" The man told her the name of a charitable institution, where once a-week two thousand poor natives were supplied with rice, and, before the rice was given out, some Christian teacher used to speak to them. "I have heard it there," he said; "and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation." "Oh! where is He? Take me to Him."

The man cared nothing about this salvation himself. He thought she was mad, and he was going away; but she would not suffer him to depart till he had given an answer; she dreaded lest she should miss that prize which now

seemed almost within her reach. "Well," he said, "I can tell you of a man who will lead you to Jesus;" and he directed her to that part of the town where Narraput Christian lived. Who was Narraput Christian? He was once a rich and proud Brahmin; but he had given up all his riches and honours to become a humble disciple of Jesus, and he was now an assistant missionary and preacher to his countrymen. This was the man of whom the beggar spoke.

The Hindu girl gave the beggar a trifle; and that very evening she set out in search of Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus. She went from house to house, and inquired of every one she met "where Narraput Christian, the man who would lead her to Jesus," lived; but no one would tell her. They all knew; but they were worshippers of idols, and did not choose to tell her. It grew late and dark, and she began to be afraid of being seen out at that hour. Her heart was nearly broken, for she thought she must return as she came, without obtaining salvation.

She was just turning to go home, when she saw a man walking along the road: she thought she would try once more; so she asked him the same question, "Where Narraput Christian lived, the man who would lead her to Jesus?" To her great joy he pointed her to the house; and when she reached it, she met Narraput himself coming out at the door. She fell at his feet in tears, and wringing her hands in anguish, she asked: "Are you Narraput Christian, the man who can lead me to Jesus? Oh! take me to Him; I shall die; and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?"

Narraput did not receive her as the Hindu priest had done. He raised her kindly from the ground, and led her into the house, where his family were met at their evening meal. "My dear young friend," said he, "sit down and tell me all." She told him her history; and as soon as she had done, she rose and said: "Now, sir, take me to Jesus; you know where He is; oh! take me to Him." Ah! if Jesus had been on earth, how willingly would He have received the poor wanderer! She thought He was on earth, and that she might go to Him at once; but Narraput knew, that though He was not here, He was just as able to pity and welcome her from His mercy-throne in heaven; so he only said: "Let us pray." All knelt down; and as he prayed the poor Hindu felt that she had found that which she had so long wanted.—*The British Messenger.*



### THE JAPANESE.

**T**HE fact that our admiral on the Chinese station has been successful in opening friendly intercourse with the Japanese authorities, and forming with them some sort of national agreement and understanding, is one of those remarkable occurrences which, in more tranquil times of peace, when we were happily free from the painful excitement of the present hour, would have commanded much attention and curiosity.

When the Jesuit missionaries reached Japan, towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, Japan was an open country, accessible to all. They met with full toleration, and propagated, without hindrance, their paganized Christianity until their converts were computed at 200,000. But Rome does not inculcate submission to the powers that be; nay, she has often taken upon her to release subjects from the allegiance they owe their princes, and encouraged them to rebellion, when the interests of the church so required it. We cannot wonder if, under such auspices, the so-called Christians of Japan were found, after a time, arrayed in rebellion against the legitimate authorities; and civil wars

ensued, which ended in the utter extirpation of Christianity from the islands, and the shutting up of the Japanese empire from intercourse with foreigners of every clime, Asiatics or Europeans, the Chinese and Dutch excepted, who were permitted to hold each one factory at Nagasaki, a seaport near the western extremity of the island of Kiu-Siu; and so things have remained since the year 1640.

Between the empires of Japan and Great Britain, in situation and kindred circumstances, several curious features of resemblance exist. Each consists of several islands grouped together into one kingdom; and as in Great Britain, so in Japan, one is superior, the island of Nippon, about 860 miles long by 170 in its greatest breadth. Moreover, the situation of Japan off the eastern coast of Asia, is similar to that of Great Britain off the western coast of Europe, and would seem to intimate, that this insular empire is fitted, if raised by the healthful influence of Christianity, to exercise as powerful an influence on the affairs of Asia as our own country has exercised on the affairs of Europe. The extent of the sea-coast, the numerous harbours, and the proximity of the sea to every part of the Japanese dominions, indicate the future attainment of maritime preponderance. The country may be called mountainous; and the climate, far more severe than that of European climates in the same parallels, is calculated to brace the human frame with hardihood and energy. Thus, by the application of human industry, a country, often rugged in its aspect, is made productive; and labour and skill, overcoming every obstacle, render even the sterile rock fruitful. The sides of the hills are terraced, and sown with rice, and planted with vegetables; so much so, that scarcely a foot of ground to the tops of the mountains is left uncultivated. The staple product is rice, used by all classes, from the emperor to the peasant; and in the middle and southern provinces it is yielded so plentifully as to supply the northern portions of the empire, where the cold is too great for it to thrive. Besides, they grow barley, buckwheat, maize, and other grain, also peas and beans, which are much used. But, next to rice, the tea-plant has most care bestowed on it, and to such an extent is it prized throughout the islands, that, besides larger plantations, every hedge on every farm consists of the tea-plant. Domestic animals are few, and kept only for agricultural purposes; and fish, fowl, and venison, with submarine vegetables of various kinds, complete the culinary statistics of the Japanese.



If we look to their artistic and manufacturing attainments, our ideas of their energy and industry will not diminish; nay, they will be found in advance of the Chinese, whom we have been accustomed to consider as the most civilized of modern heathen nations. Their lacquer-work is unrivalled; and the estimation in which it is held in Europe is evinced by the prices paid for, and the places assigned to, the very ordinary articles which reach these western countries; the few specimens of superior art which have escaped the vigilance of Japanese excise are deposited in the Royal Museum at the Hague. The varnish, the resinous produce of a shrub—*oerosino-ki*, or varnish plant—is tedious to prepare, and tedious in its application. Five different coats have to be applied, suffered to dry, and then ground down with a fine stone or reed. Although skilled in the use of mother-of-pearl figures, they do not understand the cutting of precious stones; but the want of jewellery is supplied by a beautiful metallic composition called *syakfdo*, resembling fine enamel, and used for girdle-clasps, sword-hilts, &c. In the tempering of steel they also excel; and their sword-blades are said to be so excellent, as to be capable of cutting through a nail or a European sword without turning or notching the edge. One hundred pounds value is not thought too much to give for a very fine sword-blade, while an old one of tried temper is considered to be beyond price. Their silk-manufacture is said to bear away the palm from that of China; and their porcelain is also pronounced to be superior.

If we look to the educational department, we find that Japan has long possessed the art of printing, and reading is the favourite recreation of both sexes. Their literature comprises works on science, history, biography, geography, travels, natural history, moral philosophy, poetry, &c. In astronomy especially they seem to have made extraordinary progress. They have learned the use of most European instruments, and, in imitation of them, Japanese artists are said to have succeeded in making good telescopes, barometers, and thermometers.

The Japanese are of the Mongol stock, but more comely than the generality of that race. They are said to be muscular and intellectual, well-made, alert, and fresh-coloured. Their ordinary dress is a national costume used by all ranks and classes, and differing only in colour and materials. It consists of a loose wide gown worn over other garments, with sleeves enormously wide and long, and fastened round the waist by a girdle. Those of the lower orders are made

of linen or calico; of the higher orders, of silk, with the family arms woven or worked into the back and breast. In the bosom and girdles are placed such articles of value or convenience as they carry about their person; while the portion of the huge sleeves which hangs below the elbow, being closed, helps out the completeness of the pocket department. Amongst other articles dropped into this convenient sleeve, are clean, neat squares of white paper, being the Japanese substitutes for pocket handkerchiefs. The ladies' robes are after the same fashion, but of brighter colours, and bordered with embroidery or gold. Upon state occasions is superadded a cloak, and a singular pair of puckered trousers. They are so made as to be distinctive of the wearer's rank. The higher orders also mark their superiority by wearing two swords on the same side, one above the other; others of less dignity wear one; while to the lower orders this appendage of nobility is altogether precluded. Their shoes, if such they can be called, are most singularly inconvenient. They are soles of straw, matting, or wood, held on by an upright pin or button passing between the two principal toes. It must be very consolatory to the Japanese, that, when they enter a house, they divest themselves of these awkward appendages. The head-dress is that part of the costume which most strongly marks the distinction between the sexes. The men shave the entire front and crown of the head, and, gathering carefully together what remains on the back of the head and temples, form therewith a sort of tuft on the bald skull. The black hair of the ladies is left in its natural profusion, arranged in the form of a turban, and stuck full of pieces of fine tortoise-shell, about fifteen inches long, and the thickness of a man's finger, highly polished. Their faces are painted red and white, their lips purple, with a golden glow, their teeth are blackened, and their eyebrows extirpated. Every one, high and low, male and female, carries a fan. It may be seen in the hand or the girdle. It serves a variety of purposes. Visitors receive on their fan the dainties presented to them; the beggar the alms which are bestowed; and as the criminal of high birth stretches forth to receive a fan presented to him on a salver of a peculiar form, his head is severed from his body.

Are they civilized, this people? Let us pause before we reply. Their civilization is like their lacquer-work, glossy, but superficial.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

At a large meeting lately of the Glasgow Sabbath School Association in connexion with the Church of Scotland—at which a most satisfactory report was given of the great success of the society in its most useful labours, and some excellent addresses were delivered—one of the speakers said,—

“Am I going too far when I say that our Sabbath School Association is one of the best instruments for vindicating Scottish Rights? Scottish Rights! Listen and I will tell you what some of these are. I look upon it as a Scottish Right that no Scottish river be polluted by a Sunday steamer, and no Scottish railway by a Sunday train. I look upon it as a Scottish Right that our parish schools be made adequate for the training of Scotland's youth, that now, as formerly, they may all receive the benefits of a Bible education. I look upon it as a Scottish Right, and I implore of you to help me in its vindication, that we endeavour to roll back that tide of ignorance and irreligion which is threatening, with giant sweep, to overspread the length and breadth of our land. Am I wrong when I say that Sabbath schools are an agency which, directly and indirectly, will help to accomplish all this? I have great faith in Sabbath schools, and my faith is grounded on God's Word, and on all experience. I cannot believe that a child who has received a religious education, who has been instructed by a pious father, or a pious mother, or a pious Sabbath school teacher, who has been taught a knowledge of His Bible, or a knowledge of God, and the way to heaven, and taught to pray, and to love his Saviour,—I cannot believe that such a child can live and die as if no such influence had been brought to bear upon him. While I look upon the Sabbath school as the great counteractive to irreligion and infidelity on the one hand, I look upon it as the great antidote to Romanism on the other. I rejoice in the efforts that are being made for the overthrow of that system of iniquity. I rejoice that the ministers of the Gospel are directing more of their attention to the subject; that the organs of the press are multiplying in defence of our Protestant truth; and I trust that ere long our statesmen will wipe off the foul reproach that now hangs so heavily upon us. But a sight more alarming to Popery than all this, a sight to the Roman pontiff more formidable than pulpit and press, and platform and parliament, all arrayed against him—a sight that carries terror and consternation to the heart of the

Eternal City itself, and causes Rome to reel upon its seven hills, is a class of Sabbath school children, each with its Bible in its little hand, with their humble but devoted teacher at their head, and that teacher saying to them: 'Search the Scriptures, for in them are contained the words of everlasting life.'

"My fellow-teachers, if these are to be the results of your teaching, surely it is a great and noble work in which you are engaged. Ay, more noble truly than many of those enterprises which the world thinks most glorious. And yet some of these are abundantly worthy of our admiration. It is a noble and spirit-stirring sight to see our brave armies and our gallant fleets go forth in the cause of freedom, to resist oppression, and stem the progress of a lawless and ambitious despotism. But our admiration is mingled with much that is sorrowful and sad, when we think of the many brave hearts that in the battle-field cease to beat, and the thousands slain by disease and pestilence, and fatigue and famine, and all the indescribable horrors of war, and the tears of the widow and orphan, and the wail of bereaved friends; but a sight truly noble, truly glorious, and truly triumphant, and with no saddening feeling intermingling with it, is an army of Sabbath school teachers, such as I now see before me, going forth not to the subjugation of empire, not to the conquest of kingdoms, not to the overthrow of fortresses, but, in God's name, and with God's help, to the moral regeneration of their fellow-men. But, my friends, if your work is glorious, your responsibility is great. I once read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of one of the lighthouses in the Frith. The watchman was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which could be seen many leagues off at sea in the darkest night. The visitor said to him, 'What if one of the lights should chance to go out?'—'Never—impossible!' he cried, with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. 'Sir,' said he, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder there are ships going by to every port in the world. If, to-night, one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India, perhaps from Australia, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying, such a night, at such an hour, the lighthouse burned dim; the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah! sir, sometimes in the dark nights in the stormy weather I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out!—burn dim! No, never!' The children

under your charge are just entering the world. It is indeed a stormy sea they have to cross; there are rocks and breakers on every side, and the nights are often dark and dreary. You are placed as lighthouses to warn them of the dangers they have to avoid, and of the paths of safety they ought to follow. Let your light, then, brightly shine, that by your negligence no shipwreck may be caused. A shipwreck is indeed a fearful thing. To see the gallant bark fast settling down amidst the deep, deep waters—to hear the cries and shrieks of dying, drowning men rising high above the raging of the storm.

"But sadder sight the eye can know  
Than proud bark's loss, or seaman's woe,  
Or battle-fire, or tempest cloud,  
Or prey-bird's shriek, or ocean shroud—;  
The shipwreck of the soul!"

### JESUS IS MINE!

Though earthly joys may flee,  
Jesus is mine!  
This shall suffice for me,  
Jesus is mine!  
Dark is the wilderness,  
Distant the resting-place;  
Jesus alone can bless;  
Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul astray,  
Jesus is mine!  
Here would I ever stay,  
Jesus is mine!  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my soul away;  
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, ye dreams of night,  
Jesus is mine!  
Mine is a dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine!  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void;  
Jesus has satisfied,  
Jesus is mine!

Farewell mortality,  
Jesus is mine!  
Welcome eternity,  
Jesus is mine!  
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!  
Welcome, ye mansions blest!  
Welcome, a Saviour's breast!  
Jesus is mine!



## MISSIONARY WORK AMONG OUR SOLDIERS.

### I.—IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

In a letter from the Rev. Mr. Drennan, chaplain to the forces at present in the Barrack hospital at Scutari, dated *3d March 1855*, we find the following sentences:—"I am happy to say that I still continue to like my work here very much, and to find it as hopeful as at the first. I have not yet got my work into quite such good order as I would have liked, there is so much of it; but I am gradually getting things made better. I had twice, yesterday, an opportunity of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to considerable audiences,—one of the men, and one of their wives; but I feel that I would require three services to do the work efficiently,—one for the men upon duty, one for the convalescent, and one for the women. As you may well imagine, the circumstances render these services peculiarly interesting; and from the quiet seriousness and attention

with which the men listen, I hope they may not be altogether without fruit.

"Since I last wrote to you, one great evil of which I then complained has happily been remedied in the working of our hospitals. Two additional chaplains have arrived to minister to our poor countrymen, and to the Irish and English Presbyterians.

"The hospitals have shown a great improvement of late in point of health, the average of deaths here having sunk from about forty-five to about twenty-one. God grant that this may not only continue but improve, and that we may have a speedy issue out of our 'many troubles.'"

One of these additional chaplains, above referred to—the Rev. Mr. Ferguson—in writing to the Glasgow Society who sent him out to the hospital at Scutari, says :

"I was very happy to find Mr. Drennan here, who was ordained as chaplain by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. The day after my arrival, I took a walk through part of the hospitals. You ask, 'What are my first impressions?' It is difficult to say—the vast magnitude of the whole well-nigh confounded me. I walked first round the lower corridor of the Barrack hospital, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, in a narrow passage, lined on each side by my fellow-countrymen as closely as is possible, to allow the necessary space between each bed. The great majority are suffering from diarrhoea, some from dysentery, rheumatism, fever, &c. &c.; some have been lying ever since the battle of Alma, with little prospect of getting better; some are dying, (the mortality is somewhat less of late, between fifty and sixty are laid in one grave daily;) some are convalescent, and are walking about on tottering and aching limbs, and many upon crutches; some expecting soon to return to their hard labour in the trenches, or on the heights; and some to return to their native land, to tell the soldier's tale, and to reap the rewards of their honourable toils. Many are lying on their beds in good health; but with painful wounds; and some with frost-bitten feet—here, a toe or more—there, nearly a whole of one, or of both, lost.

"But there is no end to the variety of their sufferings. It is truly a sad, a heart-sickening sight. And this corridor is a mere fraction of the whole. There are, I am told, from seven to eight thousand at Scutari alone, and they

appear to be arriving from the Crimea almost daily. They were carrying them in on stretchers the whole day yesterday. I saw one poor fellow literally 'skin and bone,' seated upon a bed, getting his entire body cleared of several months' accumulation of filth. The look of satisfaction, which shewed itself upon his spare features and hollow eyes, at once more getting a sight of his skin in its natural state, would have been a rich reward to me though I had performed the disagreeable work of scrubbing him! As I came from the hospital this afternoon, about five o'clock, I met a few artillerymen just come from the Crimea. One poor fellow was creeping along with much difficulty. I asked him how he did, and what was going on at Sebastopol. He seemed to know little about it. His reply was: 'There is a deal of sickness in the camp.' His feet were swollen, so that his shoes would not hold them. But when I suggested that he should get a carry, he smiled, and said: 'Oh! no; I'll make it out.'

"I began my labours in the General hospital on Saturday last. On the preceding evening, a chaplain told me that he had seen that day a Presbyterian who wished much to see one of his own chaplains, as he had never seen one since he left home. I went immediately and had a talk with him. He was able to move about, and promised to attend a meeting on Sabbath, in the chaplain's room. He had no Bible. There are very many in this state, particularly in the General hospital. It is quite distressing not to be able to put the Word of Life into their hands. If you only heard how they thank me when I promise to procure them a Bible. 'I'll be very muckle obliged to you, sir.' This case encouraged me to set to work on the following day; so, handing it over to my colleague, to whom it belonged, I went to my own division.

"Oh! when will these Testaments be here? The desponding wish: 'I had a complete copy, psalms and paraphrases, and all; but it went with my knapsack, and I fear I shall never see it again,' almost rends my heart when I cannot meet it by the hearty words: 'Here, my good fellow, is a new copy for you; regret not the one you have lost.' It would amuse, as well as melt you, to hear and see some men say: 'My Bible is gone with all my traps.' The arms are thrown out, and the hands opened wide, to shew how empty they are; and, when able, held up to shew that he is indebted to another for the very shirt he wears; and with a becoming indifference for an old knapsack, and an air, I think, peculiar to a soldier,



he exclaims : ' I have nothing here ! '—apparently grateful that he is still here himself, although all else is gone.

"The books have not yet made their appearance. Men are asking almost daily for the Scotch psalms and paraphrases, and some ask for the Shorter Catechism. The psalms are much wanted on Sabbath for public worship, as we can have no singing without them.

## II.—AT BALAKLAVA.

The SOLDIERS' FRIEND SOCIETY sent out an agent with Bibles and tracts for our army before Sebastopol, and books for the officers.

"Day after day," he says, "I took my stand in the streets of Balaklava, and as I spoke to this man and that of 'the one thing needful,' I presented my tracts; the rush to get them was often great; the avidity with which they were seized remarkable. Each day my bag was emptied, and filled only to be emptied again, till within the last five weeks I have given away nearly twenty thousand tracts, besides one hundred Bibles and twenty New Testaments."

"Visited drum-major.—It was Sabbath, and that we might be left alone to worship the Lord together, we sought a quiet retreat, and found a sheltered spot not far from the camp, in a hollow between two hills. We could hear the sound of martial music, and see the material of war carried to Sebastopol, whilst the guns from thence shook the air. Together we read, sang, and prayed. It was an hour of much enjoyment—for from that time it was a Bethel. Friends far off—homes—countrymen—the army—all had a place in the petitions offered up. I was loathe to leave the spot, and only soldiers gathering fire-wood hastened us from it. The Lord's goodness to him had been great. With his regiment he stormed the strongest battery at Alma, and fought in the hottest of the fight, the ninety-first Psalm staying his spirit. At Balaklava he felt the everlasting arms underneath him, and escaped unhurt. He is a faithful soldier to the Queen, and a noble witness for Jesus Christ."

"On presenting a tract to a dragoon, he said : 'I wish you would meet our quartermaster, for he has often given us these little books.' I had gone a little way, when the quartermaster, (who had met the man,) riding after me, kindly asked a grant of a few, saying : 'We need anything calculated to do good, for we, as an army, need the deepest

humiliation in the sight of God, and I have often felt in this expedition there was no honouring of the Lord as giving the victory, and no acknowledgment of His hand. Truly were it not for God's Aarons and Hurs at home, I know not what would become of us.' We talked long together, and I supplied him with a choice selection of tracts, and some books for himself."

"I used to meet a young drummer boy daily from Sebastopol. If he was in a throng, he ran to meet me, and always with a face full of smiles used to say, 'Thank you for more tracts, sir.' I felt deeply interested in this young boy, and one day he came, bringing a comrade—an Irish boy—with him. I presented each with a copy of the Bible, and never shall I forget the scene that followed. I had witnessed not a few joyous scenes, but this exceeded all; they actually danced for joy; and 'God bless you, sir; long may you live,' &c., was repeated often. The dear young boys had tender hearts, and were far from a mother's smile; kindness had won their hearts, and I do pray they may become lambs in Jesus' fold."

"Visited Transport No. —, with one hundred and forty sick on board for Scutari. The doctor was very, very kind; and the captain did all within him to further my work. They (the sick) had newly been put on board, and the scene was sickening. The worthy doctor was nearly sinking under his work; he received me kindly; and as I spoke to the dying men, I felt it peculiarly solemnizing. One man of the 42d, who lately had cholera, with tears in his eyes, once or twice repeated:—'I am dying—I shall never get better—Scotland I shall no more see.' I tried to speak to him of the great Sacrifice—the Substitute—the Mediator—Christ Jesus; his *own* need; of finding safety in Him, and his danger without Him. Three days in succession I had to visit this vessel, and each visit only made the work more painful, yet pleasing, for, oh! it is sweet to think Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and that all that His Father hath given shall come to Him."

He ends by saying:—"The field is large, and the deepest, darkest ungodliness prevails. Swearing is so common, it is rare to meet one that does not. Daily and hourly I am taught it is the Holy Ghost alone that can convert the soul. There must then be an honouring of Him—a seeking His grace—a crying for His power; and for me, that I may be kept low at the feet of Jesus, be freshly anointed with the Holy Spirit, and thus be enabled

'To speak as dying, unto dying men.'"

## INDIAN MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

## MADRAS.

It is most cheering to hear that the labours of our missionaries at Madras have not been in vain in the Lord. The hearts of these devoted men have been comforted by seeing fruit, to the praise of the glory of divine grace, in the conversion and baptism of seven Hindus. And we trust that the unbelief of the Church at home is to be rebuked, and her faith quickened, and her zeal very much increased, in carrying on our Indian Missions, by so gracious an effusion of the divine blessing on her comparatively speaking few and feeble efforts in the work of the Lord in foreign lands.

"On Sabbath evening, the 17th December, a very gratifying service was held in the Mission House, Madras. At the close of public worship, which was conducted by the Rev. W. Grant, the missionary, seven Hindu converts, who had all been for some time—several, indeed, for a long time—candidates for baptism, took their places in front of the pulpit. They were,—1, *Chinnatumby*, (now Paul,) by profession a native doctor, upwards of fifty years of age; 2, *Agamburum*, (Aseerthan,) a young man, about twenty-five years old, who had been employed for upwards of two years in the mission; 3, *Theroomun*, (Isaac,) a young native, about twenty; 4, *Monicum*, (Paul,) 5, *Ponambulum*, (John,) 6, *Comorappen*, (David,) these three last were about eighteen years of age, and had been living for a considerable time in the mission; 7, *Vigeam*, (Kexia,) a native girl, about sixteen, who had also been residing about a year in the mission house.

"Mr. Grant gave a short account of each, stating that all had been under Christian instruction for a considerable time—at least a year—some, indeed, for several years; and that they had, during a period of probation, afforded every reason to believe that they were sincerely desirous of being truly the Lord's. He then put a number of questions to them, some in English, and others in Tamil,—regarding their past state as heathens, and their present hopes and resolutions as disciples of Christ. Having received satisfactory answers, after prayer for the divine blessing, and an address to the candidates, he proceeded to administer the sacred ordinance, the seal of their admission into the Church of the Saviour; and then, in prayer, committed them to the care of the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. May

they be strengthened with might in the inner man by the Spirit of Christ dwelling in them, and enabled so to live as to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things!—The attendance of Europeans, East Indians, and native Christians on the occasion, was numerous. A number of heathens were also present."

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**"A LITTLE WHILE."**

Come, let us sing our blessed hope,  
 Ye saints of Jesus sing,  
 While in anticipation now  
 Our upward way we wing.

"A little while," and we no more  
 A feeble few shall meet;  
 But there a mighty army stand,  
 Before His throne complete.

Sweet is the song of victory,  
 That ends the battle's roar;  
 And sweet the weary warrior's rest,  
 When all his toil is o'er.

Sweeter beyond the "little while,"  
 The dawn of morn to view,  
 The morning of a brighter day  
 Than ever Eden knew.

We praise Him for His promise now,  
 Nor fear that He'll forsake;  
 And heaven's ten thousand echoes soon  
 To sweeter notes shall wake.

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**"FEED MY LAMBS."**

We have been favoured with the following extract from a letter of the Rev. D. Massey. We are sure our readers will be glad to be reminded how much good can be done by a little aid in providing food for the poor children attending Scriptural schools in Ireland. It prevents the necessity of sending them to workhouses to be corrupted by the errors of the Popish priests, and secures their attendance at schools where (as in the case which Mr. Massey's letter describes) the children are taught to read and "search the Scriptures." The supplying of the "bread that perisheth" is, in the peculiar circumstances of these poor children, a most direct means of providing for their being nourished spiritually with the bread of life; and, therefore, truly a dutiful compliance with the Lord's own command to feed the lambs of His flock.

**Mr. Massey says:—**

"I am in the habit of asking each, in turn, to point out the verse which particularly struck them in reading the chapter. This very day I was thus employed for an hour after the usual time for breaking up school. The attention of the children never flagged. For instance, when we read John xxi., one said, on verse 5th, 'I see the Lord Jesus wishes little children to have enough to eat; and when I tell Him I have none, He will send it to me.' Another, on verse 10th, 'Whatever we have, we ought to bring it to Jesus.' A fine intelligent Roman Catholic boy said, 'Verse 22d is my text; Jesus says, Follow me, and I will follow Him.' A Roman Catholic girl said, 'Verse 15th teaches me that Jesus is anxious, above all things, that I should love Him; does He not say, Lovest thou me?' As we were closing, a little fellow cried out, 'Verse 15th is my text; Jesus Christ wishes His lambs, His quiet children, to be fed; He says, Feed my lambs.'

"Every visit to my school shews me the immense benefit conferred on it by your Association. Many children are preserved from the vile contamination of the poorhouse. They look healthy in consequence of the regular wholesome food; and their parents meet me everywhere with grateful smiles. When I see them grouped in merry glee round their allowance of food, I cannot help thinking how fully the spirit of our merciful Redeemer actuates our kind friends; for here they are feeding, in this corner of the wilderness, a number of hungry children, who would otherwise faint by the way while learning His blessed Word."

#### **OUR MISSION TO FEMALE JEWS.**

THE Ladies' Association for the Christian Education of Jewish Females have sent female missionaries to co-operate with those ministers whom our Church has engaged in preaching the Gospel "to the Jews first." And "those women which thus labour with them in the Gospel" have proved very helpful to our missionaries, finding access to many Jewish families, and especially to the daughters of Israel, for sowing among them the good seed of the Word of the kingdom. Miss Mittelbach thus writes from Karlsruhe, 28th February 1855:—

"Work we have enough. The circle of the daughters of Israel whom we are visiting is pretty large. We are

generally well received, and find a ready hearing. Many take pleasure to enter into religious discussion with us, and often they acknowledge that they feel benefited by our endeavours to teach them in the ways of God. They feel that they have nothing, and that the words which we address to them are power and life. Our visits are appreciated, and they often express their gratitude for them. Thus far all is right and encouraging; but for decided results and success, which we would wish to see in real and open conversions, we are put upon patient faith. We have reason to believe that the seed received into the hearts is growing; and if growing, we may hope that it will ultimately be ripened into fruit. Meanwhile, it is matter of joy and gratitude to my mother and to me, that we have such a large field of usefulness. We endeavour to nourish the souls who are entrusted to our care, as much as we are able, with the bread and water of life.

"I will now, after the usual custom, endeavour to write down a few details:—

#### CONVERSATION WITH A JEWESS.

"A Jewess, whose brother, on a previous occasion, had spoken rather unbecomingly, endeavoured to apologize for him. She felt very sorry, she said, on my behalf, because it must have been very painful to my religious feelings to hear her brother making use of such language. 'But' she added, 'I think you are rather too serious—you are quite dead to all the pleasures of the world; I wish to enjoy my life without neglecting religion.' She then admonished me to visit the theatre. By and by, she begged me to prove that it was really wrong 'to enjoy one's life.' I said, 'The Word of God is plain enough. It says, "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof," and, "No man can serve two masters." When David prayed, "Create in me a new spirit, O God," &c., he was certainly in another disposition than you can be in the dancing room.' I asked her: 'Whether what she called the pleasures of this life made her really happy?' She acknowledged that this was not the case. At length she came to say, that she had not hitherto viewed things in the light in which I put them. She would, at all events, remember my words, although she could not promise to forego the pleasures of the world. This conversation took place upon a walk. When we had walked about for two hours with each other, a third person happened to join us, and the conversation dropped. She soon went away, and in the presence of the person who had interrupted us, she thanked

me for the company, but more especially for the 'edification,' which she had derived from me.

### A MISSIONARY'S VOYAGE.

Our readers will be glad to learn, that the Rev. Mr. Laseron, one of our missionaries to the Jews at Cochin, arrived at the scene of his labours on the 25th January last, and has again commenced his missionary work. During his voyage he encountered great hardships, and was exposed to great danger; through the goodness of God, however, he was preserved in the midst of these, and permitted to reach Cochin in safety.

Mr. Laseron, with his wife and sister-in-law, left this country for Bombay, on their way to Cochin, by the Serin-gapatam, on the 5th July last; and on the 9th July, when the pilot left the vessel, everything gave the promise of a safe and prosperous voyage. This expectation was, however, not to be realized, as will be seen from the following extract from one of Mr. Laseron's letters. He thus writes—

"After getting out of the Channel, we had a continuation of fine weather, with favourable wind, till reaching the Cape of Good Hope, when, for several days, we had the heavy gales usually prevailing; and the alarming discovery was then made, that the ship was in a leaky condition, and that the pumps were required every two hours for her preservation. Soon afterwards we encountered more severe weather, and the ship could be kept afloat only by the uninterrupted use of the pumps. Our situation was perilous in the extreme—each successive night threatened to be our last—every hour the water in the ship was to the depth of three or four feet. We had only one double pump on board, and had any hindrance occurred to impede its working, nothing, humanly speaking, could have saved us. I was afterwards reminded of the words of Hagar, 'Thou God seest me;' and found great comfort in the 46th Psalm, 'God is our refuge and our strength.'"

Wednesday, the 13th September, was a day of great peril,—it seems to have been the crisis of the danger, and a day to be remembered by every one on board the vessel. The gale during the whole day was fearful; the waves were running mountains high, and the ship was labouring to so alarming a degree, that, if the storm continued, it was ascertained that she could not hold together for six hours. The events of the evening we give in Mr. Laseron's own words:—

"Having introduced regular family worship ever since

leaving England, I had on that evening prayers, as usual, at eight o'clock, in the cuddy, at which all attended. For two weeks previously, I had offered a special petition for preservation from death: on this occasion I did so, pleading with the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, and submitting ourselves to His holy will. At this time the storm was raging with great fury, and so continued till about a quarter to ten o'clock, P.M., when suddenly there was a dead calm—the ship seemed to settle down as if about to sink—the water rushed into the lower and upper stern-ports, and there was one awful clap of thunder, preceded by lightning. The storm had ceased; the mountainous waves had subsided into a heavy, but comparatively harmless swell; and ere the lapse of ten minutes, the sky, which for two days previously had been laden with stormy clouds, cleared up—a light breeze sprung up from the opposite direction, and every heart was filled with joy. 'Thanks be to God, all of us were strengthened in the hour of great tribulation.'

The vessel reached Port Louis, Mauritius, on the 25th September, when all the passengers landed. During the voyage many opportunities for usefulness were afforded to Mr. Laseron. The vessel conveyed 150 troops, and Mr. Laseron was permitted to open a school for their instruction, which was regularly attended by fifty-four, who were instructed in Scriptural knowledge, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. Mr. Laseron had also obtained in London, from the Bible Society, a grant of tracts and books, by means of which 40 books and 100 tracts were kept constantly in circulation during the voyage. Among so many it was to be expected that many would be found regardless, and indisposed to receive instruction; many, however, were attentive to the instructions given them, and although, when the meetings were first begun, the interruptions were so frequent, and the rude behaviour of several so offensive, that Mr. Laseron was at times scarcely able to hear his own voice, in the course of one week matters were so changed, that those who did not choose to listen quietly, retired from the meeting; while more than sixty remained, who listened with earnest attention to the Word of eternal life.

On the arrival of the Seringapatam at Port Louis, she was found so damaged as to be unable to proceed on the voyage, and Mr. Laseron was detained there for about two months and a-half. During this period Mr. Laseron had divine service in the Malayalam language for the natives;



and also preached several times for Mr. Beaton, the clergyman from the Church of Scotland in the Mauritius.

On the 15th December, Mr. Laseron left the Mauritius by the Sagof, and arrived at Cochin on the 25th of January—in safety and in health—where he found the Rev. Mr. Bonthorne, who had been sent out as his fellow-labourer, had arrived thirty-two days previously.

### ORPHANAGE AT COCHIN.

By letters which had been received from Mr. Laseron, he mentions that three of the orphan girls, and two of the boys, had died; while three of the boys had left during his absence. And he adds: "We have at present just six girls and three boys; for these we want provision at once from the Orphanage Fund. A number of orphans have been offered us already the few days we are here, but we cannot accept them, for two reasons,—the first, for want of room, and the second, for want of the support. The building, I dare say, will be ready in about two months and a-half, and by that time, I suppose we shall have authority to admit a number of children. Four of the boys who were with us are now learning coopering, and receive enough to maintain themselves. Six children, five of whom are boys, and one a girl, have been offered us yesterday, but we could not accept any without sanction from home. So we require permission and funds for the admittance of perhaps ten; then, after we have regularly admitted them, we can send home their names, ages, &c., and then they may be chosen by the various parties. Mr. Laseron also mentions, that a considerable quantity of the materials for building the Orphanage were already laid down, and that the building was to be commenced immediately; but that, as the price of timber and labour had risen very much, he feared that £300 would be required for the building, instead of £250.

Mr. Laseron further mentions, that not only is there divine worship in the church regularly twice every Sabbath, but that a Sabbath school has also been commenced, and is attended by a very considerable number of children,—about forty-seven names being on the roll; while there is every prospect of a large increase in the attendance.

We trust that our young friends will help forward this good work. Contributions may be forwarded to us for this object, and they are also received by Mr. John Tawse, the Treasurer in Edinburgh; or Mr. James Robertson, the Treasurer in Glasgow, to the Cochin Orphanage Fund.

## TUSCAN PERSECUTIONS.

## IMPRISONMENT FOR READING THE BIBLE.

FLORENCE, *March 30, 1855.*

ANOTHER Tuscan Protestant has been made to feel the vengeance of the Popish priests. Domenico Cecchetti was seized last Sunday morning, at half-past four, hurried away from his children to the prison of the Bargello, condemned without any trial, without any witnesses, by the Council of Prefecture, to a year's confinement in the Penitentiary of Imbrogiano, near Monte Lupo, whither he was conveyed in chains on the following morning; the crimes for which he was consigned to a dungeon being the possession of one Bible and two Testaments, and the avowal, when examined by the Chancellor of the Delegation of Santa Maria Novella, that he considered Jesus Christ the sole Head of the Church!

The circumstances which led to this arrest are so characteristic of the spy-system now prevalent throughout Tuscany, and so honourable to the man against whom it was directed, that I make no apology for communicating them with as much fulness of detail as your columns will allow. Domenico Cecchetti is a workman employed in the tobacco manufactory of MM. Emanuel Fenzi and Co., the well-known bankers, who have for years farmed this monopoly. He was one of the best workmen in the establishment, earning five pauls a-day, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his employers in the highest possible degree. His age is about forty-three, and as he is a widower, with four boys, of whom the eldest is sixteen, and the youngest six, there has devolved on him not only the task of maintaining his family, but of discharging all those domestic duties which are a mother's peculiar province. And these duties he has discharged so well that his four boys are patterns of good conduct, and the whole neighbourhood is wont to speak of Cecchetti's children as the models of what children ought to be. The two eldest were already employed in the tobacco manufactory, where they, too, earned on an average a liara a-day each.

Cecchetti lived on the first floor of a house in the Via Taddea, close to the tobacco manufactory. In another small apartment on the same floor was lodged a young man, the apprentice of a vintner in Borgo La Noce. He was struck by the good conduct of the young Cecchetti, and by the excellent and kind bearing of the father, and in

the course of conversation and familiar intercourse at length learned that the father was in the habit of reading with his children and his friends the Bible. And in casual chat with his own master, he repeated this circumstance to him, expressing his belief that the Bible could not be such a very bad book, after all, when it produced such happy fruits.

A few days afterwards the vintner went to confession at San Lorenzo, and there mentioned to the confessor that his apprentice had been talking to him about Diodati's Bible, which he thought not so bad as it had been represented. The priest immediately interrupted the confession, and refused him absolution. Next day, he met Priest Buratti, the first curate of San Lorenzo, and one of the fiercest and most relentless persecutors of the Tuscan Protestants. "Why, what is the matter with you," said Curate Buratti, "you seem so dull?" "Ah, Curate, no wonder; yesterday I was refused absolution." "Refused absolution!" rejoined the curate, "impossible. Refuse absolution to so good a Catholic as you. There must be some mistake. Come to my house and confess to me, and I hope it will prove nothing."

The vintner made his confession to Curate Buratti, and received absolution, all snug and comfortable; and Curate Buratti lost no time in denouncing Domenico Cecchetti to the Tuscan police as guilty of the crime of Protestant propaganda, and requiring them to watch over his proceedings, and, if possible, to seize him in the act.

Accordingly, some three months ago, four gendarmes suddenly entered Cecchetti's house, about nine o'clock in the evening. They expected to have found him in company with other inquirers, reading the Scriptures; they found only another fellow-lodger, named Ciolli, who had come to repay Cecchetti the sum of five pauls, which he had borrowed on the previous day. But they seized and carried off in triumph one copy of Diodati's Bible, and two copies of the New Testament.

Cecchetti heard nothing more of the matter for nearly ten weeks. On the morning of Wednesday, the 14th inst., he received an order to appear before the Delegate of Santa Maria Novella, in the afternoon of the same day. Then and there he was examined by the Chancellor of the Delegation, and required to declare why three copies of Diodati's Bible and Testament were found in his possession. "Indeed, Signor Delegato," was the answer, "I only wish there had been five instead of three, for there are five of us, my four

boys and myself, and we require a Bible a-piece." The Cancelliere successively interrogated him as to his opinion regarding mass, confession, and the authority of the Pope, on all which points he stated his opinion without reserve. He replied that Jesus Christ had been offered up *once* as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind; that no future sacrifice was or could be wanted. He said: "As to confession, when I have sinned, it is my duty to confess my sin, first to Almighty God and implore his pardon; then to my brother, if I have acted wrongly against my brother—to you, Signor Cancelliere, for example, if I have offended you. As to the Pope being the head of the Church, I know, he said, no headship save that of Jesus Christ. The Pope is a constituted authority, like you, Signor Cancelliere!"

But, respecting certain matters, he neither heard nor learned anything from Domenico Cecchetti, though again and again he returned to the charge. Neither wheedling nor bullying could induce him to reveal the name of one of the Christian brethren with whom he read and discoursed upon the Scriptures. His answer invariably was—"On all points regarding myself I will answer you without the slightest reserve; but questions likely to commit my friends, I cannot and will not reply to." The Cancelliere, finding the attempt hopeless, then read over the minutes of the examination. Cecchetti himself perused it, and signed the same; and so, for the time, the affair terminated with the dismissal of the accused.

The paper thus obtained was submitted to the Council of Prefecture, which, on the avowals it contained, sentenced Domenico Cecchetti to a year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary of Imbrogiana. Imbrogiana was formerly a villa of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, in which they solaced themselves after the cares of state with rural pleasures, and is now a dungeon for the Protestant subjects of Leopold II., and in that character, doubtless, affords *him* as much pleasure as he is capable of receiving.

On the morning of Sunday, the 25th, the gendarmes were charged with the execution of the sentence. They entered the house of Domenico Cecchetti at half-past four, and told him that they had been sent to convey him to the Bargello, from whence he was not likely soon to return. Hastily kissing his four boys he bade them farewell, leaving them in the care of Him, "with whom is strength and wisdom, and whose are both the deceiver and the deceived." On the following morning he was met at a quarter to seven,

guarded by two gendarmes, heavily ironed, pale but calm, on his way to the terminus of the Leghorn railway, by which he was to go to Monte Lupo.

On the preceding facts I shall offer but one word of comment. Never was there a case which more imperatively required, which more completely justified, the sympathy of all European Protestants, and the interposition of all Protestant governments. It is well that our attention should be turned to the Oriental Christians who have groaned under the whip and scourge of Moslem domination; but let us not, on that account, forget the countrymen of the Guiccardini and Madiari, or overlook the harrowing fact that all Italy is rife with the wholesale persecution of such men. Nor is such persecution unconnected with the great struggle in which we are engaged. "My respect for the independence of States is well known," said the late Emperor Nicholas to Sir Hamilton Seymour; "and the proof is, that I supported the Grand Duke of Tuscany against the Protestant aggressions of the English Government!" Perhaps the Russian Envoy, Count Leon Potocki, who dined yesterday with the Grand Duke Leopold, was charged by the dying Autocrat to reiterate the same advice. He is said, at least, to be the bearer of such counsels to the Neapolitan Court as the executioner of the Poles might fitly bequeath to the gaoler of Poerio.—*From the Christian Times.*

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### **SPREAD OF THE BIBLE.**

On the banks of the Thames, in the heart of London, and near the extremity of one of its famous bridges, there stands a stately and spacious building—a noble storehouse—full of the most precious of seed—the imperishable WORD OF GOD. Huge piles of this seed are constantly there stored up, to be carried away and scattered over the wide-spread field; for "THE FIELD IS THE WORLD," and the seed is adapted to every kind of soil and climate throughout that vast field. On the spot where that storehouse now stands, there stood up, some five hundred years ago, amidst persecution for the truth's sake, a noble witness for the Bible. In those days of darkness, when the power of Satan seemed

to triumph by force and fraud in the warfare against the opening and the spreading of God's Book, WICKLIFFE, full of Christian faith, stood forth and boldly declared, "THE TRUTH SHALL PREVAIL." How striking it is that the very place where Wickliffe, in days of a famine of the Bible, spoke these words, should now be occupied by the vast depository of "THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY!"

"I feel," said the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, at the recent annual meeting of that noble Society in Exeter Hall, London,—*"I feel when I come here, as if I had entered a large granary—a granary such as Joseph built—for supplying the Church with food, for supplying seed to the sower, and bread to the eater. I feel as if I had entered a great armoury from which swords were sent forth by thousands and millions in order to fight on the side of liberty and truth. I feel as if I had reached some secret spring bubbling up in the far-off hills, that had given birth to ten thousand rills to beautify and refresh the homes of men, to magnificent rivers that had swept through continents, and carried upon their expanded bosom the prosperity and the riches of nations."*

We are sure our young friends will be interested to hear something about the sowing of this seed in various parts of the world.

We must first tell them of the enormous quantity of seed sent out of this great granary during the past year. It amounts to no less than ONE MILLION, FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX COPIES OF THE SCRIPTURES! A very simple calculation will shew that there have thus, on an average, been sent out *each day* of the past year 3975 Bibles and New Testaments; and no less than 165 copies *each hour*, throughout the whole year. The total issues of the Society from its commencement now amount to 29,389,507 copies.

We will now introduce our young friends to some of the meetings in Exeter Hall, that they may hear from the speakers some account of the harvest-fruits that have issued from the sowing of the precious seed.



**"LIVE OR DIE, PUT ME ON SHORE."**

THE BIBLE IN RARATONGA.

**T**HE Rev. W. Gill, missionary from Raratonga, in addressing the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, adverted to the fact that there had been that day presented to the Chairman a new volume, consisting of a second edition of the Holy Scriptures, in the Raratonga language. He was sure the meeting would be gratified to hear a short history of the translation of that version. Raratonga was the principal island of the group, called the Hervey group, in the South Seas, and was seven hundred miles from Tahiti. In the year 1823 the whole of the inhabitants were among the most degraded savages of that part of the world. In that year one of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society went to visit that group. He was accompanied by two native teachers from Tahiti, who, having been converted from idolatry, had given themselves up to the work of endeavouring to win others to Christ. The missionary landed his companions on the island. He could not land there himself, for, only four years before, an English vessel having visited the island,

some of the crew were murdered and eaten by cannibals. The next morning the two natives returned, and they told him that the inhabitants were far more savage and degraded than even the inhabitants of Tahiti had been. One of them, who had a wife at Tahiti, said it was impossible that he could stay in such a place; the other, when asked whether or not he would return to Tahiti, replied, notwithstanding what he had witnessed in the island, "Live or die, put me on shore." He gathered together a few clothes; and, having bound up in his handkerchief a few extracts from the Tahitian Scriptures, he descended the side of the ship into a little boat. The boat approached as near the shore as was consistent with prudence, and then this young native convert jumped into the surf, and swam ashore, and thus flung himself in the midst of seven or eight thousand savage heathen idolaters. It was just thirty-two years ago since that native landed, single-handed and alone, to teach the islanders the glorious truths of the Gospel. When he first landed, the inhabitants had no idea of letters or characters by which to signify the sounds of their spoken language. The devoted man had no such means as you possess in this country, of instructing them in the art of writing. But when the heart is warm, the head is inventive. Having no paper, no pens, and no ink, he got together some smooth boards, and strewing fine sand upon them, with twigs which he plucked from the trees, he first taught them the letters of the words "Jehovah" and "Jesus Christ." The people gradually advanced under his instruction; but it was not till after the lapse of three years, that it was thought safe for a European missionary to land in either of the islands. Mr. Williams, the honoured man who was made the instrument of introducing the Gospel into many of these islands, brought to this country a complete copy of the New Testament in the Raratonga language, in the year 1834. Five thousand copies were printed by the Society; and seventeen years ago he (Mr. Gill) had the honour of taking out the first edition of the Raratonga New Testament. In the year 1846, Mr. Buzzacott brought to this country a complete Raratonga Bible in manuscript, and it was generously printed by the Committee. The first edition of the complete Bible was taken out to the island of Raratonga in 1852, and never should he forget the manner in which it was received by the natives. The boxes which contained the books were opened in the chapels, amidst the prayers and praises of the people. *Last year he had the honour of bringing home for the Committee two*



HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS, which HAD BEEN RECEIVED FROM THE ISLANDERS IN NINE MONTHS, and there was now on the way in the missionary ship TWO OR THREE HUNDRED POUNDS MORE. On his arrival in this country last year, the Committee intimated that they were prepared to put a second edition of the entire Raratonga Scriptures through the press; and this edition was prepared for publication by the Rev. Mr. Mellor, of Woodbridge. Such was the history of the Bible in connexion with the isles of the South Sea. On this very island, where Williams and Harris shed their blood in an attempt to settle native teachers, so great had been the influence of that blessed book, that now the Sabbath was observed, and Christian schools were established. The very man who murdered Williams was being taught to read the Word of God by a native of Raratonga, whose father was among those who received the first Christian teacher that ever landed there.

At the meeting of the RELIGIOUS-TRACT SOCIETY, Mr. Gill, after acknowledging his obligations to that Society for their grants of books and of paper for printing,—stated, that the people of Raratonga had raised a beautiful, large, and substantial building, the first stone building that was ever erected on the island, which they devoted to the work of printing religious and instructive books.—Among the books printed were *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Sinner's Friend*. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of that group of islands were now reading, and reading intelligently, the books that were generally read by Christians here, and the entire juvenile population were under instruction. Thirty years ago the whole population were savage cannibals; now the chapels are crowded, and not twenty families could be found in Raratonga which had not family prayer morning and evening.

### THE BIBLE AMONG SOLDIERS IN INDIA.

At the meeting of THE NAVAL AND MILITARY BIBLE SOCIETY Colonel M. Hughes said, he had been permitted, during a lengthened service in India, to witness the very great blessing which had resulted from the circulation of the written Word of God among soldiers, and if it would not detain the meeting too long, he would mention a few facts with which he was personally acquainted. For some years before he left India, he was in Scinde, on Sir Charles Napier's staff. During that period the offences of the whole

division were brought before him, and not a man was punished without his signature being attached to the order. He was, therefore, perfectly acquainted with those who did their duty and with those who neglected it; and he could bear out the remark in the report, that those who had the love of God in their hearts were by far the best soldiers of the British army. Such persons were seldom to be found in hospital,—it was only in cases of extreme illness that they got there, and they were ready for their duty whenever they might be called upon. He could bear testimony to the fact, that in Scinde pious soldiers proved, without exception, the best and most trustworthy men under all circumstances of real difficulty. Sir Charles Napier invariably found that to be the case during the late war in Scinde, and constantly employed those whom he knew had the love of God in their hearts for special duties.

#### GOOD FRUITS AMONG THE MEN.

He would mention one or two facts which would show that it was not recently only that soldiers had been found reading the Word of God and uniting in prayer. In Scinde he had the privilege of joining many officers and private soldiers in those duties. After the troops returned into cantonments, at the beginning of 1846, three European regiments at Kurrahee contributed among themselves upwards of eight hundred rupees—eighty pounds, out of which they built a little room adjacent to the barracks, which was set apart for united prayer and for the reading of the Word of God, without the interruption which was unavoidable in the barracks. The key was kept by a pious sergeant, and when any of the men wished to resort to the room for the purposes which he had mentioned, it was always open to them; and there he often saw two or three Christian brethren on their knees or reading the Word of God. He attended that room three times a-week with some of his brother officers and some ladies in the cantonments, and from twenty to thirty persons were often assembled there at once. First the assembly sang a hymn, and then came the reading of a portion of the Old or the New Testament; and, lastly, there was the offering of prayer. Generally three or four persons offered up extempore prayer; and if the Society had heard the prayers offered up for them,—yes, for them, as well as for the comrades of the suppliants in India, their hearts would have been melted as his was. He had come away from those meetings deeply humbled at his remissness in not taking a deeper interest in the work. In 1846, when that dreadful scourge, the

cholera, was abroad in India, out of seven thousand men, the army in Scinde lost eleven hundred in ten days. Of these, six hundred and sixty were Europeans, and among the finest soldiers in the brigade. One of the first victims of that dreadful scourge was a man of God, a sergeant-major of Her Majesty's 86th regiment. And what would they think when he told them that the whole regiment asked permission to attend that good man to the grave? The colonel gave his consent, and they attended the funeral ceremony. Strange to say, ere they returned, from ten to twenty of them actually fell down dead; they died, before they could reach the barracks, of the same pestilence which had carried off their departed comrade. The scourge which proved so destructive was blessed of God to the souls of many of the survivors. As to the little chapel, there was not room for those who sought admission. Numbers had their hearts softened, and many were led to look up to the Lamb of God for refuge. He grieved to say that many who seemed softened at the time fell away when the scourge was removed; but, on the other hand, many stood firm, and had remained up to this present day faithful followers of the great Captain of their salvation.

#### GOOD FRUITS AMONG THE OFFICERS.

With regard to the officers, the change which had taken place in India, within the last few years, was very remarkable. It was about the year 1847 that two officers of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles obtained six months' leave to visit the south of India. They left Kurrachee quite men of the world, one of them being a great amateur performer at the theatre at Kurrachee, but both of them came back with changed hearts. In travelling through some of the jungles of South India they were seized with fever. Some natives came to a cantonment, some fourteen or fifteen miles distant, stating that there were two gentlemen lying at the point of death. A young Christian officer hastened to them and found them in a dreadful state, almost dead with fever. In the bungalow he read to them the Word of God, which they confessed they had seldom done for themselves. While arrangements were being made for their removal to the cantonment, he aimed at setting before them the blessed truths of the Gospel, and entreated them to look to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." His efforts were blessed to their souls. Their lives were spared; they were brought into the cantonment, and after the lapse of some five or six weeks their health was restored to them. On their return to Kurrachee, one

of them, with whom he had been previously intimate, called upon him, and to his great astonishment questioned him about the little meetings which were held for prayer before he went on leave, and asked whether he should have any objection to his attending. He left the meeting to imagine how he received this request; Mrs. Hughes joined in entreating him to come, and as long as he remained at Kurrachee he continued to attend the gatherings in that little place of worship. His regiment being ordered to the north-west frontier, where it took part in the battle of Ghuzerat, prayer was daily offered in his tent, and officers and soldiers both participated in the benefit. He would only mention one other case of the same kind. Many of them might remember what was thought of the 10th Hussars before they left this country for India. He was happy to tell them that a great improvement had taken place in that regiment, and that it now contained a little band of men who were frequently engaged in pouring out their hearts to Him who alone was their help and trust. There was one noble non-commissioned officer of that regiment, Serjeant James—he thought his name ought to be made known—who contributed, not a paltry guinea a-year to one Society, but ten rupees every month for the Church Missionary Society, and the same amount for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and for the Religious Tract Society. Every month did he send down from his tent thirty rupees, to be divided equally among those three Societies. That man had now landed with his little band of brethren in the Crimea. Such were some of the men who were now engaged in fighting this country's battles.

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### A PEASANT GIRL'S GIFT.

THE Rev. F. Monod of Paris, at a recent meeting in London, gave the following instance of the good effects of tract distribution:—Two soldiers, leaving France for the Crimea, received a tract from the hand of a peasant girl as they passed along the high road. This was a year ago, and some two or three months back it was heard on good authority that these men had died in the peace and joy of Jesus Christ their Saviour, whom this tract had taught them to know and love.

Reader! go and do thou likewise.

How many such precious opportunities of doing good are lost every day!

## REJOICE.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."—**MATT. XXV. 6.**

Rejoice, all ye believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near.  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He draweth nigh,—  
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle,  
At midnight comes the cry!

See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil,  
And wait for your salvation  
The end of earthly toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go, meet Him as He cometh,  
With Hallelujahs clear!

Ye wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Till in songs of jubilee  
They meet the angel-choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up! up! ye heirs of glory,  
The Bridegroom is at hand!

Ye saints, who here in patience  
Your cross and sufferings bore,  
Shall live and reign for ever,  
When sorrow is no more,  
Around the throne of glory,  
The Lamb ye shall behold,  
In triumph cast before Him  
Your diadems of gold!

Palms of victory are there,  
There, radiant garments are,  
There stands the peaceful harvest  
Beyond the reach of war.  
There, after stormy winter,  
The flowers of earth arise,  
And from the grave's long slumber  
Shall meet again our eyes!

Our Hope and Expectation,  
O Jesus! now appear;  
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere!  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption  
That brings us unto Thee!

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.



### MISSIONARY SCENES.

THE HOPES AND JOYS AND TRIALS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

**W**E give our young readers the following extracts from the letters of the wife of a devoted missionary, which have recently reached us:—

#### The Young Church Builders.

“Mr. M. is building a pretty little inexpensive Gothic Chapel with the materials of the boys’ old school-rooms. About £40 were needed, out of which our Bhowanipore native Christians have subscribed £10. Is not this good, considering the richest amongst them has not an income of more than £20 a-year and the poorest has no more than £5! The rich one is Peerus’s husband. But I must tell you about my girls. Two of them get a small sum for acting as monitors. *These* I asked for a subscription, knowing they could spare a few pence. They were delighted, and would insist on my taking their salary for a

month, 2s. from each. But then, the other poor little things wanted to give, and what were they to do? Some *had* a few *pice* which they gave, others begged some from their mothers, still the greater proportion of them could not have access to a single *pice*, unless *I* gave it to them. This, of course, would not have answered the purpose; at last they hit on a bright idea. I give the girls often one *pice* for pulling the punkah for an hour. They like this; for though a *pice* is little more than a farthing, they can buy many things with it, which in England you would be astonished at. They can buy either five oranges or five mangoes, two large nice cakes, or a little looking-glass, or a palm-leaf, or two canes of sugar cane, or seven or eight cucumbers, &c., &c. Well, the girls who had nothing, begged me to write down their names; some wanted to pull the punkah sixteen times, others eight times, others four times for the benefit of the chapel. I did so, advancing the money, and now they are *cheerfully* working it out. Altogether the girls' subscription amounted to 16s. I told them the chapel would be partly theirs, at which they laughed very much, and said, 'how can it be ours when it is to cost £40, and we gave 16s.?' So I told them the story of the little chimney-sweeper who wanted to know what the missionary society did with *his* twopence, and their opinion was that he was a very presumptuous little boy.

### **An Inquirer.**

Since I have been ill, a *female* inquirer presented herself at Bhowanipore, an ayah belonging to a lady, who seems to be quite ignorant of religion. This is a very unusual occurrence. Mr. M. and Mr. S. both thought K. was the most eligible person to instruct her, so she has been given to her charge, and goes to her two hours a-day. Is this not nice?

### **Her Conversion.**

The ayah I wrote of was baptized last Sunday with Betsy and Catherine Kelly, two of my girls. These two are certainly God's own chosen ones. The ayah's mistress found it rather difficult to explain to her about the Spirit's work,

and asked me to do so. When she first heard it, I was much struck with her manner; she was sitting down, when she suddenly got up, and exclaimed so joyfully, 'oh! that explains all, that explains all!' Explains what? I asked. It was some time before she could speak for her tears, and then she said, 'I see now (whilst the other servants in the house laughed at my credulity) why I have lately *never* doubted of the truth. To me it is as if I *see* Jesus every moment being crucified *for me*. I *hear* Him saying, I am suffering all this for you. Oh! I thought it was a higher power, a power I knew nothing of, that had revealed this to me, now this is explained, I am so happy;' and from that day God the Spirit has been loved and worshipped as ardently as God the Saviour; and the Saviour—how much she loves Him! This has taught me one great lesson; never to keep back *any* of the truth of God, even for a time, in consideration of the weakness of human intellect. I see now, as I never did before, that He can explain mysteries we little think of.

### Her Death.

"In my last letters I have mentioned the ayah, and told you how much pleasure she gave us, and I hoped her lamp might burn brightly for many years, and that she might lead many to the feet of Jesus, but God had other thoughts concerning her. She has joined the Church above. For two Sundays after her baptism she was able to attend the house of God; she was then seized with typhus fever, and last Friday she fell asleep in *perfect peace*. Miss I. used to see her every hour of the day. I saw her too, and our bearer used to go and sit with her nearly every afternoon. She said to me, 'I would *rather* go to be with Christ, and then I shall have no more sins to mourn over. Oh! thank you, thank you, for teaching me of Christ,' I cannot tell you the feelings with which I stood beside that grave. My whole acquaintance with the dead—her faith, her baptism, her death, seemed like a dream. It had all taken place within three short months; and during that time she had become so endeared to me, I could scarcely say, 'Thy will



be done;' but this feeling has passed now, and it has been merged into one of admiring gratitude for the wondrous way in which God led that poor woman, a few months since in heathen darkness, now a bright gem in Christ's mediatorial crown. Miss I. had a very neat coffin got for the ayah, and everything was done so nicely; she was buried beside P. Her ladies attended the funeral, my husband and myself, and several of our people; it was a very sad solemn evening—one I shall never forget; but still my husband said to me afterwards, that during the prayer he could not but feel that *thankfulness* and *praise* were the only appropriate offering at that grave."

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### OH! TO BE READY!

Oh! to be ready when death shall come!  
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!  
No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze;  
No strife at parting, no sore amaze;  
No chains to sever that earth hath twined;  
No spell to loosen that love would bind;  
  
No fitting shadow to dim the light  
Of the angel pinions winged for flight;  
No cloud-like phantom to fling a gloom  
'Twixt heaven's bright portals and earth's dark tomb:  
But sweetly, gently to pass away  
From the world's dim twilight into day.  
  
To list the music of angels' lyres;  
To catch the rapture of seraph fires;  
To lean in trust on the Risen One;—  
Till borne away to a fadeless throne.  
Oh! to be ready when death shall come!  
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!

ANON.

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### THE SCUTARI HOSPITAL.

It will gratify our young friends to hear, that already boxes of books and necessary comforts for our poor wounded soldiers in the hospital at Scutari have been despatched.

The following sentences, from a letter addressed to Mrs.

Muir, 13 Saxe Coburg Place, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Mr. Drennan, Chaplain at Scutari, will be read with thankfulness:—

I need not say how grateful I feel personally for the very kind contribution which you have sent towards the comfort and edification of our countrymen here; and I know you will not consider their thankfulness for the interest taken in them at home to be the less sincere that I cannot adequately give expression to it. Happily, the demand for the things which you have sent, is not at present nearly so urgent as it was at the time when you had the goodness to collect them. In looking back upon what the hospital was three months ago,—I speak of the barrack hospital,—and what it is now, it requires an effort to believe it to be the same place. Formerly, when I wrote to you, our corridors—considerably more than a mile in length—had beds ranged side by side on either hand all the way round, with sometimes an interval between them of not more than eighteen inches, and nearly every bed occupied. In the corridors now *there is not a single patient*. Some of the wards, too, are shut up, empty. In the wards which are occupied nearly all the men are convalescent. I was in some wards yesterday where there was not a single man confined to bed, and in many others which I visited there were not more than two or three. Of the men whom I visited there was only one whom I considered at all dangerously ill, and to him I had the comfort of believing that death would be gain. In these circumstances, you will see that for the present at least we can get on very comfortably without the disinfectants, &c., which you so kindly and so considerately sent; but no one can tell how soon these may not be most urgently required, and become, in God's hand, a blessing and a relief to many. Of the tracts I have already distributed several, such as "The Bar of Iron," the "Tract for Soldiers," "The Faithful Promiser," Newman Hall's "Come to Jesus," and "Follow Jesus," &c., and I have more than once had strong expressions of gratitude for them, whilst they have given rise, in one or two cases, to at least a temporary thoughtfulness about eternal things which, through God's blessing, may, I hope, be rendered lasting and fruitful. On Sabbath I gave out, amongst the soldiers' wives, when at service in their quarters, several numbers of the "Sunday at Home," which I hope may help somewhat to keep them from seeking their own pleasure on that holy day, as they and many

others here are too much in the habit of doing. I mean to distribute a considerable number of them amongst the soldiers on duty next Sabbath morning also, with the hope that they, too, may be withdrawn from their evil habits, having something of sufficient interest to keep them in barracks.

Your New Testaments are a great acquisition, they are so well adapted for the use of men just recovering from fever, who are not strong, and whose eyesight is weak.

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### SUPERSTITIONS IN SIERRA LEONE.

#### A TALKING IDOL.

IN the Journal of the Yoruba Mission, Sierra Leone, we find the following account of a trick practised by some of their priests upon the people of the Lagos district. What an instance it is of the degrading folly and superstition which, alas, so sadly prevail where the dayspring from on high has not yet dawned, to give light to them that sit in darkness! It reminds us of some of the childish fooleries which the Popish priesthood from time to time practise upon their ignorant and deluded followers.

*June 5, 1854.*—This afternoon, Mr. Davis, the African master of a merchant brig, came to see us. Mrs. White, being informed some time ago, by one of our boarders, that there is an idol which they call Osoyin, which can talk, and being anxious to discover the trick, went, with some of our female converts and boarders, to see the talking Osoyin. At their request the priest asked it several questions, which, to appearance, were answered by the Osoyin in a small, clear and distinct tone of voice, but not resembling the human voice, though, in reality, it was the priest speaking under disguise; and it was done so dexterously and imperceptibly, that it is no wonder the ignorant world is so much imposed on by it. Mr. Davis, hearing of this story from Mrs. White, was anxious to go and see likewise; but being at the time much engaged writing, Mrs. White agreed to go with him, taking along with them some of our female converts and boarders.

As they entered the house, many men and women of the neighbourhood were curiously drawn to be spectators. Mr. Davis told the priest that he would like to hear the Osoyin talk. The man then brought a pair of small wooden

images, and having chewed some of the ata're, a kind of pepper, he forcibly threw it out upon them, and then began complimenting them. A small voice was heard, returning the compliments. The priest asked several questions, which were all answered, and so distinctly that all the spectators could hear it. Mr. Davis asked the man to place the idol at some distance from himself, but he said it would not talk unless it be in his hands. "Then let me take it," said Mr. Davis. "No," replied the priest, "it will not talk in your hands." Mr. Davis, suspecting it was the man and not the Osoyin talking, put several questions to it, and soon perceived that it was the priest himself whispering the answer.

The man then broke off, to say that the Osoyin in his hands was not a complete one, and that the true talking Osoyin was in the house of one of his neighbours, and immediately sent for it. It is a wooden image, ornamented with a bunch of soft fine straw fastened to the middle of it, and let fall downwards in a bushy form, which also serves to conceal the whole secret of it, which is, leather contrived underneath the image to answer the purpose of a small pair of bellows. As soon as it was brought it began to utter sounds intelligible to none but the priest, who pretends to interpret them to the people. Mr. Davis took it from the priest, and, pressing it, it did the same. He therefore carefully examined it from top to bottom. Finding a hole at the top of it, through which air was let in, he stopped it, and then worked the bellows, but it made a confused windy noise. He then unstopped it, and it emitted sound. The man now became highly enraged for thus exposing him before the public, and told Mr. Davis, that if it had not been for the respect he has towards Englishmen he would kill him by poison, or any other means. Mrs. White tried to calm him, and then candidly showed him that the God of heaven is the only true God, whom we all ought to worship, and that it is very sinful to impose upon his weak countrymen; and that she hopes he will, from this time, come to church to serve God. The man listened attentively, and then confessed, before the assembly, that there is nothing in the Osoyin worth depending on, and that God is greater than all things: that as he is about to remove to that part of the town where the Sierra-Leone people settle themselves, because his wife is a Sierra-Leone woman, he would give away his Osoyin, and try to attend church with his wife when he is settled there. Mr. Davis asked him to sell him the Osoyin, but he refused. One of

our converts, who went with them, came back wondering at this discovery of fraud, and is so convinced, that she begins to thank God for showing her the right way. May God have mercy on the priest!

### THE ROYAL THREAD.

SPEAKING of the publications of the Religious Tract Society, the Rev. Newman Hall remarked, on a recent occasion: "In every cable made for the government, there is a certain thread woven, from which it may always be known that it belongs to the Queen; and so, throughout the Tracts of that society, whatever might be the subject treated of, there is the golden thread of THE GOSPEL, shewing that the aim of those who published it was to preach Christ."

May God grant that all our young friends—in their search after that truth, which is their only security in the voyage of life for riding safely through all its storms—may receive nothing as of any real value but what is thoroughly interwoven with the Royal Thread of the Gospel of Christ, the King of glory.

### MISSIONARY WORK

AMONG OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, AND AMONG OUR ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

#### 1. Among our Soldiers and Sailors.

It is delightful to know, upon the authority of the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces, that in that noble army, which is now gathered together in the Crimea, there are many righteous men, who meet together day by day for the worship of God. He is continually receiving letters from the chaplains, both of the Church of England and of the Presbyterian Church, giving more and more cheering accounts of the spiritual state of things in the army. Among other encouraging signs is the fact, that the officers and soldiers at Balaklava have built for themselves a chapel. Finding that the weather was very changeable, and, in order that they might not be prevented from meeting together for religious worship, the men set to work after the duties of the day were over, and with their own hands they succeeded in erecting a spacious loft over the stable of the storehouse, whither officers and men both resort for prayer and the reading of God's Word. In the Scotch Brigade, and among the Artillery, quartered near

them, there is a holy work going on. A Presbyterian chaplain, after describing to him the duties which he performs on Sunday, goes on to state that, on the week-day, he is often invited by the men to meet them, under the shelter of a rock, or in some place which is protected from the cold, and that there he often meets sixty, seventy, or one hundred soldiers, who lift up their voice in praise to God, and he said the sounds were to him like the notes of angels. At the trenches, too, some of the Sappers and Miners, at proper times, lay down their tools and join together in reading the Word of God.

Then, besides that testimony, we have the account of the Secretary of the New York Young Men's Christian Association, who lately returned from a stay of five weeks at the Camp before Sebastopol. At Balaklava, he found laymen, connected with the Scotch Soldier's Aid Society, at work amongst the Highland Regiments. These men were most active. One of them had a large portion of his room filled with Bibles and Testaments, and every good book. He was at work at seven o'clock in the morning in the camp, and not only did he go there, and counsel the men who were lying on beds of sickness, or fatigued after being in the trenches, but on the road, and whenever he met with a man, he slipped a tract into his hand. In the harbour of Balaklava, as permission to go on board the men-of-war was not obtained very readily, the tract distributors tied up a number of small bundles, rowed close alongside of each ship, and threw them into ship after ship. He did not know of any having been refused; many of the sailors asked for them, and applications were frequently made for a supply after the men had left. Mr. Hayward, one of the Chaplains, was most indefatigable in his exertions, and the labours of all the clergymen of the Church of England there were purely missionary, and creditable in the extreme. When the soldiers were suffering and dying in the hospitals, these men were ready to counsel them and give them tracts.

The Rev. J. C. Connolly, too, whose office as Chaplain of the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, connects him in an especial manner with the Royal Navy, lately stated the interesting fact, that there are a number of young men under his charge, who are so much interested in the Word of God, that they meet together every Sunday, an hour and a-half before the service, for the purpose of reading it. A short time ago he had 120 young men who followed this practice, and he was delighted to witness the earnestness with which they set about the work. A remarkable

illustration of the desire which prevailed to obtain a copy of the Scriptures was given a few months ago. One evening an order suddenly arrived from the Admiralty for ninety-two men to be ready to start the next morning. The notice was rather short, but the next morning, when the men were drawn out to be inspected by their Lieutenant-Colonel, he obtained permission to offer them a Testament. An order was given by the Colonel to the effect that every man who wished to receive a copy of the Testament was to fall out. Immediately ninety men out of the ninety-two fell out to receive Testaments. What became of the other two? These were Mr. Connolly's own countrymen. At first, Paddy did not like to take what was not sanctioned by the priest; but when these two men perceived that ninety men had fallen out, they said they thought they had as good a right to the Testaments as their comrades, and accordingly they received them with the rest.

## 2. Among our Allies.

In a deeply interesting *Second Series* of Letters\* from Philip O'Flaherty, the Irish boy, who is now risen to the rank of interpreter in our Crimean army, we find some very encouraging proofs of the zeal and success with which he has improved opportunities afforded him of making known saving truth to our Turkish allies. He says:—

"I have taught and told some of the most learned and intelligent amongst the Turks and Turkish officers that Christianity is truth,—that it was taught by the Son of God, who left the right hand of glory and came to die for men, and a good many things besides concerning the Saviour, the trinity and unity of the Godhead, and the plan of salvation, until every officer in the tent admitted that Christianity is the best and soundest plan of salvation; and one said, if he got home, he would become, live, and die a Christian. There is great sweetness in the Bible. When I translate it, the Turks are delighted with it, and the doctrines and sweet passages I quote to them seem to instil some of their sweetness into their minds, and a feeling of thankfulness to Alla and his glorious Son for the promises contained in their dear English friends' Koran. To engage in such work is a heavenly gift, and is full of joyous, heartfelt pleasure. God grant that I may yet find an open door, either in my own or in any other land, to bear witness to the truth, and see it produce the same changes. But with

\* Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot, 15 Princes Street.

me this opportunity is lost, at least till after the fall of Sebastopol, and even then I might never see those who took so much heed to my Bible. One person wished for my Bible to have it translated into Turkish when he got home. I gave him a little diary, full of my own translations, which was joyfully received by eight officers."

Later, he writes:—"I am sorry to state that I was forced to throw aside the learning of languages in consequence of having so little time. I am now seventy-two hours without closing an eye in sleep. Every now and then I steal (if I may use the expression) an hour or two for the purpose of promoting the study and promulgating the doctrine of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And let me assure you (as far as my judgment goes) that I hope, trust, and know that my trouble is well repaid; and, if Satan does not pluck up the seed sown at some future time, it has, as far as my eyes can see, produced some good amongst some of the officers in the Turkish camp. Some of these gentlemen say they are good tradesmen, and if they have health left them after the war, they will go to England to learn Christianity in its full extent. The men generally are great thieves, extortioners, and much given to other degrading habits. I have warned a great many of them of their ways, telling them of the nature of sin, its effects, and its wages; also of the reward offered for well-doing, and the punishment for evil-doing."

Again he says:—

"I am, as usual, working amongst the Turkish officers. I brought some of them to hear our minister last Sunday; but, the language being fluent, they could understand but little. They were highly delighted and pleased with the ceremony. They departed, however, before the sermon was finished, but I remained. They next day told me that they understood the words, 'Almighty God,'—'Most Merciful Father,'—'like lost sheep,'—'have mercy on us, miserable (this word they did not understand) sinners'—'O God, make haste to help us,' and many other easy words. I told them all about it next day."

And again,—

"The Rev. Mr. Watson kindly sent me up a dozen Turkish Testaments to be distributed among the Turks. I was quite glad to have this precious gift to bestow. I went to my friends Captains —, —, and — the colonel, and gave them one each. When they read them, they were rejoiced and thankful. The colonel said,



'Please do give me three more for other three officers; I will give forty piastres each for them.' I thanked him for his offer, gave him three books, and told him to convert his money to some good purpose. When the Turkish doctor saw me, he came out of his tent and invited me to go in, saying he had company. I told him I would go if Captain — would accompany me; he complied, and we entered the tent together. The colonel soon came. One of the officers, seeing the books, said, 'Philip Thergeman Bey, will you show me one?' I gave him one; he read the latter part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, and said, 'It is a Giaour's book, and told lies, for it never made mention of the name of Mohammed.' The colonel took him up, and an argument followed. I was glad to see that, and may perhaps in my next give you a sketch of the argument. I distributed the Testaments by the direction of the colonel, to those whom he thought proper. When I go to the Turkish camp some of the men and officers too come to me, and say, 'Philip Thergeman Bey, will you give me an *Ingilsheriffe*?' (Testament.) I am sorry that I have not two or three hundred more of them, and of small size, so that the soldiers would be able to carry them in their pockets or knapsacks."

There is one fact, with respect to the distribution of the Word of God, which has been lately stated, and which is well-fitted to fill the hearts of all with thankfulness. The fact is this, that among our allies there have been circulated TWENTY THOUSAND Bibles and Testaments, and THIRTY THOUSAND Tracts.

### 3. Among our Enemies,

too, something has been attempted. That gentleman from America, already referred to—Secretary to the Young Men's Christian Association, when in the Crimea, went with Mr. Upton, an English gentleman who formerly lived in the neighbourhood, but is now a prisoner of war, to see whether some Russian prisoners would accept a few Russian Bibles, which he had brought from Constantinople; but only two out of about a dozen gave any evidence that they would read them, or even keep them, so that he thought it would be only waste to leave copies with all. The two, however, who did receive copies, promised faithfully to read them. In all the places where Russian prisoners are kept they are well supplied with Bibles, and in many instances have paid great attention to them.



### SPEAKING FOR CHRIST.

**T**O many delightful proofs we have often been enabled to give of the progress of a work of grace in Ireland, in the turning of poor benighted Romanists to the faith of Christ,—we add another, in the following extracts from a letter from a lady in Galway:—

“I must tell you about one of our little boarders. She has been boarded for six months at her own request, because her parents she said would not let her go to the Scriptural school near them. She went to spend a day with them at Christmas; her mother had just been to the priest, who refused to hear her confession on account of this little girl, so when she returned home she gave Mary a great scolding, and told her she would take her away from us. Mary at first said she would not leave us, and when told she would be left till Easter, and then brought home, she said, ‘I hope I may die the day before they come for me.’ She was told she would have as good clothes as I gave her; she said, ‘It is not for the clothes I stay, but because I am

taught the right way. I don't care if they never give me any clothes.'

"She said she had learned all about the trials and persecutions of St. Paul, who was 'a great jumper,\*' and she was ready to endure as much as he did. She added, 'Mother, do you remember the day that Mr. — passed this house, when I called after him, "the devil go with you, and may you never get back safe?" and now I don't feel bad to any one. I love the priests and the ministers, and wish well to every one. I was very bad then, I really wished what I said.' After some time two little boarders joined her, and the three children quoted texts against transubstantiation, the worship of the Virgin, &c.; while the only man who was on their side, held a light for them to find the places in their Bible, and translated what they said into Irish. All this time the house was crowded with angry Romanists. On being asked what gave her courage to speak out as she did, she said she had once read in a little book (*the Young Cottager*) that a little girl resolved to speak a word for the truth, whether her hearers liked it or no, so said she, 'I resolved that I also should speak a word for the truth, whether they liked it or not. You don't know when a person is angry, and very anxious to tell something, how fast the words come.' She said she would like to go back about twice a-year, and always to speak as she had done—that her brother knew a good deal, but did not care—it was not in his heart; but she thought her father and some others were inclined to see the truth if they could understand what was said, and she added, '*Oh! if you have any charity you will try to have a Reader sent there who can speak Irish.*'

"These children are boarded by Miss A. with respectable converts near herself and near the school and church."

Out of the mouths of many such babes in Christ, may the Lord ordain strength to still the Enemy and the Avenger. May He strengthen such weak ones in the inner man, with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness! For to them it is given, in behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also *to suffer for His sake.*

\* The Irish Papists revile the Protestant converts by many hard names. Among the rest they call them "Jumpers." The child's meaning was, therefore, that if St. Paul had lived now in Ireland, he would have shared in that reproach with the Protestants.

**LABOUR, NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD.**

THE following extracts, from the Journal of one of the London City Missionaries, give a deeply interesting testimony to the good done by the quiet persevering labours of the devoted Christian men, employed in carrying the Gospel to the thousands and tens of thousands of the irreligious population of the great metropolis of this country :—

“ *Case 1* is that of a man of the name of —, a Greenwich pensioner, residing at No. — — Street. He is a native of Wiltshire. I first became acquainted with him about two years ago. According to human conceptions, he was a very unlikely man to be converted to God. He was exceedingly ignorant, and unable to read; but that God who commanded light to shine out of darkness, has shined into his heart. He was induced to come to a meeting I then held in the British schoolroom, from time to time. On one occasion I spoke from Isaiah i. The following words were applied with power to his mind: ‘Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord,’ &c., &c. From that time he has been a regular attendant at the meeting. On one occasion he said, ‘How merciful God has been to a poor sinner like me, to bring me all the way from Wiltshire to Greenwich, to convert my soul? If God had given me what I deserved, where should I be! Ah! in hell; that’s where I should be. Bless the Lord, I never was so happy before. I was a drunkard, and could not keep any money in my pocket at all; but if I get any money now, I carry it home to the old woman, or put something in the cupboard. Now, I hate the public-house, yet I’m no teetotaller. No, no, I don’t want teetotalling. The Lord can keep me. The blessed Lord hears my prayers, and answers them too. I never used to pray before I met with you. ’Twas you that was the means of opening my eyes.’ This poor fellow has evidently the root of the matter within him. He prays in a very feeling manner, in his own peculiar style. His broken accents remind me of many of the negroes, when their hearts are filled with the love of God. He has family devotion, and is endeavouring to teach his poor wife to pray; he has joined the Methodists, and is going on his way rejoicing; his love to the people of God, and his diligence in attending the means of grace, are truly indicative of a change of heart.

*"Case 2.—1854.—Mr. — is a man about forty years of age, a coal-heaver; his is an interesting case of reformation; he is a native of Wales, has spent some years on the sea, has been shipwrecked twice, has been a noted fighter, a drunkard, indeed, a notorious man for wickedness in the neighbourhood. I often invited him to come to the meeting, but without success. At length he came one Sunday afternoon, about four months ago, from which time he has been very regular in attendance. Soon after, he began to provide himself with suitable apparel, and went to church; he has commenced family devotion, has overcome his habits of intemperance, and gives evidences of a change of heart. I hold a little meeting now in his house on Sunday afternoon. He has six children; his wife one day, with gladness of heart, said, 'No one can tell the great change in my good-man but myself; he has bought himself a new suit of clothes, and paid for them, too. Yes, and soon he is going to clothe me and the children.' He manifests much earnestness in the ways of God, and visits some of his neighbours for the purpose of exhorting them to turn to the Lord. Knowing that time alone will enable me to judge rightly of him, I hope, in my next report, to be able to state more that is interesting respecting him.*

*"1855.—The man referred to last year goes on well. He was for some time a donkey-driver on Blackheath, and notorious for wickedness. He now goes regularly to church. His sufferings, arising from persecution from his class, became very great. Often he has been pelted with coals, to his personal injury. On one occasion they broke his nose. He then sought protection from the law, when his assailant was sentenced to imprisonment. To avoid this misery, he went to sea, in one of Her Majesty's ships, and was invalided at Malta, and entered the hospital. While there, I wrote to him, to instruct him. He was soon sent home to England, and I trust is now walking in the fear of the Lord. He has become a communicant at Christ Church. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?*

*"Case 3.—I have reason to hope my labours have been rendered useful to a young man twenty-two years of age, of the name of —. I met with him in the early part of last year, and placed before him the importance of seeking a change of heart. I read on the occasion the fifty-first Psalm, and made remarks upon it. After closing my visit with prayer, I urged upon him to read it on his knees, and pray to God over it, that he might have a new heart and a*

right spirit. The person with whom he lodged told me, after I left, he did as I bade him. He became an attendant at my meeting, and came a few times to my house for private instruction. In the order of Providence, he was offered a situation in Her Majesty's service, on board the H——. He accepted the same. I furnished him with a number of tracts previous to his going to sea, to take with him; and having knelt down in prayer together, I commended him to God's watchful care, and he implored God's blessing to rest upon my future labours. It was a season to be remembered. The following is a copy of a letter received from him:—

“H.M.S. H——.—My kind Christian friend,—It is with very great pleasure that I write to you, but I am afraid you will think me very ungrateful in not writing to you before, after all your kindness to me concerning my eternal welfare. I often think it was one of the greatest blessings Heaven could have bestowed on me to have had an interview with you before I came where I now am, for what should I now do without Christ? Oh! my dear friend, when I think I have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, it affordeth me much pleasure. I have found out one man on board this ship who, I think, is steering heavenward. We had a little prayer together. It is no trouble for me to lift my heart to God now. It is the greatest pleasure that I have, for when I lie down in my hammock, I think what a blessing it is that I have a God to watch over me,—one that I can make a friend of in the time of trouble and distress. Oh! that I had known the worth of true religion before; but I think now is the time to serve the Lord, the time to insure the great reward. It is the most providential thing that ever could be that I have been placed here. I was appointed steward three weeks after I entered. I have now more time to myself than when I was stoker. I sit in the cabin, and think what a blessing it is that I have been brought to a true sense of the one thing needful, for there are some of the most wicked people in the world, on board this ship. I am called a Methodist preacher, but I tell them never to mind as long as I live by a good method. You will please to write me again, and, if spared, I will write to you a longer letter next time.—So adieu, my Christian teacher, from your brother, I hope, in Christ. ————.”

It is by such successes in this department of missionary work, that God is graciously encouraging the hope, that no labour will ever be in vain in the Lord.

### A MISSIONARY SEWING CLASS.

It often happens that even earnest desires to do good evaporate in mere *wishes*, for want of a little ingenuity to plan, and a prayerful determination to attempt the work. As a good illustration of a little ingenuity and prayerful determination in *doing*, it occurs to us to tell our young friends of an experiment we had occasion to see tried last winter. We have accordingly requested details regarding it, and they have been kindly supplied in a short statement from which we shall make an extract or two.

The lady who supplies the information, living in a place where nothing of the kind had yet been tried, determined to attempt to engage girls who could sew in some little effort to aid the missionary cause. The plan was accordingly formed, to try to induce the girls to meet once a-week, to make articles of clothing, which might either be sold for some missionary object, or sent to the missionaries in some distant settlement for their families or converts:—

“The difficulty,” says our informant, “was to get funds to set a-going a plan, of which every one approved, but most deemed impracticable. Mrs. ———, however, most kindly made the venture by giving me one pound; and with this capital to provide materials, I thought the proposal might be made to the children. Accordingly, the plan was explained to the girls attending the parochial Sabbath school, and such as were willing to work for the good cause were requested to give in their names. Upwards of thirty were speedily enrolled. Five-and-twenty was the largest attendance. Never, even in the wild winter days, were there fewer than seventeen, except on one Saturday, when a lecture on the war, given for the children of the Sabbath school in a neighbouring parish, left only nine for our sewing class. The meeting was held every Saturday, at two o'clock, in the school-room, the use of which was kindly given for the purpose. After the names of the girls were called over, and the absentees marked, the business was always begun with prayer—the girls reverently and audibly repeating together the Lord's prayer. Then the work was distributed, as far as possible, according to the capacity of each. Sometimes an interesting book or story was read aloud for part of the time; and the meeting was

closed by the children singing a psalm or paraphrase, just before the work was put away. The work was all prepared beforehand, with needle and thread ready for every girl to begin at once; and there was always an easy bit of knitting to give to any one whose work required alteration, so that not a moment's idleness was allowed.

"The articles made were of the simplest kind,—blue flannel petticoats, and other underclothing, warm hoods and caps, pinafores, and children's frocks, pocket handkerchiefs hemmed, &c.; also plain knit comforters and cuffs. With a little thought and economy, many useful things may be made at a very trifling cost, and of even apparently useless materials, such as flannel selvages; and these provide sewing for *very small fingers*."

This Missionary Sewing class was thus held for three months, and was closed at the end of that period by a missionary meeting, when the children, and friends who had kindly assisted the undertaking, were addressed by the minister of the parish, and by the minister of the next parish.

"There is abundant cause," (quoting again from the statement we requested of the details of the little experiment,) "there is abundant cause for thanksgiving, for the large measure of success with which it has pleased God to bless this experiment. It has been like one of those sweet Psalms of David which begin with fear and doubt, and end with rejoicing and praise. It was delightful to see the animated happy faces of the girls when they were told that all should give something to the cause of God, and that *all could*, if they were willing, and that by thus giving their work they were giving something of *their own*; a real proof of their good-will being their proposing to remain *two hours* instead of an hour and a-half as was done at first. Then the finances, by many kind contributors, rose from one pound, to five pounds, eight shillings. The total expenses amounted to three pounds, six shillings and eightpence half-penny, leaving two pounds, one shilling and threepence half-penny to begin with in November if all be well. One pound received since March makes a sum of three pounds, one shilling and threepence half-penny, a surplus more than three times the amount with which the class was undertaken. The actual value of the mere sewing done, may (at a rough calculation) be estimated at *one pound three shillings and fivepence*."



That, therefore, may be called the amount to which the girls contributed of their labour, assisted by the ladies who aided in their work. For the young ladies in the place gave their work frequently on the Saturdays, and met at a tea-drinking, (a sort of American Bee,) when little finishing strokes were put which required nicer handiwork than the children could do.

"The articles sent to Labrador may be valued at two pounds, nine shillings and tenpence. Of those destined for the benefit of the India Mission, ten shillings and sixpence worth has been already sold; and whatever may remain unsold will be sent in the next box to India."

Such was the pleasing issue of this little plan for letting some children taste the pleasure of doing good.

"If any one should be tempted to make the experiment, two things are indispensable to success. 1st. Do not be disheartened with discouragements at the outset; and 2d. Let everything be done with prayer—prayer in the school sanctifying the work—and prayer for the children that the work may be a blessing to them."



### "I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

"I HAVE every reason to believe that the Turkish officers to whom I gave the Testaments are making good use of them. When I go to their camp, I find some of them either reading the book, or arguing with each other as to its authenticity. I have proved to them as well as I could the author and authenticity of the Testament, and several other things. I am sorry to state that my best friend and supporter, Captain —, is dangerously ill. I went to see him yesterday. He would not let any of the officers near him, nor even his servant. I entered the tent, and without any ceremony sat down beside him. At first he looked quite wild, and called his servant; but as soon as he looked again, he put his feeble hand in mine, to shake it, and exclaimed,—‘Oh, my Philip, my Philip, my son, my son! I am dangerously ill.’ After a little, he added, ‘You have not come to me to console and comfort me—to speak the words of heaven to me! Oh, my son, why so?—are you angry with me?’ before he had finished the sentence

he fell into a swoon. I instantly arose, got some cold water, and bathed his temples, and gave him to drink. I was very sorry, and scarcely knew where I was. But I took him up in my arms, that he might breathe some fresh air. After a little while, he looked up and recognised me. He then lay down, collected himself, and said,—‘My son, I am going to die. I only request you will come to my tent, as you have formerly done, and speak to me about that *Holy Ingilsheriffe* (New Testament) you gave me. Oh that Alla would give me his help to understand it! I am weak: I cannot read it myself. So I hope you will honour me by reading and explaining it to me. Oh! that I were in England,’ he added; ‘I would find a friend.’ I was choked; my countenance fell, for I was struck with the earnest simplicity of his expressions. I said I would come; I would explain that holy book to him. I opened the Testament, and read Matthew xi. 28-30:—‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.’ I translated Isaiah lv. 1.—‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money, and without price.’ I reminded him of *Hasret Eesa* (Jesus Christ.) I told him he was a willing Saviour, an able Saviour, and that His blood cleanseth us from our very greatest sin. I read many passages to comfort him. I told him that he must put his whole trust and confidence in the Saviour. I gave him a definition of true and living faith in the shortest possible words. At last I reminded him of the beautiful hymn (formerly taught him)—

‘I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.’

“Oh, how attentively the captain and others, who had come in, listened! The captain seemed to swallow every word, and said aloud,—‘*Oh, Philip, kousoum dyma chaderima gelmelisen, guzel banna lacesdy Alla lahkmina vermelisen. Oh, Philip, guel, guel!*’ Which, translated word for word, is,—‘Oh, Philip, my lamb, continually to my tent you must come. To me, nice language God about, you must give. Oh, Philip, come, come!’ I cheered him, told him of the danger of his ailment (fever,) that it was infectious, but at the

same time assured him that I would come. Seeing that he was growing weaker, I departed."

Those who have stood by the dying couch of one graciously awakened to feel his want of that forgiveness which all need (and none more than those who feel it least,) will alone be able to understand the delicate and trying position in which our young soldier was placed, and fully appreciate the way he departed himself. Such as have not, may read over these weighty sentences carelessly, and see little in them. They are, however, important to every one who has to pass the narrow stream that separates between the cares and illusions of time and the great realities of eternity. Look at them once more. See the weary and heavy-laden directed to the rest-giving Redeemer; the poor and empty invited to partake of a full and free salvation; the guilt-stained soul pointed to the blood of Jesus that cleanseth from all sin; the anxious spirit told that Jesus is at once an able and willing Saviour, and the sense of forgiveness and true peace are fruits of that faith which enables the soul to place all its trust and confidence in the Son of God.

May the convert's lesson, taught so simply and affectionately to the Turkish officer in the tent of war, be learned by many Protestants in the homes of peace! And should we not pray that our young soldier may be spared, that he may be delivered out of temptation, that he may grow in grace and knowledge, and be yet made instrumental in leading many souls to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.—*Second Series of Letters by Philip O'Flaherty.*

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### THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

THE Premises of the Religious Tract Society in London are close beside the magnificent and famous cathedral of St. Paul's. The site of the Society's buildings formerly went by the name of Paul's Cross. To this spot, in dark days of old, many a witness for the truth was taken that he might seal his testimony by suffering a martyr's death. Has not the blood of such martyrs become the seed of the Church? The cruel and lurid flames of martyrdom no longer rise up from Paul's Cross. Instead of this, thousands and millions of little witnesses for the truth are every year going forth from that very spot to the most distant corners

of the earth. At the recent meeting of the Society it was reported that the number of publications circulated last year was 28,292,194, shewing an increase of 915,619 over the previous year, and making the entire issues of the Society, in 112 languages and dialects, about *six hundred and seventy-three* MILLIONS!

#### GOOD OUT OF SEEMING EVIL.

The Rev. F. Monod, from the Paris Tract Society, stated that in France, a decree was passed by the present government, forbidding the circulation of any printed matter, without the government stamps upon it. When they heard of it they exclaimed, "this will be a great impediment to our work;" but it had been no such thing, on the contrary it had proved a help. The Lord had turned it into good. The circulation of bad publications had been greatly impeded; but for this very reason, the people had sought their Tracts more eagerly than before, and in not a single instance had the government stamp been refused. It was by tens of thousands that their tracts had been circulated among the soldiers, and they had led the way for an extensive diffusion of Bibles and New Testaments, as well as to the establishment of libraries for the soldiers. There was now a reading library in each of the four military camps which had been formed in France, a barrack had been assigned for the library, and a Protestant soldier appointed to watch over the books. Their colporteurs, too, had been permitted to go into the barrack in the evening, and read to the soldiers, and this had led to four or five evangelists preaching in each of the four camps. On one occasion, complaint was made to the General, that Roman Catholic soldiers listened to the preaching of these Protestant ministers; but he replied, "I must permit the Protestant soldiers to hear the preaching of their ministers, and if the Catholic soldiers will go to hear also, I cannot help it." There was one other curious fact connected with this subject, and it was this—that the Tract Society and the Evangelical Society were in partnership in this work with the Emperor. The Emperor was consulted on this matter of the library; he said, "it was a good thing, and he would take part in it," and he did so by sending some military books to be added to the religious ones.

#### NEW SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRICOLOUR.

The Rev. J. B. Owen said, he had been much struck with the circumstance to which M. Monod alluded, that

the government stamp was impressed upon the Tracts of the Parisian Society. The tricolour of France—red, white and blue—had been associated generally in the minds of Englishmen with disorder and revolution, but when it became attached to the peace-breathing publications of a Society like that, its insignificance was changed. The red might be regarded as the emblem of the blood of atonement; the white, the figure of the righteousness that is by faith; and the blue the emblem of heaven; and in their conjunction upon Tracts which set forth Jesus Christ as the great atonement and the only way of justification, and heaven as the recompense of the believer, give a dignity, beauty, and significance to the tricolour, such as he had never expected it to be invested with.

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### PRAYER FOR THE TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O'arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old."—ISAIAH II. 9.

Arm of the Lord! awake, awake,  
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from thy throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone;  
Thy voice their idols shall confound  
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;  
But to each conscience be applied  
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

Let Zion's time of favour come;  
Oh! bring the tribes of Israel home;  
And let our wond'ring eyes behold  
Gentile and Jew in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim  
In ev'ry land of ev'ry name;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And own our Saviour LORD OF ALL. A

### MISSION TO THE SEIKS.

It was delightful to hear the Report of our Indian Mission read to the last General Assembly—it spoke with so earnest a determination of **EXTENDING** our Foreign Missionary operations. We gladly hail it as a healthful symptom of growing missionary life in our Church that that idea of extending our foreign missions is not only seriously entertained—but that we can speak of it as already accomplished in

#### OUR NEW MISSION TO THE SEIKS.

“Several years ago,” says the Report of the Indian Mission Committee, “when the Punjaub was less known to us than it now is, though the interest in it was not less great from its recent conquest, a munificent contribution was sent to your Committee, through Dr. Muir of Edinburgh, for a mission to the Seiks. It was generously gifted by General and Mrs. Campbell of Lechnell, out of funds left them by a near relative—Captain Murray—for the purpose of establishing a mission in that great province, where Captain Murray long lived, and where he was much respected. From the unsettled state of the country, however, and the apparent impossibility of obtaining a safe lodgment in it for missionary operations, this contribution has hitherto lain in abeyance. It appears annually in our Accounts as the “Murray Fund;” and, with the consent and approval of all parties concerned, the interest arising from it has been appropriated to other purposes till a convenient season occurred of establishing a mission. It now amounts to about £1500; and as, from recent inquiries instituted by the Committee, we have the gratifying prospect of being able, at no distant period, to accomplish this truly benevolent and Christian enterprise to the Seiks: not only with security, but, under God's blessing, with success, it is respectfully proposed that, under the authority of the General Assembly, the work may now be begun.”

Mr. Hunter has accordingly been ordained to this interesting mission. He is a young minister, in regard to whom the Report says:—

“Your Committee desire to express their confidence in his piety, and talents, and missionary zeal. It is further intended that, in occupying his ultimate sphere of labour at Lahore, or in its neighbourhood, another missionary

may be associated with him, that he may not be alone on this very remote territory; and that, to give due time for the maturing of this plan, he proceed immediately to Bombay, where further information may be acquired, and the necessary arrangements duly made. During the next ten months or a year, after leaving, the Committee propose associating Mr. Hunter with Mr. Wallace at the mission, by the expiry of which period they hope to have suitable colleagues provided for each."

We are sure we can promise Mr. Hunter and the Seik Mission a very large share in the earnest sympathy, and prayers, and liberal support of the Church. And all the more sure are we of that sympathy and support because of the evidently enlarging views of missionary duty which present providences are opening up to the minds of the Christian men of our day. Referring to these providences, our Indian Mission Committee's Report closed with the following stirring sentences. It was with no ordinary interest we heard them read in the General Assembly. Let it be our determination that it shall not be for want of all the encouragement we can give them if the Indian Mission Committee do not take advantage of every opening they can get.

"In Turkey, as in other regions, war may be doing its work as the pioneer of the Gospel; and still must Christians, who would obey the mandate of their risen Lord, hold themselves in readiness to follow the leadings of Providence, while they improve its events. In this attitude, then, would the Committee on Foreign Missions now present themselves to the notice of the Church. Should they receive encouragement, they will not be slow in taking advantage of such openings as may offer, and as may be prudently occupied for the extension of Christian liberty and light. Already have suggestions been thrown out with a view to this, and it is only within a few days that a communication has been received, from one, whose praise is in all the churches—the Rev. Dr. Cumming of London—pressing the importance of the same subject. In his letter to the Convener he offers £70, which he has already collected, and promises to double it should the Assembly take it up. Sooner or later, no doubt, the Church must do so. Other churches are pressing on to the field; and while there

is a single nation under heaven destitute of that light which has so long gladdened the habitations of our fathers—a single continent groping its way in worse than Egyptian darkness, and no Goshen there with light in their homes—a single island deprived of a Luminary, which has arisen to enliven far happier vales—so long does it become us to labour and pray, repeating the anthem once heard in the Jewish temple, and ascending still in every Christian church: “Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who alone doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen.”

### PRESENT VICTORY.

“I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.”—Exod. xv. 1.

CHURCH of God! as faithful watchmen,

Let our beacons broadly blaze;

Sure of conquest with our Captain,

On our foes we'll fearless gaze,

Present victors!—Present victors!

Shouts of triumph let us raise.

Oh may we, as faithful brethren,

Mourn the wide-spread ruin round;

Sigh o'er all our sad condition

While we still maintain our ground,

Present victors!—Present victors!

Ever in our Conqueror found.

Oh may we, a faithful priesthood,

Love and truth together blend—

With “fresh oil” each day anointed,

For our “holy faith” contend—

Present victors!—Present victors!

Strong in our Almighty friend.

Oh may we, the bride of Jesus,

Spotless, lovely, sanctified—

For His joyful advent waiting,

In his power and love “abide”—

Present victors!—Present victors!

We shall soon be glorified.

### OUR JEWISH MISSIONS.

In the Report read to the last General Assembly by the Rev. Mr. Tait, the Convener of the Committee for the Conversion of the Jews, we find the following sentences, which we quote to encourage our prayers and our hopes of



success in seeking the salvation of the seed of Abraham.  
Speaking of

GERMANY

The Report says:—

“Two instances of the power of the truth in persons who have been admitted to the fellowship of the Christian Church by baptism, are related in the letters of Mr. Sutter, and to them your Committee beg to be permitted, in their present Report, to refer. The *former* is the case of a young man, an itinerant tradesman, who was brought to the knowledge of the name of Jesus in Rhenish Prussia, and received baptism as a disciple of the Christian faith. He had returned recently to Baden, and at the date of your missionary's letter (27th October) was residing at Karlsruhe, in pursuit of his calling. The Jews had made various attempts to turn him from the truth, and insisted on his accompanying them to the Rabbi at Heidelberg, for having his errors confuted. To this proposal he assented, but was only confirmed, by the result of the interview, in the persuasion that he had found the pearl of great price, while his blameless deportment gave to the adversaries of the truth no ground of exception to his testimony in behalf of the Gospel. The *latter* of the cases now referred to is that of a young man, who received baptism in the beginning of March, having withstood, with great firmness, yet with blameless humility and wisdom, all the attempts of his relatives to prevent his confession of the Gospel. ‘It was,’ says your missionary, ‘with all confidence, without the slightest alloy of any misgiving, in full spiritual joy and assurance, that I could admit him into the fellowship of Christ's people.’ Your Committee may be permitted to add, in reference to this station, that in the latest communication from your missionary, an interesting account is given of two new candidates for baptism. One of these, the individual referred to in Mr. Sutter's letter of 27th March, is now under regular instruction at Karlsruhe. It is an interesting circumstance in this case, that he is a person of mature years, and of independent worldly estate. Your missionary states, that his earnestness and assiduity as a disciple give pleasing proof of sincerity. The other candidate mentioned by Mr. Sutter, is a young man of eighteen, a native of Austria, whose father, formerly a rabbi, was baptized in London about two years ago. This young man, whose profession is hopeful, arrived at Karlsruhe in the beginning of April, and was to be placed, on the first of the present month, in the seminary

of Professor Stern, father of your missionary at Speyer. In referring to those pleasing instances of the power of the Gospel, your Committee desire to take courage in the persuasion that the set time to favour Zion is nigh at hand."

### THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

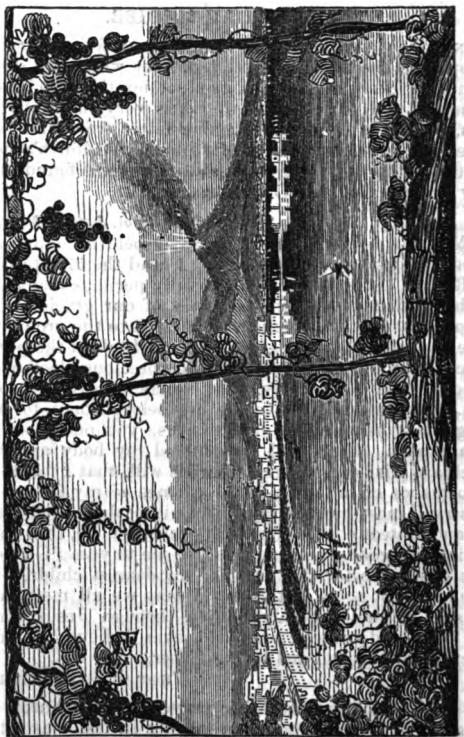
AMONG the brave men who fought and fell before Sebastopol, on the 18th of June last, none was more distinguished for every quality of a good soldier, than the beloved colonel of the 57th regiment. It is very instructive to learn, (what the following touching letter from him bears witness to,) that the secret of Colonel Shadforth's noble devotion to his duty as a brave soldier, is to be found in his piety towards God as a Christian man.

"Before Sebastopol, June 17, 9 P.M.

"My own beloved wife and dearly-beloved children.—At one o'clock to-morrow morning I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, as I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me, but I place myself in the hands of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. I place my whole trust in Him. Should I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely in the precious blood of our Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be saved through Him. Pardon and forgive me my beloved ones, for anything I may have said or done to cause you one moment's unhappiness. Unto God I commend my body and soul, which are His; and, should it be His will, that I fall in the performance of my duty, in the defence of my Queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless you and protect you; and my last prayer will be, that He, in His infinite goodness, may preserve me to you. God ever bless you, my beloved Eliza, and my dearest children, and if we meet not again in this world, may we all meet in the mansion of our Heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ. God bless and protect you; and ever believe me, Your affectionate husband and loving father,

"THOMAS SHADFORTH."

It ought to be the unceasing prayer of the Church that our soldiers may ALL be found sharing in the consolations that are in *Christ*:—then we could be sure of every man of them shewing, in the face of any danger, the courage and constancy of those who HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. But of what man, save he who is IN CHRIST, can it be said that he has NOTHING to fear?



## ITALY.

**W**E present our readers with a sketch of the far-famed Bay of Naples. And in that lovely landscape, basking in the glories of an Italian summer, at the foot of yon burning mountain,—we seem to see a striking symbol of the present political and religious state of unhappy Italy. That country is literally like a richly luxuriant garden planted on a slumbering volcano. How often has it been disturbed by the rumblings and heavings of political revolutions threatening ruin to society! And then, alas! the sad spiritual desolations wherewith Popery has everywhere cursed the land, do but too exactly resemble the terribly destructive issues which are vomited from that abyss of fire of which Vesuvius is the vent.

It is only a month or two ago, that, after the lapse of five years, Vesuvius again burst forth with most destructive violence. For a year before this last eruption took place, an unwonted stillness had reigned over the mountain. Naples was shaken with occasional earthquakes, and the wells now and then dried up, but Vesuvius shewed no signs of an eruption:—till suddenly on the morning of the 1st of May last, at half-past four o'clock, a noise like the discharge of artillery was heard, and fire with stones was thrown up from several new openings in the mountain.

When the evening arrived, "the whole heavens," says an eye-witness of the awful scene, "appeared to be on fire. Scarcely any portion of the mountain was visible, for as the wind was rather a sirocco, the dense swelling clouds were congregated about its summit and its sides, so as to conceal its outline, and render the scene as mysterious as it was grand. The flames which were thrown up, too, were only perceptible from their effects being reflected from cloud to cloud until the sky appeared to be one mass of flame. In the centre only was there any opening, and there might be seen a portion of that burning stream which was now pouring down on the devoted country beneath."

Next night, Mr. Henry Wreford, whose account we have been quoting, ascended the mountain:—

"A plain of burning coke, some two hundred feet

wide, was moving on before our eyes, almost touching our feet; until accumulating in large masses, over it thundered into the valley beneath. Down, down, we watched the red line in the distance, burning and destroying everything it met with. A whole plantation of chestnut trees yielded to its power; they twisted and screeched, and groaned like martyrs in an *auto da fé*, and then gave signals, by a brilliant flame, that their sufferings were over. Moving away from this point, we descended a little, by jumping from mass to mass, and crossing channels of fire, until we were in face of the cataract. The noise of the advancing stream was that of an Alpine flood over a shingly bed, sh-sh-sh-sh; such was the continued murmur of the thousands of tons of burning coke which were ever moving on, and tumbling mass over mass. The outer crust here and there became cooled and blackened, and then detaching itself, the burst of heat and light was sufficient for a moment to blast and scorch us. Involuntarily we held up our hands as if to shield ourselves; but unable any longer to resist it, were compelled to retire."

Now in this last eruption of Vesuvius, we seem to see something very like that, in the present state of Italy, which shall ere long fix the anxious gaze of the rest of Europe. For years, ever since the revolutions of 1848, an unwonted stillness has reigned over Italy. But underneath that sullen silence, there have been seething and working elements of a blasting destruction to her present delusive kind of peace. How soon the report may be heard of the bursting forth of a new political eruption no man can tell. But this we know, that *Popery is doomed*. An utter destruction shall ere long burst upon Rome as the head of the Anti-Christian apostacy. Any power the pope may seem to have—any quietness the Jesuits may enjoy, to push their secret schemes in the merchandise of the souls of men—are but the delusive calm preceding their awful overthrow.

That fair city of Naples is known to stand upon a mere crust, with an abyss of volcanic fires beneath it. Any moment these fires might burst forth—or, the crust giving way, the city might be swallowed up in utter destruction. The same thing is said to be true of Rome itself. But

whether or not such be indeed the kind of judgments reserved by God for that overthrow in which the Romish Babylon is to be destroyed—the certainty of its destruction is clear and positive. The state of Italy is surely therefore a matter of deepest interest and of the most prayerful anxiety to every true Christian. How watchful ought the Church to be to take advantage of every possible opening for saving souls perishing in Popish error, in a land where the plagues which are coming upon the Romish Babylon are likely to be felt with so terrible severity!

### MISSIONS IN CHINA.

THERE are at present eighty-six Protestant missionaries busy doing their Master's work in China. Some of our readers will remember with interest, the name of Leang Afa, who was one of the first converts to the faith of Jesus in that heathen land. This aged Chinese Christian minister, after spending many years in zealously preaching the Gospel among his fellow-countrymen, has recently been removed to his rest and his reward. His labours in the ministry are said not to have been very successful, but who can tell? we are told that the pious old man toiled on in his work, and who can tell what the final issue of his labours may be? "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and *their works do follow them.*" "For thus saith the Lord: as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in *the thing* whereto I sent it.

### BOOK AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

We have sometimes referred to this as a very valuable means of spreading the truth in such a country as China. Most of the inhabitants of that thickly-peopled nation can read, and throughout its many provinces, the same language and books are understood when *read*. But the spoken dialects differ so much in the various provinces that when a

missionary has at a great cost of time and labour learned to speak so as to be understood in one province, he would after all, be quite unintelligible if he were to attempt to preach in the other provinces. We give some extracts from the Journal of Mr. Taylor, who has been making excursions into the interior for the purpose of distributing books and tracts.

*“Thursday, 19th April.*—I determined to give away a few books, if possible, to the multitude assembled. The only place I could find to stand on, to raise me a little above the immense concourse of people, and which was strong enough to resist the pressure of the crowd, was an iron incense vase. I mounted it with a carpet-bag of books. The noise and clamour instantly raised were deafening; and it was impossible to proceed, till something like a calm was produced. At the lowest computation, there must have been five or six hundred people present; in fact, I do not think that a thousand was above the mark. As soon as I could get silence restored, I addressed them at the top of my voice; and I must say that a more quiet, attentive audience I never saw in the open air. It was very encouraging to hear them call out, as they frequently did, *puh chow, puh chow*,—not incorrect, not incorrect. When I exhorted them to be still, and let me quietly distribute my books, they promised to do so; but no sooner was my hand raised to open the bag, than the noise commenced. Twice, when Mr. Burdon left the yard, a diversion was formed, which I availed myself of for distribution, but ere long had to stop. At last a young man, making a desperate snatch and spring at the bag, pulled it and me down—a mode of descent not very ceremonious, but certainly quick, and one which, for a moment, made the people stand back; but this result was but momentary. Once in the crowd, I found it no easy thing to get out, and had much difficulty to distribute well the remaining tracts. At length, however, I succeeded in doing so, and having got into a sedan chair, and about leaving the city, my servant came up, and requested me to take in with me another bag, in which a few tracts remained, to keep them from the people, to which I consented; but was not quick enough to avoid being seen by the people, who pressed on the chair, so as to break it; and I had to spring out, to prevent its coming about my ears. The man was now separated from me, and I was unable to give him either of the bags; and so had to set off, to walk to the boat, which was more than a mile distant. This was the most difficult task I ever attempted; for I was determined

to give books to none who were not able to profit by them; and a mob of uneducated people was gathered round me, determined to have some, by one way or another. To this resolution I adhered; but when I opened my bag to get out some books to give to some respectable persons, a dozen hands were inserted, and it was not the easiest thing in the world to get them out again. In one street, the small bag was snatched from me, and when I recovered it had one in each hand, at which they were pulling in opposite directions; and thus I was left comparatively helpless. One of the handles of the large bag was now pulled off, and it was got open, and the people began to snatch at the books. A few were obtained when, with a sudden swing round, I got the bag from them, closed it, and as it had only one handle, they were not able to open it again. In performing this latter movement, I had astonished the people, and made them laugh heartily, as well as cleared a small space around me; but when they closed, my hat and spectacles were knocked off; the former I recovered, but the latter it was impossible to save, on account of the crowd; and I was only too glad to get off to attempt it. Many of the people followed me a long way, some even to the boat, but after I got out of the city I was little troubled by them. It may be well to add, to prevent misconception, that there was not the slightest approach to ill-feeling manifested by any; it was simply the desire to possess themselves of our books that caused the stir. Being thoroughly tired when I reached the boat, and it being nearly dark, this adventure closed the labours of the day."

#### A WHOLE FAMILY OF CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

The following interesting account of the power of the truth, and of the spread of its influence from one to another, proves what may be expected to be the progress of the Gospel when the time for China's conversion is come:—

"The whole family, consisting of the two parents and three sons, are now members of the Christian Church. An united family on earth—I hope to meet them an unbroken family in heaven. The oldest son, Gong-lò, was the first to receive the truth from Mr. Burns; then his second brother, Kwai-a, who is now living with me, prosecuting his studies, and will, I hope, make an excellent evangelist or pastor, if he is spared, and continues to prosper as he now does; then the old man followed,



giving striking evidence of a deep work of the Spirit of God. His youngest son, Som-á, on asking to be allowed to go to Amoy with his father to be baptized, was told that he was too young; he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To which he made the touching reply, 'Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me.'

"This was too much for the father; he took him with him, and Som-á was ere long baptized, with some other applicants.

"The most interesting circumstance in the conversion of He-se, the mother, is that she never had any instruction, except from the members of her own family; and as soon as they apprehended the truth themselves, they began to communicate it to her; and they found a mind well prepared to receive the good seed of the word. From an early period she manifested a lively interest in the Saviour, and encouraged her children to obey the new doctrine. She, by the tyranny of Chinese custom, dare not come to hear for herself, but her sons were in the habit of repeating to her as much of the sermons they heard as they could carry home; and when, at any time, they heard any exposition of scripture, during their intercourse with their teachers, they would set off to tell their mother, and return for more to convey. And so well had she profited by their instruction, that all who heard her examination were surprised at the extent and accuracy of her information, not less than at the courage she manifested in coming openly forward, with no other woman to bear her company, and in a place where she was the first, as well as the solitary confessor of her sex. It says the more for her moral courage that she is naturally timid and retiring."

In addition to those already named, he says that two other women have applied for baptism, and that six or eight hopeful male applicants were waiting for admission. At Peh-chu-in he has been enabled to make an addition to the accommodation, by which the women can now come and hear the word preached without mixing with the men, which in China is cause of great scandal. On some occasions eight or ten women come in by their own private door, hear the sermon, and leave again, without being seen by the other worshippers.

**"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."**

SOME seven years ago, we think, or more, at a meeting in Edinburgh of the Scottish Ladies' Association for Female Education in India, we remember the Rev. Dr. Charles, late of Calcutta, and now the respected minister of Kirkowen, at the close of an admirable speech, proceeding as follows:—

"How mighty have been the triumphs, and how signal the trophies of earnest, united, and persevering prayers! All Scripture and all experience are full of them; but I may be permitted, ere I sit down, to cite one instance, both because it fell under my own notice, and because it was exhibited in the case of a Christian lady. She was a member of St. Stephen's congregation in this city, and about the time of my proceeding to India, a large sum of money had been left to her by a brother in the East India Company's service, who held a high political appointment among the protected hill tribes—a branch of the Sikhs, of whom you have recently heard so much. Having received this large accession to her fortune, she, in the spirit of a true follower of Christ, devised liberal things for these heathen tribes, and determined to found a mission among them; to be called by the name of her brother, who had greatly endeared himself to them by his amiable and excellent qualities. She applied to me to make inquiries, when I reached Calcutta, as to the best method of carrying her intention into effect; and at the same time she told me that *she was in the habit of devoting one hour each Lord's-day morning to special prayer on behalf of the people, towards whom her heart was so strongly drawn out.* While I was conducting these inquiries, the agency house in which the money was deposited suspended payment, and nearly the whole money bequeathed to this respected lady was lost, and, of course, her good work could not be prosecuted, at least on the same scale or in the same form, and her prayers seemed to be lost in air. But was it really so? She, indeed, was not permitted to carry on the work, but I firmly believe that her *purpose* of carrying it on was accepted, and that she experienced the truth of the words, 'It was well that it was in thine heart.' But mark what followed. About the very time when the disastrous event to which I have alluded occurred, two missionaries with their wives arrived in Calcutta, who had been sent out by the American Presbyterian Church, and who had received the general commission to plant themselves down wherever their labours might seem to be most needed.

After consulting with various parties, they were at length led to settle themselves among the very people in whom this lady was so strongly interested, and to make choice of Loodiana and Umballa as their head-quarters, in one or other of which she had purposed to establish her mission. These missionary labourers have been from time to time reinforced, and they have not only been very useful in the way of teaching, translating, and preaching, but have also been instrumental in saving several precious souls. Now, who can fail to be struck with this coincidence? Who can fail to connect the establishment of this mission with the prayers of this lady? And how wonderful are the ways of God in so ordering matters, that the prayers of a Christian woman in the metropolis of Scotland should be answered on the plains of India, by means of a deputation of Presbyterian missionaries from the *United States of North America!* Now, to each of her sex I would say, 'Go thou and do likewise,' and I am convinced that my advocacy of the cause of this Association will not be in vain, if I can only induce them, after her example, to spend some time every Sabbath morning in earnest prayer for the poor degraded females of India, and for the spread of Christian education among them. My fervent desire is, that all of them may combine in this good work; and my sincere wish for every one of them is, that she may, through divine grace, be enabled to take such a part in it, as will draw forth at last this encomium from the mouth of Him whose praise is praise indeed, 'She hath done what she could.' "

In that interesting statement, Dr. Charles was then telling us the early history of what we can now speak of as the Church of Scotland's Mission to the Sikhs. For, by the Indian Mission Committee's Report to the last General Assembly,\* we now learn that the means so prayerfully devoted by Mrs. Campbell of Lochnell for a mission to the Punjaub, have at length become available. One missionary is already ordained to that work, and we trust others will, in due time, be found ready to join him. Prayers offered up in the privacy of a Christian lady's Sabbath morning devotions, are thus, in God's good time, ripening for that answer from which their fruit is to be reaped in the great harvest of the last day. How instructive the lesson thus taught as to the efficacy of believing prayer, and the momentous importance to the Church of even the *most private* prayers of one child of God! We trust the lesson is not

\* See our last Number, page 37.

to be lost upon us; and that, taught by the early history of this new mission to the Sikhs, we will set ourselves to prosecute it in the same prayerfulness of spirit, and with something like the self-denying devotedness in which it was devised, that of the Church, too, it may be said in regard to her work in this matter, "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

### THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

AMONG NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN TINNEVELLY.

RECENT intelligence from the Church Missionary Society's labourers in Tinnevely, gives us the following account of meetings, at which a very earnest zeal, in the good cause of Christian Missions, was exhibited by native converts from heathenism.

"When it was proposed to them that they should subscribe to the support of native catechists, who should go forth month by month from the different districts, to aid in this onward movement, and unite with the Missionaries in doing the work of evangelists, they willingly consented. It was arranged that a meeting should be held at Meignanapuram, where Messrs. Ragland and Meadows might have an opportunity of explaining their views to the assembled catechists. Several interesting conferences took place, which will be found detailed in the following extracts from the joint report of Messrs. Ragland and Meadows—

*Jan. 21, 1855: Lord's-day—Meignanapuram.* This morning early the people assembled for the Litany in the church. Mr. Thomas afterwards read and expounded part of Isaiah viii. At half-past eleven I preached to about 1000 people, taking my text from Ephesians ii. 12. I was very much pleased with the ready answers of many, both when Mr. Thomas and myself were speaking to them. One found a text and read it, even before I had read it myself. Another finished a sentence for me before I had time to articulate it. Then I heard them utter such expressions as these—'We must help them;' 'What you say is true;' 'We will pray for you.' At the end, Paul, the catechist, came with a request from the other catechists, saying they were

willing to give, some eight, some ten, and some twelve rupees, to send forth the Gospel to their heathen brethren. Mr. Thomas mentioned in his sermon—for we had two that morning—that a man, the previous day, had come to him, and offered fifteen rupees for finishing one of the pillars of the church. Sometime before, also, a man came and said, 'Sir, God has given me much prosperity this year: here are twenty-five rupees, which I wish you to spend as you like in objects of good.'

Jan. 23—Mr. Thomas took us this morning to Arumuganeyri. At half-past twelve service was held in the church. A hymn was first sung, then a few prayers read, and afterwards Mr. Thomas expounded part of Isaiah xxxv. My turn then came to give some account of our work among the heathen in the north. Paul then stood up. He commenced his speech by quoting the three verses, 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself,' 'It is more blessed to give than to receive;' and, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' 'It was right,' he said, 'that they should help the heathen in the north, for they were their own people, and their own neighbours. If a man fell into a well near Arumuganeyri should we expect the people of Nalumavadi—a distant village—to pull him out? Ought we not to do it ourselves?' At the close of the meeting, Mr. Thomas advised the people very strongly not to put their names down at the time, lest they should give from constraint. However, they would not agree to this, but said they were ready there and then to subscribe. Several gave their names, making a collection of above twenty rupees. Amongst those who gave were six women and one child. It was interesting to see the eagerness which the people displayed. While the collection was being made, three or four of the men stood up, and, urging the others to give, said, 'We have received these blessings ourselves—shall we not send them to others?' 'Give, as before the Lord;' 'It is our duty to do this.' Some gave one rupee and a-half, others one, others three-quarters, and others a quarter rupee. My companion spoke a few words at the end. They told me afterwards that they themselves were once worse than the heathen whose condition we have been describing.

In the evening we went to Nalumavadi. At prayers the

church was full—about four hundred people. We told them much that we had said in the morning. There was not so much readiness to subscribe here as at the last place. This was to be accounted for, as Mr. Thomas said, from the fact that they were not so well acquainted with the subject. However, some good subscriptions were promised. On our way to Pragasapuram, where we intended to sleep, a man who walked some distance by the side of my horse, told me that he had done what Mr. Thomas had exhorted them to do nine months before, namely, to pray for us. We arrived at Pragasapuram at eleven.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Jan. 26*—This morning there was a meeting in Kadat-chapuram church, at which my companion and myself spoke. There was the very large sum of eighty rupees promised in aid of the new Society. I noticed that in many cases, although the husband gave largely, yet the wife also would give a good round sum. The school-children also contributed their share. Some of the women gave two, and others even three rupees.

*Jan. 27*—This morning we rode to Satankullam, where Mr. Thomas had promised to meet us, to hold another Missionary meeting. This made the fifth and last. The same subject was brought before the meeting, much in the same way as before. Afterwards the catechists came to the bungalow in a body, with a list of subscriptions amounting to one hundred and ten rupees. It was chiefly from among themselves, the readers, and schoolmasters. One Mukkanthan had also given five rupees. In the evening, after commending ourselves to God, and thanking Mr. Thomas for all his kindness to us, we left for Asirvathapuram, where we were to spend the Sunday.

In another direction the Tamil Christians are putting forth missionary efforts, six of the Catechists having gone to labour as Missionaries among the Tamil coolies at work on the coffee plantations of Ceylon. This we regard as a most interesting movement. It is an evidence of vigour in the native church, and will not fail to re-act upon it with much spiritual blessing. A most interesting meeting was held at Meignanapuram on the occasion of the dismissal of the catechists to Ceylon, when instructions were delivered to them as to the mode in which their work was to be pursued. All the catechists were present, and a very large number of people, who evinced much interest in the proceedings."—*Church Missionary Record*.



### THE TRUANT—OR, TRY AGAIN.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

FROM my boyhood I have heard of Dr. Morrison, who first translated the Bible into Chinese. Last year I learned, from an aged gentleman who was acquainted with the superintendent of a Sunday-school that Morrison first attended, the following particulars:—

The superintendent saw a young lady come into the school: he went to her and asked her if she would like to be a teacher.

“If you have a class for me,” she replied.

“I have none; but how would you like to go out into the street and get one?”

At first she hesitated, but finally consented—went out, and found a company of ragged, dirty boys, and persuaded three to come, and formed a class. The superintendent told the boys that if they would come to his house he would give them a suit of clothes.

Next Sabbath she found ~~two~~ there ; but young Morrison was missing. She sought him—found the truant—brought him back with difficulty. The next Sabbath it was just so again ; and so the third Sabbath, and so it was the fourth Sabbath. After the fourth Sabbath, at the monthly meeting, she reported that she could no longer feel responsible for him.

The superintendent, however, exhorted her once more to try to save him.

At last she replied, "Why, sir, the suit of clothes you gave him is all ragged and worn."

"Well, but I'll give him another suit if he will come to school."

So, next Sabbath she hunted him up, and induced her truant boy to return once more. He called upon the superintendent the next week, and got his suit of clothes ; but, lo ! the next Sabbath he was again among the missing ; and so it proved again and again for four weeks more.

So, at the next monthly meeting, she reported how unsuccessful she had been. "I must give him up."

The superintendent said, "Why, it is hard to give him up, and let him go to ruin."

He then exhorted the lady to try it one month longer. She begged to be excused.

"Why, that second suit you gave him has shared the fate of the first."

"Well, well, nevertheless, if you will go and try it again I will give him a third suit."

So she went and brought the boy back for the three following Sabbaths. But on the fourth Sabbath she found, to her surprise, little Morrison there in his place of his own accord, and from that time on he became a most interesting scholar. He was led to the Saviour—experienced religion—made great improvement—became a man—a most mighty and useful missionary of the Christian Church.—*Church Missionary Record.*

### WOMEN CAST OUT.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out"—JOHN vi. 37.

SINNER, haste while yet there's time,  
Ere to-morrow thou may'st be  
Far beyond the reach of grace,  
Sinner, now to Jesus flee.



Bring to Him thy load of guilt,  
He will all the burden bear.  
See the Saviour waiting stands  
Ready to receive thy prayer;  
He will wash thy guilty soul  
From the blackest stain of sin;  
He will change thy filthy rags,  
And will make thee clean within.

Fear not to approach His throne,  
He the vilest will receive,  
Nay—Himself has bid you come—  
Will you not His word believe?

Seek Him then while yet there's time,  
Ask—and He His grace will give,  
Knock—the door He'll open wide,  
And will bid thy spirit live.

He will be thy Guide and Guard,  
To thine everlasting home,  
Where the weary find a rest,  
And the wanderers cease to roam.

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### BOOKS FOR THE ARMY HOSPITALS IN THE EAST.

It will gratify our young friends who have busied themselves about sending books to the Army Hospitals at Scutari, to get the latest news of the arrival of the box last sent.

The intelligence is communicated in a letter from Rev. Mr. Drennan to Mrs. Muir, from which we extract the following sentences:—

SCUTARI, 3d September 1855.

"I had, some time ago, the pleasure of receiving your kind note of the 4th August. The box containing books, periodicals, &c., also, I am happy to say, came to hand in the end of last week. I am going to take the liberty of turning these somewhat aside from the purpose for which they were designed. Within these few days I have been ordered to the Crimea, and it is my present purpose to take with me the greater part of the books so very kindly sent out. My reason for so doing is, that some two or three weeks ago, two boxes of books reached this from the Glasgow Scutari Mission, which will be sufficient to relieve the want here,

for a time ; whilst in the Crimea, as I am given to understand, books are very much wanted. The women's clothing you sent I have handed over to Lady Alicia Blackwood, who for the last nine months has had charge of all the women here, and has done an immense deal for them in every way. She has undertaken to see the various articles properly distributed. She has also promised to send me up to camp, after a while, whatever I may require for any of the women who are under my charge. I trust this will meet your approbation. I shall let you know from the Crimea how I find the men, and how your books are received. \* \* \* \* \*

I hope you will excuse the shortness of this hurried letter. I have some expectation of being sent off to the Crimea tomorrow, and I have a very great number of things to attend to before I go."

## TWO DAYS IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

MR. FERGUSSON, one of the missionaries sent out to Scutari by the Glasgow Association, gives the following interesting account of two days' work among the wounded and sick soldiers. He writes in his Journal :—

"*March 20th.*—A most interesting day. Visited the whole of the upper story of the General Hospital, and all the special cases in the lower. Found many very ill. One of the 93d died on Sunday morning. Fever is exceedingly prevalent. One man, whose piety seems genuine, gave me some money to send to his wife should he die. He mentioned several days ago that he wished to tell me something, but that he would wait till he was a little better. Fearing he might not live long, I asked him to tell me to-day. He said that he merely wished to tell me what a blessing it had been to him to have become a soldier. He was brought up in the Church of Rome, and remained in that communion till he was twenty-three years of age. About that time he enlisted into the 93d Highlanders, and attended the Scotch church when that regiment was stationed at Carlisle. He used to put his fingers in his ears during the sermon lest he should hear anything against the Romish faith. But his conscience reproved him. He could not hold out against convictions. He listened to the word of life, and with a great struggle fled from the arms

of Rome. 'Many,' said he, 'condemn the service, but it has been a great blessing to me. Had I not become a soldier, I might this day have been worshipping the Virgin instead of Christ.' This man has been telling me every time I have seen him how thankful he is for my visits. The first day I saw him, when I inquired whether I could do anything more for him, he said, 'You have done more for me already than tongue can tell.' To-day he said, 'I like your teaching, sir. I was taken at the very first with it. You did not set forth the majesty of God apart from the love of the Saviour.' He says the peace he has is sometimes a cause of terror to him lest it should be a false peace. Another old 93d man wept bitterly, and said, 'No man has sinned so much as I have.' Another young man, when I had prayed with him, and promised to see him soon again, said, with the tear stealing down his cheek, 'Sir, I would like to see you all the hours of the day.' Another told me he had borrowed a New Testament, and had spent a very happy Sabbath afternoon reading it. I promised to take him to-morrow a Bible from the Scottish Bible Society. With a face lit up with the happiest smiles, he said, 'Ah! have you, Sir—have you got a Bible with the Scotch psalms and paraphrases.'

"Another young man, who has lost both his feet by the frost, seemed so happy when I rose up from praying with him, that he longed for another to share his joys; and, turning round to his companion on the left, who was wounded at Inkerman, he called out, 'Is S—— awake?' I told him I had been with his friend before I came to him. He then said, 'S—— and I have some fine talks together during the night when we are both lying awake.' But there would be no end to these details—the history of every day is full of them. Posted, at the Main Guard, a notice of public worship to-morrow, (the national fast,) at 11 A.M., and afterwards announced the matter in person, in every ward and corridor in the Hospital, that none might plead ignorance.

"*March 22d.*—No 139, alluded to as near his end yesterday, died about 12 midnight. 132, deeply penitent, wept much when I spoke to him of the love of Christ, and declared that no man can have sinned more than he has. He said, 'Men, when they are well, do not think of these things; but when they are laid upon a sick-bed, then they see the necessity for them.' I have frequently observed that I have been led to men, not of my own people, as if by accident, whose cases specially needed attention. To-

day, as I passed along the corridor, and was speaking to some who were bundling up their kit to go to England, I was drawn, involuntarily, as it were, to speak to one who at the moment I thought was also going home. By an accident in the camp, he had received a pistol-shot in his hand, and, just before I spoke to him, had the main bone of his left hand taken out. He has been in Hospital since the 9th inst, and has just come out of the fever which is so prevalent. I endeavoured to cheer him up, taking care to remind him that life is very uncertain, and that the only source of true peace and comfort is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. With some excitement he said, 'I hope God will spare me to see my wife again. Night and day I think of her, and I literally water my couch with my tears, fretting about it.' And with his left hand leaning upon a pillow, supporting it after the surgical operation, he stretched out his right arm at full length, and, checking his flowing tears, he said, as if with fixed determination, 'I would willingly allow that arm to be chopped off by the shoulder, if I could see her to-night.' I endeavoured to point out to him the folly of speaking in such a manner. He then told me the reason why he fretted so much. He thought it possible that he might die, and he was leaving his wife in poverty, whereas, had he been a sober man, he might have left her comfortably provided for. He has been a non-commissioned officer for ten years. His wife was piously inclined, but he laughed and mocked at her piety, and by his drunken habits nearly broke her heart. When this war was spoken of, he thought it would all end in smoke; but when the trumpet called them to march to the field he found himself deceived. He has seen thousands cut off around him, and has fanned with a newspaper his comrades dying of cholera, without a thought of anything but a burning desire to be led on to battle, and not to lie rotting in camp. The Lord hath now shown him his past sinful life. I did not conceal from him what I thought, and what the Bible says, of his sins. I reminded him that I was of the Church of Scotland, and was expected by the Church of England chaplains to confine myself to my own people. He replied that he thought the difference between us hardly worth mentioning, and that he would just as soon have me to minister to him as any one else. I then offered prayer shortly, and when I was about to leave him, he grasped me by the hand, and said, repeatedly, 'The Lord bless you.' 'The Lord reward you.' His gratitude seemed almost unbounded. Thus we see many of the bravest

heroes of our battles weeping like children at the foot of the Cross.

"Went on board two ships now receiving invalids for England. It is truly a happy sight to see the men going home. I spoke to many, begging to rejoice with them. One told me he had learned since this war began to trust only in the Lord, and through the whole campaign he had never forgotten to commit himself to His constant keeping, and that, especially since he had been sick, he had not ceased to advise his comrades to cease to do evil, and to learn to do well."—*Edinburgh Christian Magazine*.

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### SEPTEMBER 1855.

LAST month has been one of the most eventful ever known within the memory of any living person. God has declared victory on the side of our Army and their Allies in the dreadful siege of Sebastopol;—and now events may be looked for, of the greatest importance to the whole world, as the issue of the conflict in which we are engaged.

How deeply solemnising to every thoughtful person is the awful moment of such a victory, as has at last crowned our arms in the Crimea! Every *child of God* will feel it to be the most solemn call, that ever was given by any public event, to earnest prayer to God, that our rulers may be led to act with the wisdom and courage needed to follow up the success our brave soldiers have gained, so as speedily to secure an honourable and lasting peace.

Let us pray, that an entrance may be opened up for the preaching of the Gospel in Turkey, and Russia, and the East.

Let us earnestly beseech the Lord pitifully to regard the many weeping widows, and helpless, fatherless children, and bereaved parents, whom the sword, in this dreadful war, hath desolated.

And let us pray for grace to cheerfully devise liberal things for the relief of the families of those who have so nobly done their duty to their country, even unto death!

**LETTER FROM A CHINESE YOUTH.**

THE young Chinese, KIUNG-HAE, who writes to the Rev. William Muirhead,—one of the London Missionary Society's agents—the letter of which the following is a translation, is one of seventeen boarders under Mr. Muirhead's care,—and is training for the sacred office of a preacher to his countrymen:—

"I have already, for several years, been receiving my teacher's instructions. From my early youth I have enjoyed many mercies, but especially have been made acquainted with the way of life, the method of redemption from sin, and clearly understand my duty in regard to it. I am aware of the sinfulness of my condition, the vanity of earthly things, the nearness of death, the certainty of retribution, either eternal happiness or eternal misery, one or other of which awaits me. The Lord says there is a day coming when everything shall be dissolved, and I shall be judged in His immediate presence. Reflecting on my own state, it seems that during the brief space of a single day my shortcomings are very many; how innumerable, then, must they have been during my own lifetime of eighteen years in this perishable world! But I have listened to the instructions of my teacher, and know that Jesus is able to save, that God is able to pardon, and that the Holy Ghost is able to influence my heart. I have attentively studied all this, and been led to understand the true doctrine, and sincerely and spiritually to pray to God. For how dare I seek to adorn myself in any mere way of empty show, which is positively sinful in the sight of the Great Ruler on high? Last year, I received the ordinance of baptism, and therefore ought all through life to glorify God, that I may hope to ascend to heaven when I die. I only desire that this doctrine may always dwell in my heart, that the Holy Spirit may ever affect my mind, and that actively and daily I may increase in all that is good. May my thoughts not be mixed up with the corrupt customs of the world, and my feelings and inclinations not fall into the snares of the wicked one. May God grant me His exceeding grace, and aid me by His boundless goodness, that while I live I may reflect glory on His name, seek to spread abroad the saving mercy of our Lord, and enjoy happiness in the world to come!"

**THE LORD JESUS EVERYTHING—THE PRIEST NOTHING.**

We give one case of usefulness out of very many which are recorded in the Journal of a London City Missionary :—

“ 1854.—The case of Mrs. —, a poor needlewoman, of No. —, — Street, is one of great interest. She was respectably brought up amongst Papists, her parents being of that faith, and all her friends are still connected with the Church of Rome. I have visited her upwards of four years. From my first acquaintance with her she never offered any objection to what I advanced in her hearing, and her children were sent to our Sunday school. Subsequently she informed me that she was brought up a Roman Catholic. I inquired if she still attended mass. She said she had not for some time, but her friends wished her to do so, and would not assist her unless she did. I read to her various portions of Scripture to shew the errors of Popery, and explained the way of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ alone. She thanked me, and promised to attend my meeting; but the promise remained unperformed till about two years since, when she came with another poor woman. Her attendance for some time was only occasional, but while there she paid very great attention to the exposition of the Scriptures. Ultimately she became a constant attendant, and is now present at the meeting as regularly as the Sunday evening returns. When I visited her during the severe weather, she made reference to the meeting, and said, ‘The more I attend it the more I see of the errors of Popery, and I am determined never to follow it any more, let me suffer what privations I may; for I have seen since I have attended your meeting that it is Christ alone that can save the sinner. My friends were at me the last time I saw them, tried to persuade me to come back to their church, and promised they would then assist me, so that I should never want; but I told them I could not, for I had been led to see the errors of Popery.’ She has two children to support, and few persons in the district have endured greater privations than she has done. Yet she manifests that she would rather endure affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. She has very little to say, but from her manner and the love she evinces for the Word of God, I believe that a work of grace is begun in her soul.

“ 1855.—In my last Annual Report I made reference to —, a poor needlewoman, as having renounced Popery. She remains steadfast in her Christian profes-

sion, and manifests a growth in grace and spiritual understanding, being a light to many around her. In a recent visit, she said, 'When I reflect on the errors of Popery in which I was brought up, I am filled with horror, and feel as if I could fly to others who remain shut up in darkness and superstition—I so long to make them see and feel as I do. Then I feel how wicked I have been, and how badly I have treated you. I used to take the tracts, and promised to come to your meetings, and as soon as you were gone I would put the tracts into the fire and burn them, without reading a line. At last I thought I would go and see what sort of a place your meeting was, as I had promised so many times to attend; and the first time I came you spoke so much about the Lord Jesus, I saw that *He must be everything, and the priest nothing*. I resolved to come again, and the Lord opened my eyes to see the state I was in. Now I trust alone in the Saviour for salvation, and feel that I cannot love nor serve Him as I ought.' She is very diligent in reading the Scriptures and in her attendance at the meetings, insomuch that during the whole of the past year she has been absent from the meeting but four times, twice on account of her own illness, and twice by reason of one of her children being ill. Several Christian friends have visited her of late, who have spoken to me of the change apparently wrought in her by the operation of the Holy Spirit. A young lady has procured work for her at her father's warehouse, Cheapside, but rather than remove to that neighbourhood to be close to her employment, she prefers walking there and back, so that she may be able to continue to attend the meeting. When speaking to her on the subject of her removing, she wept, and said, 'No, I cannot; I will rather give up the work than leave the place where God blessed my soul, and opened my eyes to see my lost condition.'

### GOD'S SABBATH.

It is sad to find such lax views spreading throughout our land on the subject of the Lord's day. We trust our young readers love the Sabbath, keep it holy to God, and are grieved when they see it profaned.

There is never anything lost by keeping the Sabbath. A pious sailor was ordered by his captain to assist in loading his ship on the Sabbath, which he objected to do, because he wished to keep the Sabbath. "We have no Sabbath here," the captain replied. "Very well," said



the sailor, "wherever I am, I am determined to keep the Sabbath." After a few more words, the captain settled with him, and he left the boat. He was soon offered higher wages if he would come back, but he refused. In a few days he shipped at New Orleans for Europe. The first newspaper he took up on his arrival, contained an account of the terrible disaster which happened to this boat soon after he left it. One morning its boiler burst, and nearly one hundred lives were lost. This dreadful disaster he had escaped, by adhering, at all hazards, to his determination, wherever he was, to *keep the Sabbath*.

Sabbath time is precious time. None of it should be wasted. A person being invited to go on that day on an excursion for pleasure, replied, "I should like an excursion very well, but I have but one Sabbath in the week, and I can't spare that." This was an answer worthy of an undying being, and a child of God. When we have but one day in the week exclusively devoted to the concerns of eternity, while six are devoted to the affairs of time, can we spare that one day for pleasure? It is the best of the seven, worth more than all the rest, and, when properly spent, the day for the highest kind of enjoyment.

Dear young friends, long may our land enjoy its Sabbaths, as days of spiritual rest and refreshment. Britain has been, till this time, a great country; but *let her give up her Sabbath*, and she will cease to be great, and the curse of the Lord will begin to rest upon her.

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### HOWARD'S OPINION OF SWEARERS.

MR. HOWARD, the philanthropist, standing one day in the street, heard some dreadful oaths and curses from a public house opposite. Having occasion to go across, he first buttoned up his pocket, saying to a bystander, "I always do this when I hear men swear, as I think that any one who can take God's name in vain, can also steal, or do anything else that is bad." *The swearer is not to be trusted.*

Let our young friends who may live in an atmosphere of profanity, beware of this awful sin; and avoid the beginnings of such an evil. God has set a mark on this vice, and He not unfrequently punishes it by directly answering in judgment the prayer that is profanely uttered. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."

## HARVEST.

ANOTHER harvest has now been completed. The diligent husbandman has at last reaped the reward of all his toil, and anxiety, and care. Let us (1.) give thanks to God for having so abundantly multiplied the seed sown, and filled His granaries for supplying His children with bread. (2.) Seek, above all things, to have the seed of God's Word sown continually in our hearts, and blessed with the showers of His grace for producing the fruits of the Spirit. (3.) Labour diligently, by anxious effort and prayer, and by setting a holy and self-denying example to all about us, that the precious seed of the Gospel may be scattered throughout the whole world. (4.) Be thankful to God for present Gospel fruits in ourselves or others, yield ourselves anew to His service, and look forward with holy joy to the great harvest-day, when all God's children shall be gathered home to REAP ETERNAL JOYS! "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

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## THANKSGIVING FOR HARVEST.

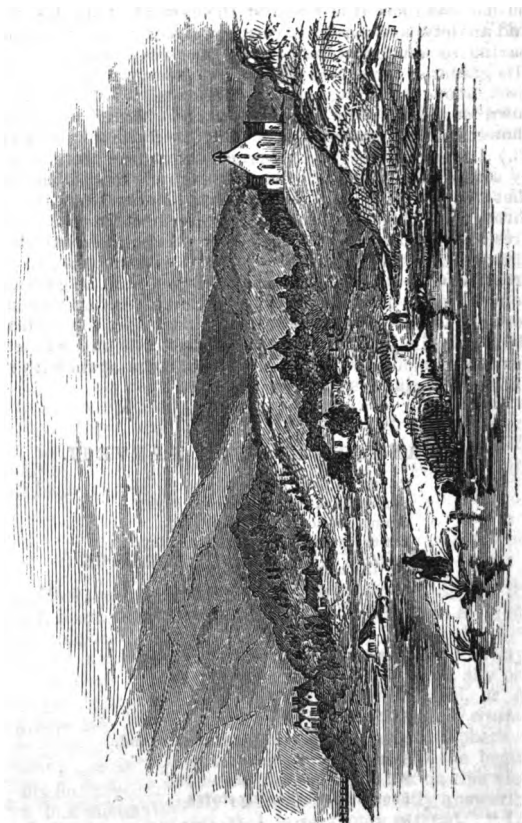
PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days!  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field;  
For the stores the gardens yield;  
For the joy which harvests bring;  
Grateful praises now we sing

Clouds that drop refreshing dews;  
Suns that genial heat diffuse;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that lib'ral Autumn pours,  
From her overflowing stores

These, great God, to thee we owe;  
Source whence all our blessings flow,  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.



## FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL IN IRELAND.

**A** KIND lady, who has recently visited Ireland; and has often furnished us with accounts of the progress of the missions there, sends us the following description of what is doing in one of the fields of missionary labour in the western districts of Connemara. The woodcut in the opposite page will give our readers some idea of this interesting spot:—

“I shall now try to describe a Sabbath school scene at Aasleagh. The drawing will recal to you the singular beauty of that locality. You will remember the grand mountains with their sharp thin edges, and their crater-like summits, from 1500 to 3000 feet high, the emerald of the grassy slopes on the one side contrasting and combining with the rich purple and blue of the rocky hollows and precipices on the other. Twisting among these mountains for ten miles is the Killery bay, which has appropriated to itself the characteristic beauties of river, lake, and ocean. It is the head of the bay which is shewn in the sketch, with the church on the right side, and Aasleagh lodge, the residence of the Hon. D. Plunket, on the left. The intermediate buildings are offices and a cottage connected with his house. Four years ago the congregation assembled in the hall and porch of the lodge—the clergyman preached from the stair. Now, by Mr. Plunket’s exertions, a pretty church has been built in a place where, seven years ago, there was not a single resident Protestant. The day-school is attended by above forty convert children, who are most intelligent and well-behaved. A good number of girls and boys, once at school, are now in situations, rejoicing the hearts of those who, in days of trial and discouragement, commenced and persevered in their Christian labours. On Sabbath, at ten o’clock, the children meet at the school-house, which is a mile back from the church. Public worship is at twelve, when between sixty and seventy attend. In the afternoon the clergyman preaches on the opposite side of the bay; and school is held at five o’clock in the cottage, among the trees next the church. It was a lovely evening. Heaven and earth were filled with light and glory. The mountains stood round about us—symbols and witnesses of those covenant promises, on the strength of which we met the dear children, and read with them the Word of God. Several classes were arranged on the grass among

the trees. One of them was taught by a pleasing-looking young woman of nineteen, herself the first fruits of the school. Seven years ago, she, with many other naked, hungry, ignorant children, had come to the school. Christian love cherished and taught them, and has already reaped a rich reward. This girl's mind seemed early taught by the Spirit, and a steady course of intelligent, consistent piety has, we trust, proved it to be His work. I was very much pleased with the three girls and two boys I got charge of, they seemed so interested and serious."

Our readers will remember the interesting account we gave them in our August number of the *Record*,\* of a little girl who had grace to speak a word for Christ, and it is of the same child that the lady, from whose letter we are quoting, says:—

"Easter came, and Mary was not taken away. In July I saw her, and had the pleasure of hearing her read and answer very nicely in Scripture. One day we were told Mary's mother had come and insisted on her going home, and of course the child could not be kept; she came one day to Mr. Plunket's to bid the kind ladies good-by. They talked to her of God's watchful care—of the strength she would need, and which would not be denied if asked in prayer—and assured her of their constant prayers for her; also telling her that perhaps God meant to use her as His messenger of mercy to her father and mother, whom she must try to please in every thing, except when they wished her to disobey God's Word. The poor thing was very quiet, evidently struggling with deep sorrow, and trying to keep back the tears which gathered in her eyes. There was no display of feeling or wish to excite interest, and so we commended her to God, and the word of His grace.

"In August Miss Aldridge wrote: 'Mary MacLoughlan is going on as we anticipated, most satisfactorily, and her trials are great. She is forbidden to go to church or school. On Saturday she came to Mrs. Tynan, (the school-mistress,) to beg that she might remain all night, so as to be out of the way when her parents went to mass. She did not go to church, (that was, the service held in the school-room on the Sabbath afternoon, by the clergyman from Aasleagh,) as they had not given her leave, but she sat on the roadside and read the Bible with another girl. She seems to see her duty as clearly as those only see who allow themselves to

be guided by God's Word, and are sincerely trying to follow that Guide.' By the end of August, God turned the hearts of her parents, so that they allowed her to go and live with the schoolmistress near them, to whom Mary is much attached. I hope that those who read this story will give these young converts a place in their prayers—they need guidance and strength, for they are sorely tempted and persecuted. The *boarders* mentioned are a set of girls and boys, whose parents are dead or gone away, and whom Miss Aldridge boards in convert families, and with the teachers; most of them are very promising. They are by this means brought under Protestant influence, and are improved in all their habits. There are twelve of them. The Association here has had the privilege of contributing to their support."

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#### FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL AMONG FRENCH SOLDIERS.

It adds a new tie to the alliance between Britain and France in the present war, (and a tie the tenderest and strongest by which Christians can be united,) to know that among the soldiers of the French empire we have devoted brethren in Christ; such as are described in the following narrative, who, having witnessed a good confession by the zeal of a Christian life, have died with the patience and peace of the hope of the Gospel:—

"In June 1853, in the south of France, while a pious young woman was gathering mulberry leaves for silkworms, her attention was drawn to a troop of soldiers passing, two of whom, (Joseph M——, and James N——,) apparently overcome by heat and fatigue, stopped a moment and entered into conversation with her. One of them having inquired whether she was a Protestant, she answered, 'I am, and a Christian too,' which was the beginning of a religious conversation. 'We are too young,' said Joseph, 'to think of these things; it will be time to do so when we get old.' 'And how do you know whether you will ever be old?' said the woman. She then asked whether they ever read the Bible, and upon their answer in the negative, offered them two religious tracts which she had in her pocket, not, however, without requiring a positive promise that they would read them. They took leave, and followed their corps.

"Eighteen months had passed away, when, in the

course of last winter, two young soldiers knocked at the door of the young woman's cottage, where she was sitting alone; and finding that she did not recognise them, one of them said, 'You will at least recognise these little books,' and handed over to her the two tracts. The sight of them explained all, and her eyes filled with tears. 'It was our ardent wish,' pursued the soldier, 'not to sail for the Crimea without having seen and thanked you. As our corps was to follow this route, we expected to meet with no difficulty in the accomplishment of our object, when it was suddenly decided that the corps should take another direction. We had reason to fear that our captain would not allow us to go out of our way and come here; but we prayed, and the Lord so inclined the captain's heart that he granted our request at once, without even a question or a remark. We might also not have found out your house, or not have met you at home, but God has answered every one of our petitions.'

"Then came the account of their conversion; how they had read the two tracts over and over again; had lent them to many of their comrades; had bought New Testaments, the perusal of which had accomplished the work of grace in their hearts; and how, notwithstanding the opposition and mockery of many, there were now *eight* of their comrades in the habit of meeting to read and pray together. The pious joy of the woman, the happiness of their short intercourse, the seriousness of the last farewell, after having knelt down together before God, can be better imagined than described.

"The next time the young woman heard about them, it was by a letter received, not from themselves, but from one of their friends, whom they had brought to the knowledge of Christ. That letter is so interesting, that I send you a translation of it, only a few sentences being omitted:—

“ CRIMEA, February 9, 1855.

“What do you think of our long silence? Can you believe we have forgotten you? No, certainly, that is impossible; but we have had so much to go through, that we could not find a moment's respite to write. This very day I am sitting on the ground to write my letter, to be alone; and I have no other table than the hymn-book that I have inherited. I am so cold that I can hardly hold my pen; but I will do my best that you may be able to read.

“I have sad news to give you; I say sad for me; for, as regards my friends, they are rather joyful. And they

will also give you sorrow to hear; for I judge of your affection by the marks of your charity towards my friends, who are now enjoying the rest prepared for the people of God. "There they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Joseph M—— died on the 3d of February, of dysentery; James N—— was obliged to stay out on so cold a night that he died frozen, four days after his friend.

"I think you will read with interest some details of their death. You have, no doubt, remarked in Joseph's language his zeal for the truth. During the voyage, he said, "I hear a voice within me telling me to speak to these friends." When we came to Marseilles the weather was very bad. We remained there two days; and as we went on board, priests came to distribute medals to us. Joseph refused to take one, whereupon the other soldiers blamed him. "No," said he, "we must be faithful in little things as well as in great ones;" therefore, when his turn came, he answered the priest, "Thank you, sir, I have one." "But even if you have one already, it does not matter; it was not given to you with the same intention." "I beg your pardon, sir, mine can do for all the circumstances of life;" and in saying this he took out of his pocket a New Testament. "Ah!" said the priest, "so you are a heretic! With men like you, little would be done in Russia." Our officer, attracted by the priest's words, came towards us, and having inquired what was the matter, he told Joseph he would make him take the medal. "He has," said the priest, "a dangerous book about him." "I know not if the Word of God is dangerous," immediately answered Joseph; "but one thing I know, that my eyes were shut, and it has opened them, and given me peace." The priest went off, smiling with pity; and seeing that he could answer nothing, the officer remained near us. "But," said he, "is it true you will not have the medal?" "No," said Joseph, "they give everything here except the one thing needful." "Well," said the officer, "after all, we are capable of judging in some things. Lend me the book that has so much alarmed him." Joseph gave him his book with pleasure, saying, "May God deign to bless the reading of it to you, as He has done to me!" I hope the Lord will answer us, for our officer still reads the Gospel attentively, and he has forbidden the soldiers who are under his orders to insult us.

"A short time after our arrival here, Joseph fell ill, and his illness lasted only three days. He had dreadful suffer-



ings to undergo. I could only visit him occasionally for a few moments, and that even by protection.

“The short time I remained near him, I was always edified by his patience and resignation. He spoke of those new heavens and of that new earth where righteousness will dwell. The night before his death he called me louder than he had done before, and said, “I think I am going to die; God’s will be done. You must write to my poor mother. How afflicted she will be! But the Lord will comfort her. I ask it with all my heart. Tell her from me I die happy. Oh! I also wished I could have returned to B——, that fine country, where, for the first time I heard about the good news that is to-day my joy and happiness! But I am going to see a country more beautiful still. The Lord bless this dear sister and her family! I wish you knew her. I always fancy I see her speaking to us. You must write her, won’t you?” and I promised him to do it. He was exhausted by what he had said: he seemed to rest for a moment, and then added, “How I wish I could see my mother!”

“I was obliged to leave him at about eleven o’clock in the morning on the day of his death. When I came back later into the tent, he seemed to enjoy the presence of his Saviour, but could speak no more; however, he warmly pressed my hand, and a few minutes after his soul went to meet his God.

“In the midst of all these afflictions, we still have to give thanks to God, that He has put it into the hearts of devoted Christians to leave their own country, their relatives and friends, to come and be witnesses of His mercy and of His forgiveness. The hardest hearts are touched by it. When one hears them read the Bible, they seem to be angels come down from heaven to snatch souls from eternal condemnation.

“I had not the satisfaction of seeing James N——; but another friend was beside him when he died, and told me he had expressed his joy at going to meet his friend. Since they are gone, it seems to me as if I were soon going to meet them as well. May the Lord prepare me for a death like theirs! Oh! do not forget to pray for this great army; recommend us to the prayers of your dear pastor, and ask him to recommend us to the prayers of his flock.

“Adieu! I have still two years of military service before me; but if ever I get leave to go home, I will go and see you. The Lord bless you and keep you!”—*News of the Churches.*



### A WORD BY THE WAYSIDE.

**H**OW wondrously God often blesses the simplest efforts made for the spiritual good of our fellow-men! Have our young friends ever given away a tract? If you tried to do good in this way, you would be surprised to find how much encouragement might be given you to prosecute your efforts.

Read the following short account of a tract distributor's experience while engaged one day in his interesting work:—"As I walked along, I approached two aged men who were breaking stones by the roadside. On reaching them, I asked one, who stood resting on his spade, if he would accept a tract: 'Yes, and thank you,' he answered. As I was taking the tract from my pocket, he fixed his eyes steadily on my face. 'There is a text,' said he slowly, and paused. 'Well,' said I, as he seemed to wait for encouragement to proceed; 'what text?' 'There is a text,' he resumed, 'that says, "no man careth for my soul;" but here is a person that cares for mine.'

"The quaint remark led to further conversation, and I replied, 'I am glad to hear you repeat one text, and hope you are acquainted with many others in the precious Word of God, and, above all, that you know that dear Saviour there revealed to us.' 'Yes,' answered the old man, 'I know something—a little of His love.' When I had expressed my joy that such was the case, he asked, 'Is it possible to know that our sins are forgiven?' The reason of his putting this question I could not quite comprehend; it was evidently not for his own satisfaction,—perhaps it was for the sake of his aged companion. 'Certainly,' I answered, 'there can be no solid peace for a convicted sinner, if he has no sense of the forgiveness of his sins, and our Lord says to His disciples, "Peace I give unto you."' Many other passages of Scripture were mentioned, such as Rom. v. 1, and viii. 16; 1 John iii. 14. 'Well,' said the old man, 'I have been, and I am, a poor sinful creature, but my sins are all forgiven.' He then spoke with joyful anticipation of the period when he should have no more sin, and should serve the Lord Jesus without a hindrance, see Him as He is, and be made like Him. 'And does your companion know anything of the love of Christ?' I inquired. 'Answer for yourself,' said he who had just spoken. The aged man raised his eyes from the heap of broken rock before him, on which they had been fixed the whole time his work-fellow and myself had been talking. 'Yes,' he said, in a humble and rather mournful tone, 'I know Him, I have known Him these five-and-twenty years.'

"We had a little more conversation on the divine faithfulness in keeping His people through a long life, even to old age and to hoary hairs, and His promise to uphold them to the end of their days, and to bring them safely to His heavenly kingdom. When I was about to walk on, I said, 'We have never met before, and may never meet again till we reach heaven; but I believe we shall know each other there, and remember this morning; for the apostle speaks of his Thessalonian converts as his "crown of rejoicing" at the coming of Christ; this could not be unless he knew them.' The second old man, again looking up, repeated the whole passage: "'For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming.'"

"I bade these aged pilgrims farewell with a lighter heart than I met them; and, as the rough hand of the

poor stone-breaker pressed mine, and both added their hearty 'amen' to my expression—'May the Lord be with you and bless you,' I thanked God for thus refreshing my spirit by Christian intercourse, and encouraging me in His own work, and I unhesitatingly gave away every tract I had with me before I reached home."

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### THE SABBATH SCHOOL AND OUR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

WE are very much obliged by the kindness which enables us to print, for the use of all our readers, the following letter to the children of the Gourrock Church Sabbath School from their late Pastor, who is now so usefully employed in ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Scutari.

All our readers who have helped to send out books to our camp or hospitals abroad, will feel as much interest in this nice letter as if it had been written to them by name. And we trust they will all take home to themselves the serious counsel and encouragement which this letter gives them to abound in effort and in prayer for the spiritual good of the brave men who have risked their lives for us in the present war.

#### TO THE CHILDREN OF THE GOUROCK CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I had the very great pleasure, last evening, of opening a box, containing among other things a gift of books, sent by you for the use of our soldiers in the East. I had before heard of this gift, and was happy to think that you had not forgotten me, and that you were willing to collect for the purpose of putting into my hands such books as your teachers might think fit to select. And I was also happy to think that some other friends, friends both of yours and mine, friends at once of the Sabbath school and the soldier, had been at the pains to forward the books so that your contribution might reach me free of cost. But you may fancy that it gave me still greater pleasure to see the box set down in my room, and after unfastening the key, and applying it to the lock, hear

the bolt sweetly slip back, and on lifting the lid, take out one by one the books which your money had purchased. Many a day I looked for this box, and now it has come, and I have the pleasure of handling, as I expect to have the pleasure of putting into the hands of others, the very books which have come from Gourrock.

I shall not suppose that these books were chosen by the scholars themselves, or that all of you had read them or even knew their names. But I may tell you, and you will be happy to hear it, that whoever made the selection has contrived to get just the very description of books which, if I had sailed all the way back to Scotland on purpose, I should have been likely to have picked out for reading here. You have sent a few Bibles and Testaments, which are always the best books, but many were not needed, as other friends have remembered us this way. You have sent some tracts, and smaller books, and these are useful, because they are easily carried in a soldier's knapsack, and easily handled by a sick man in bed, and can be read by those who feel too feeble to take up a large book. Among these I am particularly pleased to observe a tract which relates to your own "pretty village," and holds out a terrible warning to the reckless swearer. Many of the men I meet with know well the localities in the neighbourhood of "Partan Bank," and will therefore take all the more interest in reading it. And it may be that this tract will be blessed to them as I trust it has been to some in Gourrock. I am not sorry, too, to find a bundle of Juvenile Magazines, and that one kind friend has put in some Juvenile Catechisms, and a few copies of your beautiful Sabbath school Hymns. These will serve to remind me of my juvenile friends at home, and those who have sent them have doubtless rightly judged that what is suited for the young may be read with advantage by those who are older. And I may meet with some soldier to whom the *Mother's Catechism*, and the Sunday school hymn, shall bring back recollections of other days, and whom they shall remind of the lessons of earlier years.

And then there have been sent, for those who have time and strength for reading, larger books, some of the best that the English language contains. Here is James's *Anxious Inquirer*, a book which I have heard rated as next in value to the Bible. There is Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, a favourite book with all pious people, and which has been the means of leading many to think seriously and turn to God. Of these two books a

considerate friend has furnished several copies. There is that wonderful book *The Pilgrim's Progress*, of which a larger number of copies have been printed than of any one book but the Bible, and perhaps one other. Of this you have sent only one copy, and it is enough, for so great a favourite is it with many that great numbers have been sent already, and many of the men had read it at home. And then there are volumes by Baxter, and Boston, and Alleine, and Bickersteth, and a number of others, all excellent, and well worth reading, and some of them particularly suited for the sick.

It will be pleasing to you to think that these are not only good books, but books which are likely to be read, and carefully read by some at least of the soldiers. Since I came here I have known some of the same books to be read with great attention, and in some cases regretted that I had not more copies to put into the hands of other men. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* was kept by one young man for several weeks in succession, and he expressed his desire to me to be allowed to have it all the time he was in hospital. Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* was read more than once by a young Irishman, and returned with thanks. Bunyan has been asked for again and again, lent from one man to another, and I have often seen men stretched on their beds busily engaged in reading the story of his Pilgrim. The *Anxious Inquirer* has been frequently lent out, and longer time has sometimes been asked for its perusal: so that I am in hopes, with the additional copies you have sent me, and the other books as well, that I may be able to supply many men who will read these with care.

But I hope you will remember, my dear young friends, that good books cannot save, any more than good men, that it is God alone who saves by His Son Christ Jesus, and, therefore, when you are offering up prayers to Him, oh! do not forget the poor soldier. Think of the man who is suffering from a broken arm or a wounded leg, or who is so weak, after a burning fever, or an attack of dysentery, that he is as helpless as a little child, and as unable to carry his musket. Think of such a man, lying on his bed, and counting the hours from sunset till daybreak, and from daybreak till sunset, taking up, *to pass the time*, one of your tracts or books, and oh! pray that that man may profit by reading it, that he may be directed to the way of life, that so, if he does suffer here, he may not have eternal sufferings hereafter. You have done something for the soldier, and you have my best thanks, and the thanks, I am sure,

of many a poor man whose eyes will glance upon the pages of these books. But you have not done all. The long tedious hours spent on a sick-bed will come to an end, and it will make little matter then what amount of present relief reading has given to the sufferer. But the soul will live for ever, and it will make all the difference in the world whether it is saved or lost. What a blessed thing it would be if we could point to men who have been confined here for weeks or months, and say of them, in the highest sense of the words, "This man, or that man, was born there." What a blessed thing, if such a man could single out some tract or book from Gourrock, which had been blessed of God to lead him to the Saviour. And oh! how greatly blessed would that Sabbath scholar be to whom Jesus should say at the last, speaking in the name of some of these poor soldiers—"I was sick, and ye came unto me," or who should be welcomed to heaven by some who could say—"Your prayers were heard, your books were blessed to me, and although I had been careless and godless, I was led by them to forsake sin, and follow Jesus, and now I have reached the "land of pure delight." Oh! may God grant that many, both of you who send, and of the soldiers who read these books, may at last be gathered together on "Immanuel's ground." May God prepare us for that happy time.

"And then we shall with Jesus reign,  
And never, never part again."

I had thought of telling you something about the Hospitals in this letter, but as I do not wish to weary you by saying too much, I shall conclude, commending you all to the care and keeping of the Lord Jesus Christ, the good Shepherd of the sheep, and hoping that the instructions of your minister and teachers may be blessed to your souls, I am, my dear children, your affectionate friend,

ROBERT MACNAIR.

SOUTARI, 29th September 1855.

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### WHAT JESUS HAS DONE FOR SINNERS.

It is related of a Christian convert in India, that, on being asked by a European who scoffed at religion, "What, after all, has your Jesus done for you?" he replied with great animation, "He has *saved* me, He has *saved* me!" "And what is that?" said the European. "Step with me to the door," was the reply, "and I will shew you." So saying,

he took him outside the house, picked up a quantity of dry leaves and straws, and made a large ring or circle of them. He then sought for a worm; and, having found one, he placed it in the centre of the ring. Forthwith, he applied a lighted match to the dry material that surrounded it; and, as the heat of the fire began to reach the poor worm, and it began to show symptoms of pain and distress, the convert darted his hand through the smoke, plucked the worm out of its dangerous position, and placed it in the breast of his flowing robe, near his heart. "There," said he, "that is what the blessed Jesus has done for me. I was exposed to the flames of hell; there was no possibility of escape. I was condemned, and ready to perish, and He rescued me by dying for my sins: thus snatching me as a brand from the burning, and He has given me, a poor worm of the earth, a place near His heart." The scoffer looked on and listened to all this with no little astonishment. Surely he would not soon forget so striking a reply.

Dear young reader, remember *what Jesus has done for you*. Perhaps you have hitherto despised His mercy, and refused to yield yourselves to him. If so, the flame of God's righteous wrath is just ready to consume you; and Oh! how awful to perish amidst the offers of mercy to "pluck you as a brand from the fire!" May the God of all grace touch your heart, rescue you from sin and from its dreadful consequences, and give you cause joyfully to sing, with the happy Indian convert, through all eternity, "what great things the Lord hath done for you!"

---

### THE TWO SOUNDS.

WHAT a beautiful description the Psalmist gives, in the eighty-ninth psalm, of the happy experience of God's true people! He exclaims, at the 15th verse: "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted!" The joyful sound in this beautiful passage refers to the sound of the trumpets of old, when the people were called to come up to God in the solemn assembly, or when the year of Jubilee was come. Well did every devout Israelite "know" the joyous notes of these trumpets, easily distinguishing them from all other sounds. Is there any "joyful sound" our young readers love to hear, of which that referred to by the Psalmist was



but a feeble type? We trust the notes of the *Gospel trumpet* sound sweetly in their ears, and that to many of their hearts its "glad tidings of great joy" have come, dispelling the fears of guilt, removing the love of sin, and setting the blessed Jesus on the throne of their affections. There is no such "blessedness" as this. Oh! what happy hearts we should have, did all of us "know" and welcome this joyful sound: "Salvation for all if they will, through the blood of the Lamb!"

But we read of a very different sound. In the book of Job it is said of the wicked: "A dreadful sound is in his ears." What it proclaims is this, "O wicked man thou shalt surely die;" and this, "Our God is a consuming fire;" and this, "How shall you escape, if you neglect so great salvation?" Dear reader, which of these two sounds do you hear, when all is hushed around you, and you are alone with God? Oh! listen to the kind words of Jesus, love the Gospel's joyful sound, and welcome its message of peace. Then, while the "dreadful sound" of a rejected salvation shall ring through eternity in the ears of the lost, yours shall be the blessedness of those who "know the joyful sound," who shall walk in the light of Jehovah's countenance above, in His name rejoice, and in His righteousness be exalted for ever!

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### CHRISTMAS DAY.

THINK on the mercy of our God,  
Our Great Redeemer's love;  
How the dim waste of earth He trod,  
And left His throne above!  
And all, frail man to save,  
And shew him hopes beyond the grave.

He came not in a warrior's path,  
With mighty armies strong;  
He came not as a God of wrath,  
Avenging Judah's wrong:  
To preach on earth His Father's Word,  
A little child came Christ the Lord.

Glad was the Saviour's natal morn;  
Angels rejoiced in heaven  
That "unto us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is given;"  
And angels left their home on high  
To tell of Christ's nativity.

END OF VOLUME IV.

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MATTHEW XXI, 16.**

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# THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD.

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## THE TREE OF LIFE

IN that glorious description of the heavenly Jerusalem, contained in the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, we are told, in the second verse, that, in the midst of the street of the city, and on either side of the river, was there

**The tree of Life,  
which bare twelve manner of fruits,  
and yielded her fruit every month:  
and the leaves of the tree were for the  
healing of the nations.**

In such a description of the divine source of "life," for time and for eternity, how vast is the fulness of precious grace and truth that opens upon us! Let us now draw out of that fulness one or two subjects of serious meditation, suited to those prospects of the awful future which, at the beginning of another year, are forced on the attention of us all. And for this purpose, we ask our young readers to observe that, in the description of the tree of life, these two are very prominent facts in regard to it,—that it **"BARE TWELVE MANNER OF FRUITS, and that IT YIELDETH FRUIT EVERY MONTH."** In other words, we beg our young friends to meditate, with seriousness and prayer, upon two things here set forth in regard to Christ, the only source of every blessing to them for time and for eternity,—first, *how full*, and secondly, *how unailing*, is the supply, in Christ, of everything our poor souls can need for life and happiness!

### **I.—The tree of Life bears twelve manner of fruits.**

The greatest variety and the richest abundance mark the issues of the work of Christ as our Redeemer. If we would

"declare and speak of them," (Psalm xl. 5,) "they are more than can be numbered. They cannot be reckoned up in order." Verily, this tree of life is a tree to be desired; and, blessed be God, we may look with the *largest* desires for all its precious fruits as freely offered to us in the Gospel! Oh! taste and see how good they are. Take, for examples, these following, and say, dear young friends, how it is possible to be otherwise than eternally happy when partaking of such fruits as these:—

1. *In Christ there is wisdom*,—a wisdom that cannot err, to teach you in His truth—to guide your feet in the way of peace—and to open to your souls the ever-widening prospects of a growing knowledge of divine and heavenly realities.

2. *Strength is in Christ*, to subdue you to His obedience—to strike from you the fetters of your slavery to sin, and to sustain and perfect in you the life of godliness.

3. *There is in Christ a hope* which no disappointment can ever quench, and which quickens and animates the soul with the most cheering and gladsome of all prospects.

4. *In Christ is Love*—a love which never can fail, as the motive to "all goodness, and righteousness, and truth."

5. *There is Joy in Christ*—a joy that remains after every other has fled, and is for ever unspeakable and full of glory.

6. *The Peace* which He imparts, neither life, nor death, nor hell are able to destroy.

7. *The Long-suffering* which He teaches, is the secret of calmness, resignation, and sweet composure of mind amid all the vexations and troubles of time.

8. *The Gentleness* which He diffuses, is the best security against the miseries that arise from quarrelling with one another.

9. *The Goodness* which He communicates, enables us to bear one another's burdens, and to live together as children of one father, and heirs of the same home.

10. *The Faith* which He works, uniting us to himself, makes us "faithful in Christ," with all the good fidelity of a devoted surrender of our hearts to His obedience.

11. *The Meekness* He bestows, gives rest from the agitations of the proud, whom God resisteth. And

12. *The Temperance* which He implants—choosing the better part which cannot be taken away—satisfies the soul with an enduring portion; and prepares for the full enjoyment of an undefiled and incorruptible inheritance!

Such are the fruits of the Spirit of life in Jesus Christ!

and all you need for happiness is to be found in these, in infinite variety, and in richest abundance !

Now, secondly consider—

## II.—The tree of Life yieldeth her fruit every month.

- In other words, *how unfailling* is the constancy, and how unchanging the faithfulness of Christ, who is the divine source to you of every blessing !

No change of season, no change of climate, can alter the unfailling supplies which flow from the fulness of Christ. Come what may, the tree of life, with its wide-spreading boughs and rich clusters, offers shelter and refreshment to all who sit under its shadow ! Never can you go to this tree, and find it barren. Its fruits are never out of season. Throughout the whole year of our lifetime on earth, in all its varied changes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, there never can come a day when, going to the tree of life, you shall not find fruit, and that exactly suited to the day (Deut. xxxiii. 25).

In the bloom and sprightliness of youth, and in the infirmities of age—in the sunny days of gladness, and in the cloudy days of sorrow—in the glow of health, and under the load of sickness—in the night of death, and in the morning of the resurrection amid the solemnities of the last judgment—this tree will be found to afford shelter, and a sure supply of every needed grace and perfection, to all who have sought from it the life of their immortal souls !

Now, dear young friends, the fruits prepared for the spring-time of life are in store in Christ *for you*. He has fruits, peculiarly happy, in readiness for those who seek Him early. And there is a most assured certainty that seeking Christ as your Saviour now, you *SHALL* find Him—and in finding Him you find life everlasting ! (Prov. viii. 17-21.)

Yes ! CHRIST is waiting for *you*. For thousands of years, waiting, working, and pleading for men, He still waits, works, and *pleads with you*. And though rejected and despised, He is *waiting still*,—still urging you to receive the gifts of grace, still holding forth the offers of peace. “Every month” the tree of Life continues to yield its fruits. Every moment is the work of the divine Redeemer plied with unwearied solicitude, and unbounded love. And say, dear young friends, if *you* can endure to think that, in the view of offers so unceasingly and affec-



tionately made, *you* should still be holding out against Him as aliens and as rebels, who will not come unto Him that they may have life! Will you not then resolve that from this hour, Christ shall be kept no longer waiting for *you*,—that you will come to him *at once*,—that whatever others do, *you* will lay hold of eternal life! And how, in coming unto Him, are you to meet the unchanging faithfulness and constancy of His love to you,—if not by your living in the exercise of an unceasing trust in Him, and by constant prayer for the supplies of His grace? Should not supplies of grace, thus continually offered, be continually sought after and accepted? “Every month” the tree of Life may yield its fruits, but how are its clusters to be gathered, if the *hand of Faith* is not unceasingly put forth to take them?

At the outset of another year, then, you will resolve to seek *continually* for grace to live in communion with Christ. He is life everlasting only to those who wait upon Him. “Ask and you shall receive.” “Seek and you shall find.” “Pray without ceasing.” And then the fruits of the tree of Life, as they are tasted upon earth, will be the earnest of those which await you “in the paradise of God,” wherein is “fulness of joy,” and “pleasures for evermore.”

### A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I wish you God's good Spirit from above,  
To shed within your heart His holy love.

ROM. v. 5.

I wish it ne'er may cool, as years may flow;  
But clearer, stronger, deeper, warmer grow.

PHIL. i. 9.

I wish that, rescued from the power of sin,  
That love may make and keep you pure within.

ROM. vi. 22.

I wish it may with sweet yet strong control,  
From glory unto glory change your soul.

2 COR. iii. 18.

Till to your Saviour's likeness fully wrought,  
His love doth perfect what His blood hath bought.

1 JOHN iv. 17, 18.

I wish at once, whate'er all bliss ensures  
In love made perfect—and that love be yours.

EPHES. iii. 14–19.

## ORPHANAGE, CALCUTTA.

WE have been favoured with the following extract from a letter written by a lady in Calcutta to a member of the Committee in Edinburgh, dated Calcutta, 8th October:—

On Monday last Mr. Herdman accompanied me to the Orphanage. I was very much interested in the visit, and hope to repeat it very often. Mr. and Mrs. Yule seem very nice people; and their whole heart appears to be engaged in their work. They complain sadly, as you observe, of the apathy and want of sympathy shewn by ladies in this country. The children, (with one exception,) looked all as bright and happy as possible. I had Miss D.'s protégé, *Christiana*, introduced to me. She is said to be a gentle, amiable girl, and quite a treasure to Mrs. Yule. There were several pointed out to me as being maintained by ladies in Scotland,—one by Miss T—— and Mrs. M—— of Edinburgh, one by Greenside school, also one by St. Stephen's School.\* The latter, (Diljohn,) was engaged in teaching a young class, and is, I am told, beloved by every one in the school. I admired the manner in which she questioned the children, and, altogether, I took a great fancy to the girl. There seemed to be something in her appearance and expression that told me she was a Christian, not only in name, but in heart. I heard the girls examined in geography and Roman history. They read English and Bengali with great fluency, and sang the hundredth psalm in the latter language. The juvenile class, consisting of little creatures of three or four years old, repeated several hymns with a grave and solemn air. I felt peculiarly interested in them, and longed to ask them some questions. Ere long I hope to be better acquainted with these little people, and adopt one as our own especial charge. The one exception to the happy faces I mentioned above, was a little girl, apparently about eight years of age. She was, I doubt not, ten or eleven. She had been sent down the country to be married, I understand, and had been most cruelly treated, her little arms bearing the marks of tight ropes, &c. Mrs. Yule said she was now in much better spirits than when she first arrived; but I never witnessed such a look of utter dejection and

\* Greenside Sabbath school and St. Stephen's Sabbath school each support two orphans.

broken-heartedness in one so young, and my very heart yearned over the poor little creature, so crushed in spirit as well as in person. One little girl died last week, and another was suffering. I went to see her in her sick cot. It is feared she will not recover.

There was a little orphan boy had been sent, whom Mrs. Yule was quite at a loss what to do with. She had, in the meantime, sent him to pull the Punkah. He seemed a bright, intelligent little fellow, and was a source of great amusement to the younger children. I was sorry to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Yule intend going home soon. Their health giving way is the reason.

### OUR JEWISH MISSIONARIES IN GERMANY.

We grieve to tell our readers that we have been recently deprived of the invaluable services of one of our most devoted missionaries. Never have we seen a servant of God who seemed more imbued than Mr. Lehner, with the true spirit of a Christian missionary. It was his to labour amid difficulties and discouragements which would have quenched the zeal of many a less earnest minister of the Gospel. He died, after much bodily prostration, on the 11th of October last.

Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy!

• • •

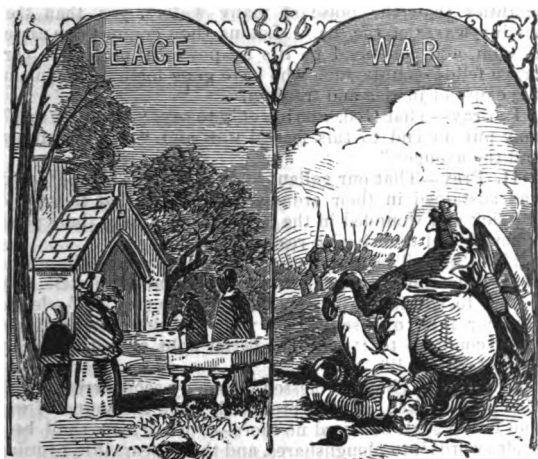
At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare;"  
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay;  
His tent at sunrise, on the ground,  
A darken'd ruin lay.

• • •

Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

We are thankful to be able to state that a successor to Mr. Lehner has been found in Mr. Kayser, Speyer; a Christian minister who has been so highly recommended for piety and zeal, as to give us the strongest assurance that he will prove a worthy successor of that soldier of Christ whom death has swept away from the ranks.



### THE TWO SCENES.

**S**UCH are the two scenes which usher in the New Year of 1856. Home and abroad! Peace and War! On the one hand you see a picture of your own happy home, in happy Scotland, with her village church and quiet churchyard, and men and women and little children going up to the house of God in company!

My young friends, think of your privileges, and value them while you have them.

On the other hand you see a terrible picture of what many thousands of your fellowmen are now exposed to in the dreadful East. Many a Sabbath-day, when all was peaceful and quiet at home, and when you have been worshipping God in your tranquil sanctuary, they have listened to nothing but the roar of cannon, the bursting of shells, and the cry of the wounded.

What the issue of all this may be—what deliverances or disasters this New Year may bring forth—who can tell? One thing we know,—and that ought at all times to cheer the hearts of all God's children,—“The Lord reigneth.” These waves of tumult may roll and toss the nations of the earth on their troubled waters, but “the Lord on high is

mightier than the noise of many waters, yea than the mighty waves of the sea." Let us then commit our cause to Him, and commend to His all-powerful protection our brave fellow-countrymen who have gone forth to maintain the cause of justice and freedom.

I. Pray—That God, who has only to say, "Peace, be still," may put an end to this fearful war, and "still the enemy and the avenger."

II. Pray—That our gallant soldiers may be strengthened and sustained in their arduous duties, and that those who are sick and wounded in the hospitals may have their pains relieved, and their health restored.

III. Pray—That many of them who have seen thousands of their comrades swept down by disease and in battle, may be led to consider "how short their time may be"—led to care for their own souls, and, while fighting the battles of their country, to "fight the better fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life."

IV. Pray—That the blessed time may soon arrive which God has spoken of and promised, when the sound of war and battle shall be heard no more—when "men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when the Prince of Peace shall take to himself His great power and reign."

"Even so! come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

## VISITS TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.\*

### NO. I.—THE TOUCH OF JESUS.

It was not many weeks ago that we entered a Sabbath School in a lovely secluded country village. The person who was to open the exercises of the School in the absence of the minister of the parish, gave out those beautiful verses in Psalm ciii, beginning with the thirteenth,—

"Such pity as a father hath  
Unto his children dear;  
&c. &c. &c.

\* We are going to visit Sabbath Schools now and then, and to report to our Readers what we see and hear. We hope to be able, in this way, to glean from what we hear in these schools an occasional word of seasonable instruction for our young friends; and at the same time, also, by looking about us in our visits, to point out, in what we see, anything that strikes us as deserving the attention of both Teachers and Scholars, for supplying a hint, or correcting a fault, or encouraging to perseverance in their good work.

which were very nicely sung, the sweet psalm tune being led in excellent time by the teacher of the school. After a short prayer, the following verses were read, and expounded by a sort of examination (or conversation with the children) which we will try to remember and report:—

MARK X. 13—16.

13. And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

14. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

15. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

16. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

1. We are here told, that “*young children*” were brought to Jesus; how young do you think they were? They were so young that Jesus “took them up in His arms.” Yes; younger a great deal they were than any boy or girl in this school. They were “*LITTLE children*.” St. Luke calls them “*infants*,” (xviii. 15.)

2. Now why did the parents of these “*infants*,” bring them to Jesus? It was that He might bless them. Yes. And surely it was just the most natural thing for parents to do who loved their little children, to bring them to Jesus to receive a blessing.

3. But what led these parents to bring their children to Jesus, rather than to any other man; for Jesus, they saw, was truly a man—he had a body and soul like other men—he was wont to be weary, and hungry, and thirsty, like other men; what was it, therefore, that made these parents think of bringing their children to this man, Jesus, rather than to any other man, as if they were sure it would do their infants good to be blessed by Him? Was it not that they had seen, and were sure, that Jesus was *a great deal more* than a mere man?

Now what had these people seen or heard about Christ, that made them sure He was more than man? His miracles. Yes. They had seen or heard of Him doing works that none but God can do. Tell me some of these. You, the first boy, tell me one. “He healed the sick.” The next boy, one. “He made the dumb to speak.” Another. “He gave the blind their sight.” Yes; and by many more such wonderful works of power and mercy, Jesus showed so plainly that He is God, that these parents could not but

be quite sure it would do everybody good to come to get His blessing. And so they brought their "young children," their "infants," to Jesus.

4. Well, but more particularly; tell me, after looking at the thirteenth verse, in what peculiar manner did these parents wish that Jesus should mark the giving of His blessing to their children? They wished "that He should **TOUCH** them." Could He have blessed them *without touching* them? Yes. Truly, without any touch, without even a word, Jesus might simply have *wished* it, and these infants would have been blessed. But their parents wanted something to be *a sign* to them that Jesus really wished to bless their children. What do you mean by *A SIGN*? Is it not something that we can see and feel, intended to make us sure of something else which we cannot know by any of our senses? For example, tell me, could these parents *see* the good wishes to bless their children which were passing through the mind of Jesus? No! of course they could not. And so very tenderly did Jesus consider this, that, to fully satisfy these parents of His gracious purpose to do their children good, He not only gave them His blessing in a good *wish* for them, or in a good *word* spoken over them, but even gave them also *a sign* that He blessed them.

He did not drive these parents away from Him, as if it were a merely superstitious fancy, and a wrong thing in them, to ask Him to "**TOUCH**" their infants when He blessed them. Nay, rather, you remember when His disciples rebuked those that brought the little children, "Jesus saw it, and was **MUCH** *displeased*, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." And then notice what He did. After that frown of His much displeasure at the disciples had passed away from His brow, Jesus did before the eyes of these parents even more than they asked, and, while giving their infants His blessing, He not merely touched them, but "*took them up in His arms*, and put His hands upon them." Thus it was, that, by His "putting His hands upon them," Jesus did, in the most solemn way, both *signify* and *seal* that it was really His desire to bless these little children.

5. Now will any girl tell me by what it is that Jesus signifies and seals to *us* His desire to bless us? Can no girl tell me? Yes; you are right. Did you hear it, boys? This girl says it is **BY THE SACRAMENTS**. And some of these boys will tell me now, in which of the Sacraments it is that Jesus puts His hands, as it were, upon "infants" and "young children" to give the sign and seal

of His gracious desire to bless even children so young as to be taken up in the arms of those who love them? In the Sacrament of BAPTISM. Yes, my boy, it is. What, then, is your baptism a sign and seal of to you? Tell me, children,—when the minister of Christ baptized you and, calling you by name, said, “John,” or “Mary”—“Robert,” or “Janet, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—one God,” and, as he said these words, sprinkling clean water on you—tell me—what was all that a sign of to you? Think you it means that you are saved by your being *outwardly baptized*, as if water touching the body could save the soul? No. No, indeed, my boy. Tell me, how, alone, is it that you can be saved? By coming to Christ. And was it not just that very thing that Jesus meant to signify and seal when He said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them?” Now, all the children in this school were baptized when they were “infants;” and, in your baptism, even as it were by *putting His hands upon you* in the sprinkling on you of clean water, Jesus did give His own solemn sign, that His promise is to you to save and bless you, if you will “come to Him” to ask His blessing.

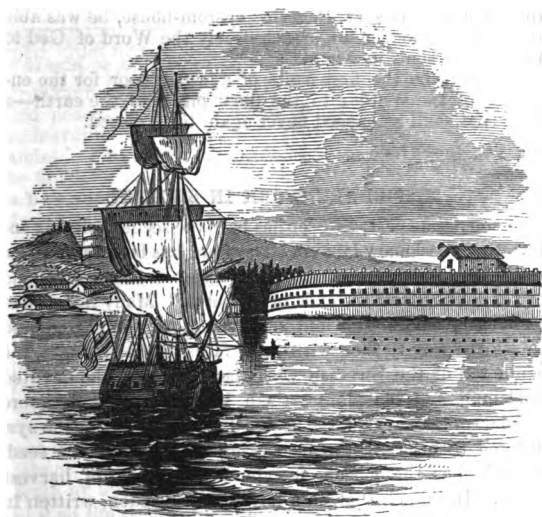
You feel, do you not, how fully satisfied of His desire to bless their children these parents must have been, when they *saw* Jesus take them up in His arms and put His hands on them as *the sign* of His blessing. You can easily fancy, as these infants grew up to be boys and girls like you, how anxious their parents would be to tell them of that very loving and tender action, in which Jesus had so sweetly sealed to them His affectionate wish to do them good. And are you not ready to judge that they were very hard-hearted and ungrateful children if, when told what Christ had done with them to signify His desire to bless them, they did not care so much as to ask His blessing for themselves. Yes! And yet, what but that very same judgment must you pass upon *yourselves* who have had Christ's hands, as it were, put upon you in baptism when you were “little,” if you, dear children, have never yet come to Christ to ask the good things He so solemnly signified and sealed to you His desire to bless you with?

With His own hand upon you in your baptism, Christ has *signed a promise to you* to give you all the blessings of His great salvation if you will only come to Him to get them. But, never can you be the better even for such a promise if you do not come to Christ to receive



its precious blessings. You are just like a person with a pound note. Perhaps you may never have noticed what is written on such a note. But, next time you see one, you will look at it, and you will find that it is a *promise* by the banker to pay the bearer of the note the twenty silver shillings which make a pound. And the promise on the note is *signed* by the banker, so that, when you see his signature, you are quite sure that whenever you take that pound note, and show the banker his signed promise to pay twenty shillings to the bearer of it, you will get the money. Suppose you let the promise on the note alone, and never ask for its fulfilment, you never can be the richer or the better for having the note in your possession. No; to get the twenty silver shillings, (which may be yours if you will but ask them,) you must go to the banker, and there, at the bank, you will find of how much worth it is to have the banker's own promise to show,—ay, and the signature *under his own hand* which has sealed his promise as true to you. Now, “by the good hand of” our Lord Jesus upon each one of you in baptism, you have had it signed and sealed to you, that it is His desire to bless you if you will but come unto Him as your Saviour. And for the use you make of that precious “pound,” (Luke xix. 13,) the Lord, your heavenly Master, will hold you answerable at the great day of judgment! See well to it then, I beseech you, that you give instant earnest heed to improve all those precious advantages to which, under Jesus’ own hand, you were, in your very infancy, admitted! Awake now, even as by the *touch* of Jesus in your baptism, oh! let it be yours to arise and go unto Him, that all the unsearchable riches of His boundless blessing may be yours in time and in eternity!

We left the school immediately after this exposition was finished. It was a lovely winter day. The sun was setting in the most gorgeous splendour. All nature seemed gladdened with the gleam, and offered a glorious witness to the great liberality of its divine Creator. We thought—what a **HAND** that is which was so lovingly laid on little children! How large its bounty! How almighty its power! How free the outgoings of its unmerited mercies! And as we gazed on the lovely landscape, and thought of the hand that made it all, and made it all so beautiful,—we prayed, that that hand might in tenderness be laid on every Sabbath scholar,—that every one of them might feel the touch of the divine grace, and be drawn by it to come to Christ to receive His blessing!



### A MISSIONARY NOBLEMAN IN THE ALAND ISLES.

**W**E give a view of Bomarsund, with its fortress, as it appeared before its destructive bombardment by the Allies. Our readers will remember of its capture on the 16th of August 1854.

We learn that a door was thus opened for the free preaching of the Gospel. "The instrument employed by the Lord was a young sailor of noble birth, who, several times a-day, for the space of two months and a half, spoke to the people on the importance of salvation, but who, to escape the 'lion's mouth,' when the last English ship left Aland, was obliged to hasten back to Sweden, where he is for the present engaged on a missionary journey to the North."

"We beg," says the author of this account, "to present our cordial salutations and thanks to the pious Captain Caffin, the Commander of Her Britannic Majesty's Steam Frigate Penelope. He was sent by the Lord in time of need; for Mallersward, our young missionary to Aland, was about to be arrested and tried for his preaching of Jesus; but through this captain's powerful representations

to the authorities at Degerby custom-house, he was able three weeks longer to preach freely the Word of God to the hungry souls in Aland."

May this be the first-fruits of a wider door for the entrance of the Word into the dark places of the earth—a door that shall be opened never again to be closed.

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### MISSIONARY WORK IN SWEDEN.

For some time past, Sweden has been the scene of deeply interesting missionary labours. The Lord has been saying "to the NORTH, Give up, . . . bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." Many in Sweden have been led to "go and seek the Lord their God and to ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." We could tell of the Swedish Christian lady, and the devoted nobleman, and the pious artizan, who, as well as the more regular missionary of the Gospel, have, in various ways, devoted themselves to the sowing of the precious seed. Already has there been an abundant return of harvest fruits. Insomuch that, in a letter from Sweden, written in August last, the writer says: "This is a time which has no parallel in the bygone religious history of Sweden, and, there is perhaps at present no country in Europe which seems to be, in so remarkable a way, under the awakening influence of the Spirit of God." But we grieve to say that the enemy is lively and strong. The fiery trial of persecution for the truth's sake is no strange thing in Sweden. The old objection to the preaching of the Gospel has been revived. (Acts xvi. 20.) The humble and pious Bible spreader has been charged with "creating much disorder, and causing other sorrowful events." And so fines and imprisonment have been the consequence. These charges were inquired into; and the result of the inquiry shewed that "the use of God's Word leads not to disorder but to order." The following instances are given:—

"In the parish of Grangärde, the wretched people, by long-continued drinking habits, have fallen into a lamentable condition. Contentions and fightings, even with knives, have, besides card-playing and drinking, consti-

tuted the Sabbath-day's pleasures of the people. Now some of the most notorious drunkards have become sober men, quiet neighbours, and zealous Christians."

"Erik Narin, who had been fined twenty-two times for drunkenness and fighting with knives, has become a pious and peaceable man, who now bemoans his former life, and endeavours to make good what he had formerly done amiss. This man thought it amazing that he should now be fined, for reading the Word of God, which had made him a new man, a larger sum than was formerly exacted for drunkenness and the conflicts which might have ended in murder, and that his reading of the Bible was legally called Sabbath-breaking, for which also he had been fined. Besides this man, several others, who had formerly been great disturbers, have become changed, and many examples could be given."

"A shoemaker, who had formerly stolen leather in the places where he had worked, has, by the Word he has recently heard, become a true Christian, and an honest and upright man. He now goes and works gratuitously for those whom he had previously injured by his dishonesty; not having money to make restitution, he seeks to do it by labour. Similar efforts to make restitution have been put forth by many who now use the Word of God."

And the result of the inquiry further states:—

"It caused great joy to see *several hundreds* of the people, formerly so deeply sunk by intemperance and other crimes, now enjoying true happiness, the durable riches. Tranquil joy and peace beamed from their eyes, instead of the staring glare of the drunkard. No oaths and curses, as before, now proceeded from their mouths, but the accents of genuine piety flowed from their lips.

"*In truth, God's Word works not disorder, but order—not derangement, but recollection, wisdom, and consideration;—not idleness, but diligence—not dishonesty and deceit, but integrity, faithfulness, and honour—it makes the simple wise.* Of this we saw numerous living examples."

Still the persecution goes on. We select one out of many cases that have been tried:—

"A few poor neighbours gathered together to hear one of their number read from Luther's 'Postilla,' the meeting was adjudged a conventicle, and fines, amounting to nearly £12, were imposed. The demand was met by voluntary contributions in the parish, to prevent the reader and his hearers from being completely ruined."

But the tried brethren of Sweden bear their trials with Christian patience: "By this means," say they, "the Word of God advances, and gains more power, and faith is increased."

Thus, it has happened, that while some of the brethren were imprisoned, or before the Court,—through their "good confession," one or two hostile and hardened hearts have been pierced by the sharp and two-edged sword of the Word of God. On another similar occasion, a man-servant, and the two maid-servants of a judge were pricked in their hearts, and began to inquire the way of salvation. A year or two ago, whilst fourteen persons were on their way to prison, they arrived one Sunday morning at a town where there was a small congregation of their brethren. At their earnest request, the conductor allowed them to attend the Divine service. We may imagine their mutual joy at this meeting. The power with which the Lord blessed this word made so deep an impression upon their conductor, that he broke out into a confession of his sins, and, before they separated, was received, at his earnest request, as a partaker with them of the precious Supper of our Lord, and as one of those who "do show the Lord's death till He come."

More recently, fifteen persons have been put in prison on bread and water.

We now close with a sentence or two of the letter from Stockholm; in which these trials are spoken of. Let any tried ones take the comfort they are fitted to give:—

"Dear brethren, how salutary is chastening, both outward and inward. Yes. 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.' How necessary that the old man should be crucified and destroyed, that the new man may arise and be strong in the Lord.

"If we look at the history of the Christian Church down to the present time, when has it flourished and borne finer fruits of faith than in those times when it was oppressed, and watered with the blood of martyrs? To enjoy calm and peaceful days is not without its danger; for of themselves they are apt to produce spiritual idleness and drowsiness. May the Lord preserve us from making flesh our arm, or seeking suffering and a martyr's crown as something meritorious. Oh! that is also a dangerous way;

but in all our weakness may we hold fast to the Word of the Lord, and give heed that we are doers of the Word, and not hearers only, and for the sake of confession of Jesus Christ willingly suffer all things. 'For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endureth grief, suffering wrongfully.'"

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### **"I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN."**

A YOUNG Swede of good family, indeed of noble extraction, but very poor, commenced, some time ago, in Stockholm, an orphanage for boys. His career is deeply interesting.

"He tried various occupations, but none suited him. He always felt restless. One idea haunted him—he wished to have a little home for some poor deserted boys, whom he might train up for the Lord, and give to the other schools as monitors for the other children. This was the day-dream of his youth, but he did not see how it could be accomplished. His relations gave him a little assistance to prosecute his studies. Of this he partook sparingly, lived nobody knew how, earned a little here, and a little there, and put it in a savings'-bank, looking upon it as the capital belonging to his orphan home. Sometimes he lost sight of his plan for a short time. He once thought he would be a clergyman, and serve the Lord in that capacity; but he knew nothing of the learned languages, and everybody said he was too old to begin such studies. But he went at the age of nearly thirty, and sat down meekly on the lowest form with the smallest boys at school, and went through the preliminary studies with indefatigable patience and labour. To become a clergyman, he found, however, was impossible, and just at that time the prospect of becoming a city missionary was opened to him. It seemed to be quite in his way; his delight was to do good to his fellow-creatures, and to make their Saviour known to them. But wherever he came the children gathered round him, and all his early visions awoke afresh. I have heard him speak with enthusiasm of a future little home with those poor boys around him. 'And why did he not begin immediately?' you perhaps inquire. No, because it is not here as in England, where every benevolent idea, founded on truly Christian principle, is encouraged, and means to promote it are immediately brought forward, almost as soon as it is uttered. Here, when contributions come few and far between, and

mostly consist of threepences and sixpences, there is always a struggle between 'trusting the Lord,' and what we call 'tempting the Lord.' Poor H., he was in a sad struggle before he decided on taking two little rooms, and the two first pupils. This, however, he did last April. Yesterday I went to see him and his boys. They were now twelve of various ages. I found them assembled round a large table, busily occupied with their lessons. For most of them he gets some little pittance either from the parish or some private person, but in no case does it exceed L.4 per year, and then he feeds and dresses and instructs them. One poor boy he showed me, whom he found in the street one night. He brought him home to sleep there, and has had him ever since. The boy looked at him much as a dog looks at his master. He has now got four rooms altogether. The furniture of his 'home' is motley. He got from friends and acquaintances, from one a sofa, from another a table, and so forth. Some contributions he got in eatables. These, if possible, he carried home himself, and actually one evening walked home with a large ham under his arm. I mention these slight circumstances to show his simplicity and self-denial. The Swedes are in general much more particular and ceremonious in such cases than Englishmen. He had a visit the other day in his humble abode, which many would have envied him. Jenny Lind went to see him. The account of his little 'home' brought tears into her eyes, and she exclaimed, 'Oh, take me there!' She went, and promised him a present of clothing, to be bespoken at Herrestad, for the boys."

May the Lord richly reward the labours of His servant; and fulfil His word in the case of these gathered outcasts, "I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you."

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### OUR MADRAS MISSION LIBRARY.

It will interest and please our young readers to get at long length from Madras some intelligence of the Mission Library which they collected the means of sending out to that station some years ago.

We quote from the Report as to the Madras Mission published a few weeks ago by the General Assembly's Committee:—

"Soon after entering into the new premises in 1852, a library of 773 volumes, for the use of the teachers and more advanced pupils in the Institution, was received from Europe—"the gift," and a munificent one it is, "of the children of Scotland to the youth of India." The books are well suited to a missionary institution; many of them, indeed, being very valuable. They were accompanied by a terrestrial globe, and a number of diagrams and plates illustrative of astronomy, geology, natural philosophy, &c. The young donors, as well as the mission, were greatly indebted to the editors of *The Juvenile Missionary Record*, for aiding in carrying out the necessary arrangements to their full completion. So valuable a present, for an object so excellent, by contributors so young, does the highest credit to all connected with it. While grateful to all, our heartfelt thanks are especially due to the youthful benefactors. We cannot make any suitable return for their Christian liberality and affection, so remarkably manifested. But while our pupils are enjoying their gift, we can only pray that He who put it into their hearts to be thus mindful of their Hindu brothers in a far distant land, may himself abundantly reward them with all needful blessings temporal and spiritual.

"The Library, it may be added, has been further enriched by valuable works, contributed to it by John Hope, Esq., of Moray Place, Edinburgh, and more recently by George Wylie, Esq., M.C.S., to both of whom also we would tender our best thanks.

"The Sabbath Scholars connected with Crown Court Chapel, London, have also most kindly sent a supply of Bibles, with a number of Tracts, &c., for the use of the *second class* in the Mission. To these our young friends our hearty thanks are, likewise given."

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### AN OLD SABBATH SCHOLAR'S LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA, September 8th 1855.

"MY DEAR ———,—In my letter of last mail, I promised you something interesting; and I have no doubt you will say it is so, when you peruse this, although it is clothed in poor enough language. The incident is about a convert to Christianity, and what I am going to tell you has come under my own observation.

"When I was a boy at the Sabbath school I used to



read with eagerness all stories about natives being converted, and looked upon such boys as something more than common. For at home, where Christianity is professed, how few young or old do we see doing any act of self-denial for the Gospel's sake! Yet not many weeks after I arrived in this country, I was privileged to be somewhat an assistant in the transaction I am going to describe, as showing remarkable firmness in self-denial for Christ's sake, in a young native convert.

"On the morning of the ninth of last month, while Mr. H—— and I were sitting in the verandah, inhaling the cool air, previous to the sun getting high in the heavens, (it was between six and seven in the morning,) I saw two natives coming up the compound. They soon reached us, and the elder one presented a note to Mr. H——, from a missionary of the London Missionary Society, asking Mr. H—— to give a place of refuge to the younger native. He had resolved to be a Christian, and to leave father and mother to be baptised. And as his parents were wealthy, fears were indulged that they would use force to get the boy back again. So it was considered safe to send him into town. This precaution was very necessary, as the sequel will shew."

The letter then goes on to describe how the parents took alarm at their son's absence, and finding out where he was, got the magistrate to come and examine the boy.

"At last the magistrate came, and with him were admitted the boy's father and eldest brother, the latter, by the low cunning depicted in his countenance, seemed equal to any mischief. The first question the magistrate put to the boy was, 'Are you kept here against your will?' He answered 'No.' He asked him again, 'Do you wish to go back to your father's house?' He answered, 'No; I wish to stay here.' At this point the brother told the magistrate not to heed his answers, as he had been tutored to say so,—he was under age, and could not decide for himself. The magistrate, however, told the brother that the boy seemed as sensible as he was; and that since he alleged that the boy was so easily persuaded to turn Christian, he, (the brother,) should try and persuade him to return home; but that, as a magistrate, he could not farther interfere, for the boy seemed aware of what he was doing, and the case was out of his jurisdiction, the boy being now in Calcutta.

"They, hearing this, went at once to the court-house,

and laid their case before the magistrate, who said he would come too, and examine the boy. You will wonder why the parents took all this trouble; but the fact is, they were afraid of being looked down upon, and jeered at, for the conduct of their son, for they belonged to the second highest class of the Brahmin caste. You will wonder, too, why the boy and the missionaries were so much against his going back; but you will be satisfied when I tell you that cases have occurred of parents giving their sons poisonous drugs, which destroy their intellect, preferring to see their sons *idiots*, rather than followers of the living God."

After detailing how the second magistrate came, and put the boy through an examination similar to the former one, and with the same result, and how the magistrate resolved to give the parents till next day to prove whether the boy was under age or not, the letter proceeds:—

"You may be sure I had entered into the case with all my heart, and was rather disheartened when I saw a possible outlet by which the boy might be taken away. However, he said he *was* of age, and said so from information his mother had given him. But it was an anxious night. There was a possibility of the friends coming through the night and taking him away by force. As a precaution against this, we asked the magistrate to grant a chookeedar or policeman, to stand at the gate all night. But morning came, and we were not disturbed."

The final hearing of the case came on before the magistrate, who decided against the parents of the boy; and they, after some show of carrying the case by appeal to another court, at last relinquished the prosecution. The letter of the old Sabbath scholar thus concludes:—

"It was decided that the youth should be baptised on the first Sunday, so only another day had to be passed over before there would be ease in our minds, since up to the baptism there was still the chance of force being used to recover him. The chookeedar was therefore retained till Sunday. And in the afternoon of that day, the boy was driven, in Mr. H——'s carriage, accompanied by the missionary, Mr. H——, and myself, as his body-guard, to the Union chapel, where he was baptised. . . . I have not words to describe the scene, but my thoughts were on my native country. I pondered over in my mind how few boys would be found there to do what this native

youth had done for Christ's sake. Christ told His followers that they must forsake father and mother for Him. This youth had done so. He acted in a way superior to the rich young man, whom our Saviour told to go and sell all that he had, and follow Him. This boy has forsaken wealth and comfort, for poverty and absence from home! A part of his trials came to our ears after his baptism. It is worth narrating. A companion of his, belonging to the same place, had found out the boy's leanings to Christianity, and threatened him that he would tell his father. To prevent this, the boy bribed him with money to remain silent. But his companion kept renewing threats from time to time till the bribes amounted to a goodly sum. This conduct coming to the ears of the missionaries they have determined to expel the naughty one. But the young native convert's conduct, in sacrificing everything for the love of Christ, is a lesson to us all.

"How many young people at home only think the Sabbath school *a task*, and the least excuse sufficient to keep them from it. But let them ponder over the words of our Saviour, when He said,—TO WHOM MUCH IS GIVEN, FROM HIM MUCH WILL BE REQUIRED. . . . Excuse me, if I have been tiresome in the relation of this the first scene I have witnessed in missionary labours. I am, &c."

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### CONSOLATION IN CHRIST AT DEATH.

A MISSIONARY of the Church Missionary Society in Western India writes :—

"Conducted Marathi service in Old Wadah. Went to see Gunga Bai, a poor sick old woman in the asylum. She is suffering from asthma, and can with difficulty speak; but she is peculiarly peaceful and happy. I asked her whether she was in pain. She replied that all her body was in pain. I reminded her how Jesus had suffered for her, at which her face brightened up, and she began to enumerate His various sufferings. 'On Him,' she said, 'I firmly trust.' I asked, 'Do you wish to be restored, or would you like to die, and go to God?' 'Oh,' she said, 'to go to God; that is what I long for; but what He wills, that is best.' I added, 'What right have you to expect that when you die you will go to God?' She replied, 'None, none; I am a poor sinner; but I hope to go through the merits of Christ; *I lay hold on His foot.*'"

## THE GOOD WORK IN IRELAND.

### A WELCOME DEATH.

It was my painful duty to accompany to the grave the remains of a most interesting child, the daughter of a convert at E——, Connemara. She was under five years old and, having been left in Dr. W——'s kitchen, when all the servants were out, she approached the fire too closely, and her clothes took fire. She ran from one room to another, crying for assistance. At length Miss W—— came in, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire, but she was dreadfully burnt. She was placed in bed, and the poor little sufferer bore her pain with the greatest patience; when her father came, he cast himself on his knees, and gave her willingly, and from his heart, to God,—though he loved her, he said, more than all his other children. "Father," she said, "do not cry, I am going to my Saviour; I will be with Him to-night,—I shall be praising Him for ever. "Hallelujah to the Lamb who hath bought us a pardon,"—the children will be singing that in heaven,—oh! won't I be happy! My own dear Saviour! How I love Him! He suffered more than this for me. Mother, give the clothes Mrs. W—— promised me, to my sister and brother; now I don't want them, my Saviour will give me clothes, as white as snow, in heaven." Her own family, and the members of Dr. W——'s, stood around her bed, shedding tears,—she desired her baby-brother to be brought to her, she looked fully into his face, and smiled, and tried to make it smile, then kissed it and, bidding all present farewell, told them not to cry, for she would soon be with her Saviour. She repeated:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins."

She stopped there, and the little Christian took her flight to that Saviour whom she loved, and of whom she had so often heard from the Bible.

Who will send any contributions for the school where this little one learned to know and love her Saviour?

## CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE WORLD.

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me;  
And the changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see.  
But I ask Thee for a quiet mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 Cor. vi. 18.  
PSALM xxxi. 15.  
JOB xiv. 1.  
Psa. xiv. 26.  
DEUT. v. 29.  
PSALM cxix. 38.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with cheerful smiles,  
And to wipe the tearful eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be dealt with as a child,  
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
And a work of holy love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
So Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee.  
More careful than to serve Thee much—  
To serve Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path  
Which call for patient care;  
There is a crook in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer;  
But a lowly heart that leans on thee  
Is happy everywhere.

For a service which Thy love appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my secret soul is taught "the truth"  
That makes Thy children "free";  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

PSALM cxvi. 1.  
1 THESS. v. 6.  
ROM. xii. 15.  
1 COR. xii. 26.  
1 COR. xiii. 5.  
JOB xxix. 11—16.

ISAIAH lvii. 20.  
PROV. xix. 2.  
ROM. xii. 16.  
DEUT. xxix. 29.  
PSALM cxxxi. 2.  
PSALM lxxiii. 24.  
PSALM xxxvii. 22, 23.  
PHIL. iv. 12.  
1 JOHN i. 7.  
EPHES. iv. 3.  
2 COR. v. 14, 15.  
PSALM xxv. 5.

DEUT. xxxiii. 25.  
MATT. vii. 7, 8.  
JOHN vii. 15.  
PSALM xxxvii. 34.  
PSALM lxxxiv. 10.  
JOHN xv. 8.

EPHES. iii. 20.  
PSALM xxiii. 5.  
PSALM cxvi. 12, 13.  
PSALM ciii. 2.  
MICAH vi. 7, 8.  
COL. i. 10.

JOB v. 7.  
HEB. x. 36.  
ECCLES. vii. 14.  
2 SAM. xxii. 7.  
CANTICLES viii. 5.  
ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

ROM. xii. 1.  
2 COR. iii. 17.  
JOHN xiv. 17.  
JOHN viii. 32—36.  
MATT. xvi. 24.  
GAL. v. 1.

We wonder how many of our young readers could repeat the texts quoted in illustration of this hymn. It would be a delightful exercise for a fireside gathering, on a Sabbath evening, to try how many of these texts our children have upon their memories, and to turn up and learn those not already acquired.

## MISSIONARY SCENES IN MILITARY HOSPITAL IN THE EAST.

THE BIBLE WELCOMED BY OUR ALLIES AND OUR ENEMIES.

THE Rev. Mr. Righter of the American Bible Society, writes as follows from Constantinople, under date 13th September 1855, giving most encouraging accounts of the welcome given to the Word of God by men of six or seven different tongues.

### I.—On Shore.

"I incidentally learned that several hundreds of Russian prisoners were in an hospital under charge of the French in the grounds of the Old Seraglio palace, and that we could gain access to them for the purpose of distributing the Scriptures. Accordingly, Mr. Barker and I provided ourselves with a supply of Russian Testaments and Psalms, and also a number for the sick and wounded French soldiers, and set out to make them a visit. We first called upon the Commandant-en-chef, in a large kiosk of the Sultan. He received us into his private room, where his wife was also sitting; and they listened with much interest to our statement of what we had already done, and wished to do, toward supplying the soldiers of the allies and their prisoners with the Word of Life. He then conducted us himself to a Russian officer in the large saloon, and we presented him with a Testament in his own language. We could not speak to him, but the book spoke more tenderly than we could express of the love and fellowship of the Gospel of peace, which regarded all men as brethren. He took it, and pressed it to his bosom, and manifested by signs, the greatest thankfulness for so precious a gift. As this was the only superior officer among the prisoners, the commandant now ordered his servant to conduct us to the barracks below, and gave his authorisation to distribute Testaments among all the Russians who could read, and also to the French. We found there were three or four hundred prisoners, but of all this number only six or eight were able to read. These received our Testaments with much joy, pronouncing it, 'Good, good.' One of them took off his cap, and pressed me by the hand as a brother. Doubtless this was the first time they had ever seen the Gospel, as the circulation of the Bible is entirely prohibited throughout all Russia. Many of them were horribly

wounded and mutilated by bayonets, balls, and bombs, which shewed the terrible nature of their fight; and we therefore rejoiced the more to convey to them the message of life, peace, and salvation beyond the grave, if they received it in the faith and love of Christ.

"We then directed our attention to the wounded French, who were lying in the same rooms, side by side with the Russians. They were also entirely destitute of the Scriptures, and received our Testaments with many expressions of—'Thank you, thank you infinitely, gentlemen.' As we entered the long corridors, a sergeant called out for all who wished New Testaments to come forward; and they came, pale, emaciated, maimed, and upon crutches, to receive the gift; and those who could not leave their beds, stretched out their hands imploringly that we would also bring it to them, and all began eagerly to read the words of life and salvation. Never did I enjoy a work more than distributing the Gospel to these poor sick and suffering soldiers. It seemed almost like the scene at the pool of Bethesda, where lay a great multitude of impotent folk, and when an angel went down and troubled the water, each was healed of whatsoever disease he had.

"Among the hundreds of French that we visited, we found but *one* who said he could not read. A surprising contrast between them and the Russians, where not more than *one* or *two* in a hundred were able to read. But our little stock was soon exhausted; and it was hard indeed to refuse many who reached out their trembling arms to us for more when all were gone. Little did the former sultans, followers of the false prophet, ever dream that one day Christians would distribute the Gospel of Christ to French and Russian soldiers in the grounds of their old seraglio palace. 'Behold what hath God wrought! It is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.'

## II.—On Board an Hospital Ship.

"We have since made another visit to a company of Russian prisoners, taken at the battle of the Tchernaya. These were also under the French flag, on board a disabled man-of-war up the Golden Horn. As we reached the ship, they at once gathered around us, and began to examine our books; but we had no interpreter, and of course could not converse with them. We adopted the expedient; however, of opening our Testaments to find if they could read, and then by signs made them understand it was theirs if they

wished. And it was most interesting to see their expressions of delight when they discovered it was the Gospel and Psalms. 'Evangelia, Psalteria,' they exclaimed, taking off their caps, putting their hands upon their breasts, and calling it, Good, good.' They soon collected around us in such numbers that it was necessary for a French guard to keep them at a distance till we examined if all who applied could read, that each might have a Testament. They were so anxious to read well that their voices often trembled like schoolboys in repeating their lessons. I soon found among them a German with whom I could speak, and gave him a Testament. He first said:—'I have no money.' I told him it was without money and without price. He then gladly took it, saying: 'I thank you much;' and afterwards manifested great interest in bringing others to us, and acting as interpreter for them. There were also many Poles who begged for the Scriptures in Polish. The Russians, however, continued to come up from the holds and sides of the ship, proving they could read, and receiving the Testaments from our hands till all were taken, and yet numbers urged for more. We had also provided a few Testaments for the French soldiers. These were received with equal gladness and demonstrations of gratitude, but for them also our supply was insufficient. Russians, French, and Poles also crowded around us as we were leaving, and earnestly entreated us to bring 'plus Française, mehr Ruskish, mehr Polish.' This we promised to do, and hastened to fill our sack again from the depository. On our return they gave us a *Russian* welcome, and sent down a soldier to carry up our books. The French guard now arranged the prisoners in military line, three in a rank, that we might examine all, and give a Testament to each who could read. Not one refused, but all received it as the Book of God. It truly seemed like giving drink to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, to give the Word of life to these poor Russian prisoners of war. Two came to me who could not read, and signified that they wished to receive a blessing as they could not have a book. These, in contrast to the others we visited, were intelligent-looking men. Of the three or four hundred that we saw more than sixty could read, and we supplied each with a Testament. They at once withdrew, gathered their comrades in groups around them, and began to read the Scriptures aloud to them. Thus the Word was multiplied a hundred-fold for the benefit of all. We took leave, with many blessings from their lips, and prayed that the Lord would bless His truth to their everlasting salvation.



**RENEWAL OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSION.**

THE Christian public of Edinburgh have been recently interested by a visit from the Rev. G. P. Despard, Honorary Secretary of the Patagonian Mission. It is some time since we related to our young friends the sad issue of this deeply interesting mission. We doubt not that they will be glad to know something of its renewal.

It is now three years since Captain Allen F. Gardiner and his brave little company of missionaries, six in number, endured the sufferings and horrors of death by starvation, on the dreary shores of Terra del Fuego. \* "When the place was visited a few months after," says the account from which we now quote, "the skeletons of these faithful men were discovered near a cave in which they had sought shelter. Journals which were found, containing a record of their sufferings, and one of which, written by Captain Gardiner, continued the sad narrative almost to the time of his departure, bore testimony to the faith, and patience, and love of the sufferers, each of whom seemed to forget his own misery, in his anxiety to alleviate the sufferings of his companions. And thus, although the object of their sojourn in a heathen land, in the conversion of the natives, was not accomplished, the grace and power of the Saviour, whom they served and loved, were magnified.

"Weeks and months rolled on, and the public heard no more of the Patagonian Mission. The enterprise seemed to be buried in the grave of Captain Gardiner and his faithful companions. But it was not so; the purpose of sending the Gospel to the heathen tribes of South America was still cherished in the hearts of some of God's people, and results full of promise have already been accomplished. What these results are we now proceed to relate.

"The interest excited by the death of Captain Gardiner and his companions proved instrumental in placing in the hands of the committee several thousand pounds for the furtherance of the Patagonian Mission; and the knowledge and experience so dearly purchased enabled the committee to prosecute the enterprise in a way which, by God's blessing, is best calculated to lead to a successful issue. They built, and fitted out in the most complete manner, a fine

\* See our notices of this Mission, and the heart-rending disaster by which it was brought to a close, in the volume of the *Juvenile Missionary Record* for 1852.

vessel, of great strength and sufficient tonnage, for the safe performance of the long and dangerous voyage to South America, and for the navigation of the seas for which her future services are destined. This vessel, which is called the *ALLEN GARDINER*, was entrusted to the care of a master whose nautical skill, and Christian zeal and principle, qualified him for the important trust.

"The vessel had on board, first, an abundant stock of provisions of every kind to last for twelve months. Ship stores, most varied in sort and most ample in supply. Arms and ammunition—nets, twine, rope, tools—for land and sea service. Then a fine nine-roomed wooden-house—ready to put up, with furniture, linen and every reasonable convenience for the same, was part of her freight. Also a building, in wood, to serve for a two-stalled stable—with hide-house on one side and store house on the other, and the posts and rails of a large cattle-fold. A wheelbarrow complete and two others in frame—and wheels and shafts for a cart—saddles and harness for horses—these with many other useful articles, made up the cargo of the *Allen Gardiner*. On Sunday, January 28th, she anchored in Committee Bay, Keppel Island, Falklands. Within a fortnight from this time, the wooden house provided for the mission party was erected on Keppel Island, and inhabited by the little missionary Colony.

"When the first band of Christian heroes went forth, they possessed not a knowledge of the language. The second band is furnished with this. A grammar and dictionary of this tongue have been discovered. Again, when the first band undertook this arduous enterprise, they knew of no Patagonian chief to visit in a friendly manner. The second has been invited by Cassimiro to come and visit him and his heathen tribe, with the view of instructing them in the Gospel of Christ. Finally, the political state of the Continent is highly favourable for the spread of the true faith. Popery has been tried and her false character revealed. The Indian despises her bondage; the Spaniard laughs at her mummeries. Intestine wars are partially hushed, and the influence of England and France has opened the river Plate to the advancing tide of commerce and Christianity. As in China, so in South America, there has been a vast breaking up of ancient superstition, national prejudice, and by-gone despotisms, and a way is shewing for the free course of the Gospel."



### VISITS TO SABBATH SCHOOLS.

#### NO. II.—WHAT COMES BY HEARING, AND THE RIGHT USE OF WHAT WE HEAR.

As soon as the minister entered the room, and all those children gathered about the door had got in and were quietly seated, the business of the Sabbath school was begun with praise and prayer; and then followed the reading and expounding of

#### MARK X. 46—52.

46. And they came to Jericho: and as He went out of Jericho with His disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the highway-side begging.

47. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.

48. And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me.

49. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And

they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise ; He calleth thee.

59. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus.

51. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee ? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight.

52. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way ; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

1. The miracle of healing here described, said the minister, was wrought upon "blind Bartimeus."

Now the first girl in the first class, will look and tell me where this blind man was, and what he was doing?—He "sat by the highway-side begging." Had he anything wherewith to pay doctors, to try to cure his blindness?—No; he was a poor beggar, who had nothing to give, and needed to ask for everything he got :—While even if he had been able to pay thousands of pounds for all the doctors in the world, think you they could have healed him?—No, truly; the man was stone blind, and utterly incurable by any human skill. What then, are *two* things, thus noticeable in the sad case of this man, which went to make his as helpless and hopeless a case as well could be?—(1.) He had nothing wherewith to buy any relief to his blindness, and (2.) even though he had, no human help that money could buy would have been of any avail. There he sat, therefore, in a dreary, dreary darkness, shut out from all that is beautiful in God's fair creation, and utterly helpless in his hopeless misery !

2. But next the second girl, will notice in the case of this poor blind man, there was one thing he had special reason to be thankful for—and what was that ? Stone blind he was, but how thankful he had reason to be that *he had his HEARING*. How great a blessing that was to him will soon appear, if now you look to notice how very much came to Bartimeus "by hearing," and by that *right use* he made of what "he heard."

Picture to yourselves the blind man sitting in broad day light, his sightless eyes rolling about in utter darkness. Suddenly his ear catches the sound made by the many feet on the road, of "a great number of people" moving past him. The sound makes him curious to know what it all means, this great hustle of so vast a multitude on the move out of Jericho. He listens to what is said by the people one to another as they pass, or perhaps he inquires, and soon he learns that Jesus of Nazareth is passing that way.

### Knowledge of Jesus

was thus one thing that came to Bartimeus "BY HEARING," and the knowledge, too, that the Saviour was *within his reach*,—and was not that a great thing for him to know? Could he feel as if so good news might be safely disregarded? No, indeed.

3. Notice next, therefore, what use blind Bartimeus made of that *knowledge* which came to him "*by hearing*." The forty-seventh verse tells you: "when HE HEARD that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me." In other words, he *believed* that what he heard was true,—ay, and instantly set himself to *act upon* the truth of what "he heard," in "strong crying," for the help he hoped for at the Saviour's hand.

### Faith in Jesus

was thus another thing that came to Bartimeus "BY HEARING;" and it was a faith that reached out to lay hold on the Saviour in earnest *prayer* for his deliverance. The blind man could not see anything for himself:—how reasonable and right it surely was, therefore, that when "he heard" from those who *had seen* Jesus, that it was indeed He who was passing by that way, Bartimeus should *believe the word of trustworthy witnesses*. Like a wise man it surely was in him to *believe* those who could tell him what he could not see for himself, and to *act upon* the truth of what "*he heard!*" Above all, how right and wise it was in him not to lose a moment in seizing the opportunity (since for aught he knew it might be the *only* opportunity he might ever again have) of reaching Jesus with his cry for help! In spite, therefore, of every discouragement from "many" who "charged him that he should hold his peace," (verse 48) "he cried the more a great deal."

4. And how well it was for him that he did so! For look at verse 49, and notice that the simple-hearted earnestness wherewith the blind man's faith cried out reached the ear of Jesus, and seemed instantly to arrest him, for he stood still, and "commanded Bartimeus *to be called*." "And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise, *he calleth thee*." And Bartimeus was not faithless. As yet, indeed, the blind man could not *see* as others could the evident signs that Jesus had a purpose of mercy to him. But when he was *told* it he *believed*, and at once took the comfort of the assurance that in passing by that way Jesus did indeed design to give *him* a blessing. "By hearing"—there thus came to blind Bartimeus not only

*knowledge of Christ and faith in Him, but also, thirdly,—*

**A Comforting Assurance of Jesus' Purpose of Mercy to him.**

Trusting the testimony upon which "he heard" that Jesus desired him to come to Him, Bartimeus believed and made himself *sure* that *he* was called. He at once, therefore, obeyed; though in his blindness he might be said to go "not knowing whither he went." Simply taking Jesus at His word, who, he heard, had "commanded him to be called," Bartimeus, (don't you think you see him?) with eager haste casting away his garments lest they might hamper and hinder him in going, instantly arose and *came to Jesus!* And what was the issue? Was ever an obedient faith more richly rewarded? He got his whole heart's desire. Put to it by Christ to tell out whatever he wanted, the blind man asked, and **IMMEDIATELY** *he received his sight!* Light poured into his dark eye-balls! And, oh! with how unspeakable a joy must his heart have overflowed, as he gazed upon the face and form of his divine Saviour, and "followed Jesus in the way!"

The examination, thus far carried on in conversation with the girls, was, at the end of the hour before the school dismissed, again taken up and revised with the boys, who assisted by their answers in farther bringing out two lessons in which the exposition was thus applied:—

I. As to our state by nature, in regard to the spiritual and unseen things of the eternal world, what better are we all than blind beggars? As "miserable" sinners we are both "POOR and BLIND." (Rev. iii. 17.) (1.) We are absolutely without anything to offer as the price of our deliverance; and (2.) though we had worlds of wealth to give, no help it could purchase could ever save us. It may be, that many in this sad state "know not that they are miserable, and poor, and blind," and care not to be healed; yet it is not the less true that every one of you is born into the world in a state in which your *hearts are blinded!* You see not that there is a God, and a heaven, and a hell. You live as if these were not! You see no beauty in Christ that you should desire Him as your Saviour! And so we have daily to mourn over the dreary state of boys and girls among you, and of grown up men and women in the world, who, with hearts utterly blinded, are sitting in spiritual darkness, and in the dreadful shadow of eternal death!

II. But, though it may be that as yet you do not see as you ought the reality there is in those things which are eternal—one thing at least let us be thankful for—that you are in the way of HEARING about the Saviour. By every public meeting together of Christians, as in the trooping after Jesus of “His disciples and a great number of people,” you catch a sound which surely must make you curious to know what all this gathering of people into congregations means! Listening, therefore, to what you hear in these congregations, and inquiring what it means, you have learned, have you not?—that the Saviour, Jesus the Son of God, *has* come into the world, and that *He is even now WITHIN YOUR REACH!* Oh! is not that a great thing for you to know? Can you feel as if so good news may be safely disregarded? I beseech you not to trifle away the present opportunity, which, for ought you know, may be the only one you will ever again have of reaching Jesus with the cry for help! Hearing what is testified of Jesus—that He is within your reach, a Saviour able and willing to save all who call upon Him, yea, that He *commands* such to be specially encouraged to come and ask what they will—hearing all this, like blind Bartimeus, be not faithless but believing, and *instantly* act upon the call to come to Jesus! Casting aside every weight that could hinder your coming, hasten you now to beseech Him to save you! And as there is truth in this word of God, the eyes of your understanding shall be enlightened, and, following Jesus in the way to heaven, you shall no more walk in darkness, but have the light of life for evermore!

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### CHILDREN BELIEVING WITH THE HEART, AND BRINGING FORTH THE FRUITS OF FAITH.

In a recent letter from Stockholm we are told, that among the little girls in an industrial school at Herrestad, a remarkable awakening has taken place. The schoolmaster had for some years felt much discouragement. He saw no signs of the Word of God entering the hearts of his pupils. It seemed to go no farther than the understanding. This year, however, several little girls began to be seriously troubled about their sins. Their sorrow was soon turned into joy, when they began to understand what the Saviour really had done for them. All this, which before they had

learned by rote, now became a living word to them. It became food to their souls, and the missionary spirit, which generally awakens at the first real perception of these blessed truths, influenced their little hearts also. They trudged away through the deep snow, where there was scarcely any road, to an old sick woman, of whom they understood that she did not know Christ. Often and often they repeated their visits, it is to be hoped to the benefit of their aged disciple. Not only in this way was the influence of the Spirit apparent, but in a decided change of life. The wayward became kind, the headstrong became humble and obedient, the lazy became diligent. And so they continue. Some of the worst girls have now become the best. I saw them when a good minister addressed the children on the love of Christ. I can never forget these girls, about eight or ten in number, how their eyes glistened, and what a heavenly expression beamed in their countenances. May the Lord keep and bless these lambs in His fold!

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### THE GOD OF PEACE BRUISING SATAN.

ON visiting an aged parishioner, some little time ago, we were rejoiced to find, amidst great *bodily* weakness, so much of the "joy and peace in believing," keeping the heart. There was "strong confidence" in the prospect of a speedy departure to the world of spirits—indeed *so* strong as to make us anxious to be quite sure it was the confidence of true faith, and had the Gospel foundation. And we soon had no room left to question this. We never saw deeper *humility* joined with firmer confidence—lower views of self, with higher views of the Saviour. The aged man rejoiced ONLY "in Christ Jesus." His own righteousness and doings he regarded as "filthy rags"—and he seemed to shrink from the thought of merit in himself, and to take comfort only from contemplating "the wonders" which, he said, Jesus had done for him.

We asked him, if, amid his bodily prostration, Satan were not trying to sift him. "Ay, he's here," he replied, "and busy—but God 'll not let him get the victory! we've the promise about the God of peace bruising Satan, and so *He's bruising him.*" What a victory was here! victory through the blood of the Lamb, and the "glorious power" of the Captain of salvation. This believing child of God had taken unto him the whole armour of God, and at this last encounter the shield of *faith* was firmly held up, with



its glorious array of divine promises, and with it he was "able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one." His expectations were fulfilled. Satan was not permitted to overcome him. The God of peace bruised him under His servant's feet—and, when the message of death arrived, he was found more than a conqueror, and introduced, we doubt not, into the kingdom of glory promised by the God of peace to him that overcometh.

Are our young readers feeling the power of the wicked one? There is but one source of safety for you, dear young friends. Do you know God as *the God of peace* through the reception of an offered Saviour? If so, the God of peace will thoroughly furnish you for every encounter with Satan, cause his fiery darts to fall powerless, and, as in the case of the aged believer of whom we have been telling you, "*bruise him under your feet shortly.*"

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### HYMN.

BY A READER OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD,  
ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

HARK! I hear sweet voices say,  
To Calvary, sinner, find thy way,  
That there thy heart may cleansed be  
From all its sin and misery!

There's grace enough, and mercy too,  
There's room enough in heaven for you;  
Dost thou not hear the Saviour cry,  
"Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

But, sinner, just look up and see  
What dreadful pains He bore for thee;  
For thee, with thorns, thy Lord was crowned,  
For thee, He to the cross was bound.

And listen now, He speaks to thee,  
Although He is in agony,  
"Look, sinner, I've done this for thee,  
But what hast thou e'er done for me?"

Asham'd, Lord, at Thy feet I lie,  
Grieved that my sins should make Thee die;  
Pardon them all, O Lord! I pray,  
And make me better every day.



## SMYRNA.

**I**T gives us pleasure to announce to our young friends that another labourer has been added to the number of our missionaries to the Jews. Mr. Benoliel, our new missionary, is himself a converted Jew, and has for years been engaged in preaching that Saviour whom once he despised. There is abundant reason to believe, that through grace he will be a faithful and earnest missionary, and, *if we help him by our prayers for a blessing on his labours*, that he will also be a *successful* minister of Christ. Yet we would always impress upon the minds of all our readers, that *DUTY*, in the way of *effort* and *prayer*, is ours. *SUCCESS* is in the hand of God, to give it in what *way* and in what *measure* He pleases. The promise is *sure* that if we continue asking *humbly*, and in the *name of Jesus*, and with a *simple and earnest desire for the glory of God*, we *SHALL* receive as God sees it best to give.

It is not yet fixed where Mr. Benoliel is to carry on his missionary work; whether at Salonica—better known to us as the Thessalonica of the New Testament, or at

Smyrna, another well known Bible name. There are many Jews in both places, and the deep necessities of both seem to utter out the cry to us now, as to the Apostle Paul of old, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." It is hoped that we may soon find missionaries to occupy both fields of labour. Meanwhile, Mr. Benoliel has been sent to Constantinople, that, after conference with other servants of Christ in these quarters, he may be ready to go forth, either to the shores of Macedonia or to the shores of Asia, according as the cry for help may seem the louder, and the door of usefulness the more open.

Our picture presents a view of Smyrna stretched out upwards at the bend of its lovely bay, as it now is,—not as it was. The Smyrna of the Book of Revelation is no more to be seen. Many centuries have elapsed since, as we read, "plague, fire, and earthquakes turned that city, one of the glories and ornaments of Asia, into rubbish and ashes, overturned its stately houses, and ruined its temples." The modern Smyrna is a populous and flourishing mercantile city; but how sad to think that scarcely a ray of Gospel light now shines in that place where so many tried servants of Christ proved "faithful unto death," and so obtained from Jesus, according to His promise, "the crown of life!" (See Rev. ii. 8-10.) A traveller who once visited the place says: "On the top of the hill which overlooks the city and bay is an old castle. . . . In our descent to the south-east, we entered the amphitheatre where St. Polycarp, first bishop of this city, was martyred; the stone steps being removed for the most part by the Turks for their buildings and other uses. In the sides of this vast amphitheatre or basin on the hill behind the city, are still to be seen the two caves opposite to each other, where they used to enclose their lions, fighting with beasts being in ancient times the great diversion of the people of this country, to which they usually condemned their slaves, and the poor Christians especially." (See 1 Cor. xv. 32.)

This Polycarp lived in the time of the Evangelist John, and, we are told, conversed familiarly with him. Some suppose he is referred to in Rev. ii. 8, as the angel of the Church of Smyrna, to whom our Lord Jesus sent that epistle. Smyrna has always been celebrated as the place of Polycarp's martyrdom. A minute and deeply interesting account of the aged martyr's death is given in an ancient letter written from the early Church of Smyrna to the Church of Philadelphia, to which we hope to refer next month.

### WHAT SHALL I DO FOR THE HEATHEN?

Six hundred millions are perishing in ignorance of the Saviour, unfitted for heaven, hastening to death and the world of woe. How fast they are dying—twenty millions every year! Oh, that flood of ruin! Can it not be stayed? What can I do towards staying it? What can I do for the heathen? You can

*Think of them.* Think of these dying millions daily. Dwell upon their condition. Read of them, that you may think, and think rightly.

*Feel for them.* Steel not your heart, nor make it adamant, when you read, hear, or think of their state, and their dread prospects for eternity. Let your heart feel for them, as their state calls you to feel.

*Pray for them.* Can it be that he who does not think of and feel for the heathen enough to induce him to pray earnestly for them, is like Christ in compassion for souls perishing? Prayer, earnest, humble, believing prayer, has been, and ever will be effectual for good to the heathen. God has taught us to offer it; it is a principal petition in the Lord's prayer.

*Give for them, if you can.* And can you not? Can you not better spare some of the money of which God makes you His steward, than they can do without the Gospel? Give according to the ability God gives you. Do it gladly, for "God loveth a cheerful giver."

*Go and carry the Gospel to some of the heathen, if you may.* Some may themselves go. It is a duty, and a privilege; yes, a privilege most precious. Youthful reader, should you not preach the Gospel to the heathen? Shall they be left to perish by your neglect? Will you not be like Christ in efforts to save the lost?

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### YOUNG IRISH MARTYRS AND MISSIONARIES.

A LITTLE girl attending the Glan school, was one day with her mother on the bog, working with turf. Her mother is a rigid Roman Catholic, and threatened if the child would not leave off going to the "jumpers' school, she would trample her in a bog-hole. The little girl replied: "Mother, you may do so if you choose, but though you may kill my body, you cannot kill my soul; I would die

a true convert. You cannot knock Protestantism out of me."

A convert girl at Oughterard, was desired by a Roman Catholic lady to bring her some crechet, and she would buy it. The little girl did so, the lady asked what school she went to, and why she did not go to the priest's school, and to mass? The girl replied: "That she should not get the Bible there, and that the Bible taught that the religion of the Church of Rome was wrong." The lady gave the girl some food, and then some wool, and told her if she would be at mass on the following Sunday, she would employ her as her children's maid, and take her on her own car to mass every Sunday, and also give her mother wool to spin. The girl replied: "That if she gave her meat and wool as charity, she would take it; but if as a bribe, she would not take it, for she would never give up the Bible for any temporal gains."

Among the convert children in the Lough Mask Mission, there is a zealous young missionary. The poor little fellow is deformed, and about twelve years old. He visits most of the houses near him, enters into religious conversations with the people, and, when permitted, reads the Bible for them. On last Saturday evening, hearing that a neighbour was ill, he went to his house, sat by the side of the sick man, and spoke to him of the necessity of entire dependence on the finished work of the Lord Jesus, quoting Acts iv. 12. He then began to read, and as the man spoke English imperfectly, he got his daughter to translate while he read. Word was brought that the priest had come to anoint the man, so the little boy, with others, had to leave the house. After the priest departed, he returned, and the dying man beckoned him to approach the bed. He did so, and continued speaking till the poor man became insensible. He would not allow the child to be put out of the house, but listened attentively. Truly, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

In Achill, a respectable Roman Catholic said: "As for the children that were in the schools, you might as well move the mountain of Sleivemore, as bring one of them back to our church." As a proof of this I may adduce the following: A young lad, educated in one of our schools, attended his mother on her death-bed. She was a Romanist, and sent for the priest, in opposition to the entreaties of her son. The priest came, but refused to administer the last rites of his church to the dying woman, unless her son would apostatize. The boy refused. His mother requested

him as a last favour, she entreated, friends threatened, but he had read: "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." The priest went away without anointing the poor woman, who became violently incensed, and cursed her son almost with her dying breath, and groped about her bed for stones to cast at him. The poor boy had a narrow escape of being killed by the people of the village, one of whom came behind him with a bludgeon, but a reader who was present, warded off the blow that was aimed at his head. The reader and the boy had then to make their escape, amidst a volley of stones.

### GOOD NEWS FROM BELGIUM.

THE field has yet been but very partially occupied among the Flemish population, from the want of labourers and means to support them; but the breadth and universality of the movement may be argued from the fact, that wherever efforts have been set on foot, they have been crowned with eminent success. Wherever a well has been dug, the water has flowed abundantly, giving ample testimony to the condition of the soil beneath. I shall say nothing at present of the work in Brussels, which is of long standing, and continues to pursue an onward course of prosperity and extension; but shall confine my remarks to a few purely Flemish places, in which the work, if more recently commenced, promises to be not less remarkably productive.

The nucleus of a little congregation has been formed at Louvain, by the labours of the zealous and talented Dr. Pierson, who, at the commencement of the year, received six Roman Catholics at once into the bosom of the Protestant Church. His colporteur, whom he sent recently to Tirlemont to pioneer his way, met with such a willing reception there, that a large number of Bibles and tracts were put in circulation, and no fewer than thirty-five persons united in a request that Dr. Pierson should come and preach to them the Gospel. A great fermentation was excited in the place. Both friends and foes showed themselves equally decided. The priests were not slow to endeavour, through their public organ, to bring the work into discredit. Dr. Pierson proceeded thither about ten days ago, but, from the impossibility of obtaining a suitable locality, could only in part carry out his intention. He has, however, stationed an evangelist in the place, who has within a few days spoken to about fifty persons in a private

apartment. There is reason to think that Malines is in an equally prepared state to receive the Gospel, if only men and means could be obtained to send it thither.

The important work of M. Van Schelven in Ghent is meeting with increasing success. It is little more than a year, viz., in November 1854, that this faithful servant of the Lord arrived a stranger in that once famous and still populous and influential city. A single brother to whom he had been commended, and a sister whom he shortly afterwards discovered, were his first acquaintances. They had been prepared of God to receive him, and formed two golden links by which a spiritual connexion was established between him and their city. How little do large communities know what they owe to a few solitary living souls in their midst, who look upward, pray for, and receive in their name, and on their account, the most precious blessings, whilst they remain all unconscious of it! Such hidden ones form truly the priests and prophets of their people. A place of meeting was hired, capable of holding sixty or seventy persons. On the first Sabbath day, twelve individuals assembled; on the second, fifty. On the preacher's declaring that he meant to test every doctrine by the Word of God, and to reject as error whatever was opposed to it, he was answered by a loud "Bravo! bravo! they have deceived us long enough. We wish to hear the truth." The next evening the place was crowded to the door, and the whole city, as by an electric shock, was set in commotion. The multitude that assembled on the next occasion made it impossible to address them in so small a locality. Even on the evening appointed for the instruction of children, about twenty people, from a large crowd assembled outside, forced their way into the chamber. On being told that that hour was appointed for children, they replied, "Ah sir, we are as ignorant ourselves as children, —let us only hear." The present place of meeting contains now 600 persons, but it is full to overflowing, not only on Sundays, but on week evenings. It is reckoned that about 10,000 persons altogether, some more, others less regularly, are hearing the Gospel.—*News of the Churches.*

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#### TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

WE would communicate a few brief extracts from the admirable addresses delivered at the recent annual meeting of the Glasgow Sabbath School Association. We have

rooms for only the merest fragments of the feast our fellow-teachers in Glasgow enjoyed at their meeting. But, fragments though they be, we are sure that, to Sabbath school teachers everywhere, they will be acceptable.

In referring to the past

**Success and the encouragement it affords,**

The Chairman said:—"Let me now congratulate you on the report which is to be read this evening. How must it cheer every heart to learn that the increase of teachers and scholars has been greater than during any preceding year. What encouragement—what increased zeal this should give! We, as a nation, have been enlisting soldiers and sailors to an extent never before done; but the army of our Lord and Saviour has been extensively recruited too. Victory has crowned our country's arms, and the foe is driven to hard straits; so have you captured many a stronghold of Satan, when you took, as 'prisoners of hope,' the increased number of youthful scholars who are now receiving your instruction. The fall of Sebastopol rung the knell of many a Russian aspiration; and you may believingly hope that many a vice has been checked, if not yet conquered, in the families of these children, by your instructions. At least the seed of the Word has been sown, which will, in due time, produce the bud, then the flower, and then the full corn in the ear. Yes, and nature illustrates the same; for as the little bird, as if by accident, drops the little seed in the crevice of the rock, the dews of heaven fall, it sprouts, it grows, it rends the very rock, and, barren, bleak, and wild as the spot may be, it grows a tree; and, in the wild rock's side, we see it braving the storm, and, nourished by heaven's drops alone, it bears its berries red. So the Word of God, taught by you, is dropped by the smallest of your charge, takes root in the bleakest dwelling, the blessing of God is upon it, the parent's heart of stone is rent, and, in the lowest, wildest dwelling in our city, fruit unto God may grow, nourished and cherished by the dews and blessings of the Spirit of all grace. Let nothing, therefore, discourage you, but, like good soldiers of Christ, persevere; and as success has this year been so signally given in your increased numbers and labour, so I would urge you on in the words of our city's old favourite soldier, when in the wild conflict victory began to dawn, he cried, 'Chase them down the Gallowgate, boys!' and the answering cheer and gallant charge sealed the victory.



So do you, young soldiers of the cross, chase ignorance, vice, and irreligion from every street and lane in our city, and the Lord will fulfil His word, 'that the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.' And though, like the gallant soldier, you are not spared to enjoy the triumph in this world, yet there is a world where, in its full enjoyment, it shall pour in upon your heart when you join in the shout, 'that the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever.'"

We next give a sentence or two from Dr. Gillan's speech.

**The blessing of God is wanted,**

he said, at all times, and very much at present. We are to remember that mere attendance at the Sabbath school is not synonymous with conversion. I just last week took it into my head to see what these poor wretches in jail and in the House of Refuge were doing. I applied to my friend, Mr. Stirling, to see how many of the prisoners under his custody in the North Prison for felonious acts had been at Sabbath schools. Omitting those who had not been for a year at a Sabbath school, and therefore could scarcely be said to have gained anything by their attendance, there were about 250 out of 499 prisoners in the North Prison who had been Sabbath scholars; and in the House of Refuge about 175 out of 350 boys had been at the Sabbath school—in both cases, of course, taking their own statement as correct. Now, I state this, by no means to detract from the value of Sabbath schools, to deteriorate their influence, or discourage the hearts of those engaged in them. All the other way. We are to remember that that number, very great as it is, is not so great when you consider the number of Sabbath scholars in Glasgow. If in our Association there are about 10,000, I suppose we may add two-thirds more for other denominations, and then it will be found that 425 Sabbath scholars falling into crime are not many. At the same time they are enough to make us join trembling with our mirth, though I think we have also cause to join mirth with our trembling. I know of nothing which has brought out the value of Sabbath schools more than letters I have seen from private soldiers in the Crimea, breathing a spirit of piety and devotion traceable to the Sabbath school. And if we find that so many as 425 have lapsed into crime, may we not suppose that some have been ensnared in an evil hour, perverted by counteracting influences at home which have been too strong for them, and that in many of

them there may yet be found the germ of grace which at a future time may spring up, so that, by God's mercy, they may be snatched as brands from the burning. The lesson these statistics teach us is, to teach more hopefully, to love more lovingly, to pray more earnestly, to depend on Divine grace more completely, to give ourselves more energetically to the work, and to give more liberally of our time and substance and talent. They tell us that the task is difficult, that it is difficult to subdue the stubborn, unregenerate soul of man, and tell us to go more frequently to a Throne of Grace, and more profoundly on our bended knees to ask for that blessing without which we can indeed do nothing.

Mr. Campbell, of Eastwood, spoke of the Sabbath school as discharging.

### **The Church's share in the baptismal vow.**

I cannot help viewing the Sabbath school as the Church's mode of discharging the baptismal vows which she has shared with the parents; and I love, for its tendency to keep up this feeling, the public baptism of infants for which this west of Scotland is so honourably distinguished; and I love, above other Sabbath days, those on which the sacrament of baptism is dispensed. I love to see the large congregation standing by, and waiting in the house of God to join in the solemnities and the prayers of the occasion, and listening in breathless silence as another and another white-robed babe is bedewed with water in the name of the Heavenly Three, and its name is brought into close relation with the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and is publicly pronounced to the congregation, not as a mere accompaniment—for baptism, among other things, is a naming of the child, and a telling of the congregation who this is that is now added to their body, and who appeals by its very helplessness to them for their cares and their prayers, and beseeches them, not as idle beholders, but as interested and responsible parties, to watch for its soul as they that must give account. And sure I am that nothing can release the Church and every member of it from seeing that the baptized receive that instruction and training which will make them acquainted with the responsibilities of the most solemn transaction of their infancy,—and that all are bound by their personal teachings, if they have the qualifications, and by their contributions, and their prayers, and their kindly interest, if they cannot do otherwise, to aid in the



I was then called from home, and when, on returning, I visited her house, she was dead. But they told me that one of her last acts was to sing, 'Glory, glory, glory!' And her spirit, like the lark, was lost to sight, as it soars and sings amid the blaze of heaven. Such are the rewards of the Sabbath school teacher. Persevere, then, in your holy work—gain ardour in it every day, as the chariot wheel gets warmer the longer it runs in the race. Let each annual meeting find you more prosperous and more devoted: and let each teacher engage in his work, remembering ever these three things—the immortality of the children, the love of the Saviour, and his own accountability; at the judgment-day.

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### HOPE FOR TURKEY.

IN a letter from Mr. Iverett, of the American Board, dated Constantinople, October 19, 1855, the interest of the Moslems in the Bible is thus alluded to:—

There is a wide door open among the Turks of Constantinople for the sale of the Scriptures. I was interested some months ago in the fact, that the Turks, more frequently than usual, were calling at our book magazine to purchase the Bible in the Turkish language and character. A man has been employed to sell Turkish Scriptures on the bridge between Galata and the city, where there is a ceaseless throng of individuals passing to and fro. His success is beyond all our expectations. He keeps no other books but Turkish in sight; and he cries out to Moslems passing by, "Holy Book! take it; take it." They often turn around, and look at the book,—always with respect. I encouraged another colporteur to take along with him Turkish Testaments in the Turkish character; and he soon found that he could do better with these than with any other books. For two months past he has sold scarcely any thing else. A Moslem, moreover, came and requested that he might be allowed to open a stall for the sale of Turkish Scriptures in the great bazaar of the city. Leave was granted, but he has not succeeded so well. Whilst the Testament is given to the allied troops, the Turks support two men by their purchases; and a book sold is worth dozens received without compensation.

Many other incidents show that there is a waking up of the Turkish mind. No one can appreciate the change

except those who have known Turkey for years. Even when I first came here, in 1845, nominal Christians trembled before the Moslem race, and with fear alluded to their religion; now discussion is quite free. The other day, as a Turk asked a brother what he thought of the Koran, the latter frankly answered that it was false. This was said to a noble-looking, tall, white-Turbaned, grey-bearded Turk. He first came to the magazine, and inquired for the Testament that the English priests were selling all over Constantinople. I gave him a New Testament. "Ah!" he said, "that is it." He put it under the folds of his garments, saying that he should read it carefully. He then inquired for a "philosoph," or learned man, not taking me for such an one, owing, perhaps, to my imperfect knowledge of his language. I directed him to Mr. Goodell as the "philosoph" he wanted to see. He afterwards politely, and somewhat urgently, invited me to his house, giving me the direction, near such a mosque. He has called often since in my absence.

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### WATCH AND PRAY.

By pressing dangers compass'd round  
Our journey through enchanted ground,  
While secret snares bestrew the way  
How much we need to WATCH AND PRAY.

We are so faint, so frail, so blind,  
So loath to leave the world behind,  
So prone like foolish lambs to stray,  
What can we do but WATCH AND PRAY?

Our Lord and Leader when below,  
In His dark hour of deepest woe,  
Lest Satan should their souls betray,  
Bade His disciples WATCH AND PRAY.

A little while and He shall come  
To take His faithful soldiers home  
But since they cannot tell the day,  
Shall they not always WATCH AND PRAY?

Oh! Blessed Jesus, keep us true,  
Till we have fought our journey through;  
Then, then, from danger far away,  
We shall not need to WATCH AND PRAY.

## PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Our young friends who have taken a kind interest in Pitcairn's Island, will read with sympathy the following extracts from a letter lately received from the pastor of the little community of Christians who inhabit that remote speck on the bosom of the deep:—

"I am right happy to state, for the information of the venerable Society, that the clerical affairs of the island are in a most satisfactory condition. Of the two hundred persons who form the community, none but infants and those who must necessarily take care of them, are absent from divine service twice on the Sabbath, and the weekly evening prayers are also well attended. The communicants amount to eighty. The average attendance for the last year, at the monthly administration, is sixty-five. The Sunday-school is attended by sixty persons, several of whom are adults under the care of five teachers, of whom I am one; the others are named Jemima Young, Mary Young, Jane Nobbs, and Francis Nobbs; as I cannot always attend by reason of my medical avocations, my class is then under the direction of Edward Quintal, who is also master of the day-school, which numbers fifty scholars, and who attend five days in the week from seven A.M. to one P.M. This school I also superintend daily, from ten o'clock till dismissal. These duties, with the care of the sick, keep me fully, and I am glad to say beneficially, employed.

"We are anxiously awaiting letters from England in regard to Norfolk Island; there must be at least a partial emigration before long, and if it is not to Norfolk Island, I am sure I do not know where. As respects myself, I am ready to go or willing to stay, if the emigration should not be total, just as our friends in England may decide. 'Tis but a few more years, according to the course of nature, that I can expect to dwell in the flesh; may I be as ready and as willing to depart, when death summons me!

"I must now enter somewhat into detail respecting several deaths which have taken place during the present year. The last death, previous to those I am about to record, took place in December, 1853.

"Last December, my eldest son, who had been engaged for several years in a mercantile establishment in Valparaiso, returned hither in the last stage of pul-

monary consumption, bringing with him a younger brother who was labouring under incipient phthisis, induced by too close an application to study in the academy where his employers had kindly placed him to learn the Spanish language. Not being able to obtain a direct passage to this place, they proceeded in a French vessel to Tahiti, where they were detained so long that it began to be doubtful whether Reuben would live to return; at length, the owner of an American bark from San Francisco, hearing of their situation, offered to bring them hither, and did so, showing them the greatest kindness during a protracted passage of twenty-two days, and then refused remuneration in any shape, but the thanks of gratitude, and these were heartily accorded him by the whole community. I saw from the first there was not the slightest hope of Reuben's recovery; but this afflictive dispensation was mercifully divested of its bitterness on finding he was perfectly aware of his situation, and not only resigned to it, but anxiously desirous to depart and enter into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Sometimes flattered by the specious appearance of his insidious disease, his dear mother would hint at the possibility of his being yet spared us; with a gentle shake of the head he would reply, 'No, dear mother, I feel that I am rapidly approaching the grave: humanly speaking, my recovery is impossible, and that my father knows as well as myself; and if it is not an improper wish, I would rather not return to health again. My earnest desire and prayer is, to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' Such was the tenor of his discourse during the short time he remained with us; and he died 'strong in faith, giving glory to God.' An hour before his death he was seized with a violent spasm which we thought would carry him off, but he rallied again. Seeing his mother weeping, he said, 'Do not weep, mother; one more such stroke, and I shall be in the arms of my Saviour.' Shortly after he had another attack, and nothing remained but his attenuated form. The happy spirit had returned to join the glorified throng. He died on Friday, March 2d, at six o'clock in the afternoon, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. The Sunday before his death I administered to him the holy Eucharist; there were eight of us present, and it was a time of refreshing; so awfully sublime did it appear to us all, that we felt as if we were indeed where Jacob felt himself to be on his awaking at Luz. Most grateful did I feel that I was invested with full authority to dispense

this most precious rite; that I could stand by the bed of my dying child and offer him the symbols of a crucified Saviour's love, and declare the remission of sins through faith in His all-sufficient atonement. I repeat, I felt most grateful to those who, under God, were instrumental in conferring upon me clerical ordination; for (and I speak with all humility) the benefits are already very apparent throughout the community.

"Three weeks after the demise of my son, death made another inroad among us; a little boy of eleven years of age pierced his foot with a barbed arrow (used for taking fish from holes in the rocks) which induced tetanus, and in forty-eight hours after the terrible disease had commenced, his happy spirit fled to the realms of bliss. During the intervals of the violent spasmodic contractions of the suffering body, the dear child would speak of his blessed Saviour, and ask Him to take him to be with those whom He took in His arms when on earth. The patient sufferer was aware that he could not recover; still he never expressed the least fear of death. At the time of his departure I was praying with him, his parents and several other persons were kneeling around his bed. The constriction on his jaws suddenly relaxed; he gave a slight shudder, and exclaimed in a clear and audible voice, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' and then went to see Him as He is.

"But one fortnight had elapsed from this period when another sad and awful bereavement fell upon the community. Daniel M'Coy and his wife Lydia went to the north-west side of the island in quest of fish; after descending to the rocks (on a level with the ocean) Daniel left his wife, and reascended with the intention of passing the head of a small inlet of the sea, and then going down to the rocks on the other side. While doing so, he fell; and his wife saw him fall, but there was the before-mentioned inlet between them into which a heavy surge was running; to avoid this, Daniel had gone round the head of the bight, and in the act of descending to the shore on that side it was that he fell. His wife, without hesitation, plunged into the heavy surf, (which she had unfortunately persuaded her husband to avoid,) and landing on the opposite side, found him, on the rugged lava of the shore, a corpse. She had the presence of mind, previous to her braving the foam-crested billows, to call a lad at some distance fishing, and dispatched him to the village with the sad tidings that Daniel had fallen, but she did not



know the extent of his hurt. Less than half an hour previous he had left her with a smile on his countenance—for Daniel was always in a cheerful mood. What must have been the poor girl's agony as she sat by the side of her dead husband with his head resting in her lap for more than an hour, ere any one could get to her assistance! Her feelings I will not attempt to describe, but I shall tell you what she did on finding life extinct; she knelt down and prayed that God would give her grace so to live that she might rejoin her dear Daniel in heaven; 'for I am sure,' said she, when speaking to me on the subject, 'that he was prepared for death, and that takes away the pain of my great loss.' I was in bed at the time of the accident, suffering from bronchitis, or something very like it. The fishermen were immediately summoned home, and the whale-boat manned, and taken to the spot where the corpse lay, when it was put into the boat and brought round to Bounty Bay, then transferred to a canoe for a bier, and borne on men's shoulders to the village.

"Such and so sudden was the death of Daniel M'Coy, a young man beloved by all the members of the community, and most deservedly so. He is the third of the family who have met an untimely end within a very few years. William M'Coy died from lockjaw, occasioned by a splinter of wood running into the upper part of his foot; Matthew M'Coy, from wounds received by the accidental discharge of the *Bounty's* gun; and now the third brother, Daniel, by falling from the precipice on the north-western side of the island.

"May the God of the widow support poor Lydia under the awful calamity. She has no children to rest her affections upon, but she has a mother, brothers, and sisters, and she has the sympathies of the whole community. On Him who above all others deserves the name of Friend, may she place her unwavering trust; to Him may she flee as a very present help in time of trouble, and all will be well both for time and eternity.

"There have been three other deaths since the above accident: one survived its birth only a few hours; the other two were also infants under twelve months."

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### WHAT MAY WE EXPECT!

WE believe that the world is to be Christianized, first of all, because we have a sure "word of promise." There is

another argument, however, which is gaining strength every year. The *past success* of missions shews us what we may expect hereafter if we are careful to conform to the divine will. This matter was clearly stated by Bishop Selwyn, not long since, in the pulpit of the University of Cambridge. "When I remember," he says, "that it is only forty years since the first missionary landed in New Zealand, and that for the first ten years the work was carried on by catechists, and yet that *the whole nation*, so far as I am able to judge, comparing man with man, are as worthy of the name of Christians as our own people in England; I cannot see reason to doubt the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon every missionary work undertaken in simple faith."

This testimony is highly gratifying; and the expectation of the bishop is certainly reasonable.

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### A HELPFUL KING.

THE king of Tonga visited Australia a few months ago; and he was deeply impressed by the efforts which Christians were making for the good of their fellow-men. He returned fully persuaded that it was the duty of the church in Tonga to do much more than they had ever done. Hearing that missionary meetings were about to be held at Vavau, he sent over a message from Habai, urging the chiefs and people to exert themselves, and setting them an example by contributing twenty gallons of oil. This was seconded by his son, David, who resides at Vavau; and many of the chiefs and teachers gave four gallons; so that the people raised about three tuns altogether from that circuit. The king also expressed his wish that every man in the islands should contribute four gallons a-year towards the support of the mission. This has been partially acted upon; "so that," says one of the missionaries, "together with the voluntary contributions and the oil for books, we shall forward this year to the colonies, about forty tuns of oil, which, at the same rate at which the last was sold, will realize about £1200." Many such kings and chiefs will God raise up in His own good time. Let us take courage, then, "always abounding in the work of the Lord."



### A HOUSE IN A TREE!

"And what is that for?" asks some little boy or girl. Wait a moment, and you shall know. Have you never read about the wild beasts of India, how fierce and terrible they are in some places? Suppose now you were to spend a night in one of those dark jungles, would you not think it very nice to sleep in such a hut as this, twenty-five feet above the ground, where no tiger could reach you? "But who is that man, who sits alone in this strange dwelling?" He is a missionary. Some of the people who live among the hills of Travancore wish to be instructed; and they have sent for a minister of Christ. On going to see them, he found about five hundred ready to put themselves under his care; and they wanted him to live among them. So much in earnest were they, that they pulled down their idol-house; and they undertook to keep the Sabbath. He did not agree to live with them; however; but he makes them frequent visits; and at such times he must have a place to stay in. And they are so glad to see him, that they are willing to build a hut for him, where no beast of prey can reach him. If he will take care not to fall out of his airy dwelling, he can be very comfortable.—*The Youth's Day-Spring: published by the American Board of Missions.*

### LETTER TO OUR READERS.

ORPHAN REFUGE, CALCUTTA.

THE many young readers of the "Juvenile Record," who collect money to support children in the Orphanage for female orphans in Calcutta, will be delighted to get the following letter, addressed to them, which has just arrived from India, from a kind correspondent in Calcutta, whom, in name of our young readers, we heartily thank for the communication:—

"My dear Children,—I was at the opening of the new Orphanage here on Tuesday the 11th of February, and I thought while there how delighted some of the children of Scotland would have been if they could have witnessed the whole scene. Now I would like to interest you in the children of India, and I am going to give you a little sketch of our Tuesday's meeting:—

"The house which was the Orphanage before was sold lately, and Mr. and Mrs. Yule were obliged to look out for another; they got one not far from the old one, and, after they got all settled, it was proposed to have a meeting of the friends of female education here in the new school. We assembled in the hall, and one side was arranged for the girls. Between fifty and sixty were there, all sitting with bright happy faces, clothed in the native costume, with a white chudobe over their head and shoulders. Mr. Yule gave out a Bengalese hymn, and how sweetly did these poor children sing, and then how earnestly did they join in prayer; and, dear children, remember these girls would mostly all have been bowing down to stocks and stones but for the kind help of Christian friends in Scotland, who loved the souls of these poor neglected ones, and established a home for them. After praise and prayer, Mr. Yule read the report for last year, and he told us his encouragements and his discouragements. He told us, four of his children, as he calls them, had died; two of these had died in faith, and by their deaths they had gladdened the hearts of Mr and Mrs Yule, who had been like parents to them. One of these, although in extreme agony before her death, told them she trusted alone in Jesus. They have no doubt gone to heaven, and are helping to praise their Saviour, 'singing, Worthy is the Lamb that died.' They have gone where there is no difference between black and white children, they are all one in Christ. Think for a moment, dear children in Scotland, who have loving Christian parents who tell them of Jesus, who have Bibles and Sabbath schools, many of whom even send Bibles and teachers to the heathen children, if I have all these blessings and am not in Christ, how will I look upon these poor children who had none of these, but just what strangers brought them, but who accepted them, and treasured them more than gold, who took Christ for their own while they lived, and when they came to die they were not afraid, for Christ was theirs? One other thing would I mention. Mr and Mrs Yule have gone home for a season, and when it drew near the time, oh! how broken-hearted these poor orphan children were; for days before their faces were quite melancholy. The people say here, the Bengalee has no feelings of gratitude; oh! who could say so, and look upon these streaming eyes, and such embraces,—they well nigh broke kind Mrs Yule's heart. One little thing in particular was quite pining away; she followed Mrs Yule wherever she went

while in the house. She has no father or mother, and was brought to the Orphanage while quite an infant. You may ask, what has changed their hearts so? I will tell you, dear children. Just what changed the heart of the jailor of old; they are taught the knowledge of Jesus; it is that, and that alone, that can make a good child, both in India and in Scotland. I hope I have not wearied you. Go on in your work of collecting means to send to the heathen, you cannot do too much in that way; but you must not neglect another duty; when you give your halfpenny, that is but half what you can give; dear children, give us your prayers, pray often for the Orphanage children, and for all the poor neglected children of India, that they may soon be all the lambs of Christ."

We have had sent to us the following extract from a letter from the Rev. J. W. Yule, dated Calcutta, 13th February 1856:—"I have

#### NEWS FOR ST. STEPHEN'S BOYS' SABBATH SCHOOL,

but whether good or bad I can hardly say. Their protegee, Diljohn, was married on the second of this month, and for herself, I daresay, it is good: but she was so very useful in the Orphanage, and such a help in every department, and withal so trustworthy, that her absence is a great loss to the Institution, and that is the bad of it.

"Her husband is a member of the English Church Mission, and is our teacher at Kidderpore. I have great hopes of Diljohn in her new sphere of labour—it is an important one, but one which requires peculiar wisdom and grace."

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### THE PATAGONIAN MISSION.

#### MORE MISSIONARIES GOING OUT.

At a recent meeting in Dublin in support of missions to South America, and especially to Patagonia, Mr. Despard gave a lengthened account of some natives who were brought to England in 1824 by Captain Fitzroy, and went on to say, that in the course of Captain Snow's voyage about Terra del Fuego, some years afterwards, he found one of them who still spoke English; and, having taught many English words to some of the natives, made a favourable impression on them with reference to white men. This he considered a most remarkable circumstance, and one which seemed specially ordained by God to prove

that the missionary work should be carried on there. He hoped to be permitted to go forth himself in April to carry on this work, in which for many years he had most heartily engaged, and he hoped to be so occupied as long as he lived. Mr. William Jones, of the firm of Palmer & Jones, of Liverpool, had placed a ship of 600 tons at their disposal, in which he and his family, a party of fifteen in all, would start from Plymouth. This year they had £1000 in hand, and he trusted friends such as he saw before him would consider whether it was not their duty to assist in carrying on the work of the Society,—which was of the Church of England,—by forming an auxiliary society, which would, by God's blessing, lead to the conversion of many souls. Mr. Despard concluded by moving the following resolution:—"That this meeting, feeling that the obligation of the command to preach 'the Gospel to every creature' admits of no limitation, hereby offer the assurance of their hearty good-will to the South American and Patagonian Missionary Society, and pledge themselves to use their zealous efforts in aid of the operations of the Society."

Referring to the new efforts for Patagonia in contrast with the sad failures of plans formerly attempted by the devoted Captain Gardiner and his noble fellow-martyrs, the Archbishop of Dublin said:—

"I will only remark on the very interesting account Mr. Despard has given us, that the description of the lamentable failure of Captain Gardiner's expedition, whose zeal and devotedness of course we all admire, ought to be one of the greatest encouragements in the present case, because it is manifest the whole scheme was unwisely contrived, and the mode which is now being adopted is altogether contrasted with it—it is completely on a different footing. I may make use of the kind of argument which was used once by Demosthenes to the Athenians, on an occasion of their defeat owing to very ill-conducted arrangements. He told them he congratulated them on the very great errors committed, because if they had used the proper means, and nevertheless had been defeated, there would have been no hope left; but now that they ought rather to be encouraged than disheartened, for, finding all the errors committed pointed out, they could see and avoid them in future. I believe the plan of Captain Gardiner's expedition was extremely ill-concerted, and met with corresponding failure; but the present plan seems to have avoided all the errors which led to the disastrous failure, and I trust, therefore, with God's blessing, it will meet with opposite results."

### OUR LAST YEAR'S COLLECTIONS.

THE following sums have been acknowledged on our Cover as received by us during the year ending 15th April 1856, and have been paid over to the Treasurers of the various funds for which they have been designed.

#### Schemes of the Church, viz. :-

|                                               |           |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Education Scheme                              | £3 8 6    |
| Foreign Missions do.                          | 13 3 11   |
| Home Mission do.                              | 5 12 0    |
| Colonial do.                                  | 2 13 0    |
| Jews' Conversion do.                          | 6 11 5    |
| Endowment do.                                 | 0 10 0    |
|                                               | <hr/>     |
|                                               | £31 18 10 |
| Orphan Refuge, Calcutta                       | 61 8 10   |
| Orphanage at Cochin                           | 7 18 7    |
| Christian Education of Jewish Females         | 0 15 6    |
| Church at Cartsdyke                           | 0 10 0    |
| Mission to Irish Roman Catholics              | 11 11 10  |
| For Books and Tracts to Hospitals in the East | 7 19 2    |
| Glasgow Mission to the Crimea                 | 2 12 1    |
| Soldiers' Friend Society, Sebastopol          | 0 5 0     |
| For Bibles to China                           | 0 10 0    |
| Gaelic Schools                                | 0 5 0     |
| Gaelic Female Industrial Schools              | 1 11 6    |
| Original Ragged Schools                       | 0 7 0     |
| Edinburgh Bible Society                       | 0 10 0    |
| British and Foreign Bible Society             | 0 5 0     |
| Home in the East, London                      | 0 7 0     |
| Deaf and Dumb Institution, Edinburgh          | 0 3 0     |

Total received and paid over by our Treasurer, £128 18 4

The following sums have also been acknowledged on our Cover, according to request, as paid directly to the Treasurers of their respective Funds.

|                                               |          |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------|
| Orphan Refuge, Calcutta                       | £3 0 0   |
| Orphanage at Cochin                           | 30 13 8  |
| Christian Education of Jewish Females         | 3 0 0    |
| For Books and Tracts to Hospitals in the East | 12 14 6  |
| Scottish Tract Society                        | 0 10 0   |
| Patagonian Mission                            | 0 12 0   |
| London Missionary Society                     | 1 0 0    |
|                                               | <hr/>    |
|                                               | £51 10 2 |
| Unappropriated                                | 0 3 8    |

Total acknowledged on our Cover, £180 12 2



## THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER BREATHES

|                                  |                                                                                            |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| A FILIAL                         | spirit,—“Father.”                                                                          |
| A CATHOLIC                       | spirit,—“Our Father.”                                                                      |
| AN ADORING                       | spirit,—“Hallowed be Thy name.”                                                            |
| A MISSIONARY                     | spirit,—“Thy kingdom come.”                                                                |
| AN OBEDIENT                      | spirit,—“Thy will be done.”                                                                |
| A DEPENDENT                      | spirit,—“Give us this day our daily bread.”                                                |
| A PENITENT                       | spirit,—“Forgive us our trespasses.”                                                       |
| A FORGIVING                      | spirit,—“As we forgive them that trespass against us.”                                     |
| A CAUTIOUS                       | spirit,—“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”                           |
| A TRUSTFUL and<br>GOD-GLORIFYING | spirit,—“For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.” |

### “HE CARETH FOR YOU.”

Poor and needy thoug I be,  
God Almighty cares for me,  
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,  
Gives me all I have of good.

He will hear me when I pray,  
He is with me night and day,  
When I sleep and when I wake,  
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

He who reigns above the sky,  
Once became as poor as I;  
He whose blood for me was shed,  
Had not where to lay his head.

Though I labour here a while,  
Father, bless me with thy smile;  
And when this short life is past,  
May I rest with Thee at last.

Then to Thee I'll tune my song,  
Happy as the day is long,  
This my joy for ever be,—  
God Almighty cares for me.



### THE CHINESE MISSIONARY'S HOME.

**T**HE Rev. J. S. Burdon, of Shanghai, relates that having gone into the interior on one or two occasions, and experienced the same encouragement of which the other Missionaries speak, he resolved to give himself entirely to visit the towns and villages in the interior, where Christ had not been named. The only question was the best way of setting about it. He and a brother Missionary of another society, who has joined with him in the effort, endeavoured, in the first place, to secure a settlement in some city, or town, or village, say about twenty or thirty miles from Shanghai. This attempt failed. Suspicion of a foreigner exists in the breast of every Chinaman; and though they tried to disarm it by offering to take places which Englishmen generally would not think fit for their cattle, yet the people could not be persuaded. There remained, therefore, no alternative but to go from place to place, from village to village, from town to town, from city to city, IN A BOAT. Mr. Burdon has therefore given up his house, school, and preaching-room in the city of Shanghai.

His home is now a Chinese boat, by no means proof against the wind during the cold days of winter. The sphere of work is the district round Shanghai to the distance of about thirty miles on all sides, abounding with towns and villages. This part has been well visited for the purpose of distributing books, but never before systematically visited, as is now being done. Farther from Shanghai the dialect would change, and the Missionary, of course, would have to learn it before he could have intercourse with the people. The plan of operations pursued is this: On reaching any place, the Missionaries anchor in some convenient locality, and there remain until they depart to another town. The mornings and evenings are devoted to the study of Chinese, and the afternoons are given up to missionary work. After commending themselves and their work to the God of Missions, they go off together to some central and public part of the town, generally the court-yard of the principal temple. There they are soon surrounded by a large crowd, and, standing on some stone steps in front of a large vase, they preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified as the only Saviour from sin and ruin. They say: "We have almost always attentive congregations; and sometimes, after the preaching is over, very sensible questions are put to us, which we take great pleasure in answering. Any one who wishes to inquire more particularly is invited to come to the boat. Sometimes we have a good number of visitors at the boat, after returning from preaching, with many of whom we have very interesting conversations."

The same plan of missionary operation is pursued by other Missionaries. The Rev. Mr. Burns, of the English Presbyterian mission, gives some interesting details of his work in a recent letter which begins: "I write these lines on board a river-boat, which has been my principal habitation during the past three months." The great importance of this new mode of prosecuting the missionary work will appear from the following sentences from another part of Mr. Burns' interesting letter:—

"When on our way to Min-Haing, we passed through a creek or canal, which, as it is a bypath, seems not to have been yet traversed by our missionary brethren, and, meeting with the small market-town of Sia-Keson (or New Bridge), we spent here one pleasant day preaching to a larger crowd than we could address with effect, brought together, of course, by the novel sight of a foreigner in the garb of his country. When passing slowly down this creek, on the afternoon of Friday, the people came out in

unusual numbers to get books, which we threw to them on the banks, or which they waited for on the wooden bridges under which we had every now and then to pass. At one place we had to remain for a full half-hour, until the tide, which was against us, should slacken, and this interval was occupied in addressing a considerable number of people, men and women, who had hastened to the spot. When it was dark, we halted for the night at Chung-Foo-Kean (or Passage-for-all-Bridge), where there are but a few houses, and where we little thought of finding a congregation. However, we had hardly halted, until we were arrested by the sound of a multitude of voices, as of a crowd dispersing, and were informed that there had been a stage-play going on of an unusually immoral kind; and that the people had now dispersed, so that it was too late to reach them. However, we went ashore, and, though the mass of these poor heathens were gone, we still found as many as we could address with effect, lingering about the gambling and eating houses. The people had their lanterns, and we had ours; and, amid the darkness thus broken, we addressed a multitude of precious souls, assisted graciously by our God to speak with more than usual earnestness and liberty of speech; the people, also, as if panic-struck by being overtaken by such a message in such circumstances, listened with a fixed and serious interest. I called on them to join with us in prayer to the true God, in the name of the Saviour of sinners, that He would deliver them from their sins, and save them from the punishment which sin was preparing for them. At the beginning of the address to God's throne, there was some noise of voices, but towards the close all was breathless stillness. My companion and I were encouraged by this meeting, as if by God's special guidance, with opportunities of declaring His truth, and calling fellow-sinners to repentance. The following day (Saturday), at Min-Haing, we met with another unexpected opportunity of addressing the truth to many. When, in the afternoon, going from our boat to preach a second time in the town, we came upon a spot retired a little from the street, where a crowd were witnessing jugglers' tricks, and to which the people were still flocking. We took our stand on the raised pathway at one side of the street leading to the spot, and not only succeeded in cutting off the stream of passers-by, but in drawing off by degrees the crowd from the jugglers, so that, before our long and very interesting meeting was ended, we had the field to ourselves. At this place (Min-Haing) as well as some other places, numbers of the people

seemed desirous that a place should be opened for the regular preaching of the Gospel among them. This, we trust, may soon be effected in many places; but as yet, unless the truth take a very marked hold of the minds and hearts of some, leading themselves to move in the matter of getting places opened for preaching, it seems better to keep to our boat on the water, and scatter our efforts over a wider field.

"You will see from the little incidents of our late journey (and our experience on this occasion is but an average specimen of what we have been meeting with during the past few months), that the field here is indeed open for evangelistic efforts of the kind in which I am now privileged to be engaged. The level nature of the country in this neighbourhood, and the complete network of rivers, creeks, and canals which traverse it in all directions, render it, as you are aware, much more easily accessible than the country in the south, where I have previously been. Of the importance of this fact the missionaries here are aware; formerly they were afraid, even on board, of being longer absent from Shanghai than, at most, a day or two, lest they should be charged with violating treaties with foreign powers; but of late, emboldened by some successful attempts to go to greater distances, and remain longer absent, they are beginning to feel as if, though forbidden the land, they were allowed the water."

### A LONDON CITY MISSIONARY'S GLORY AND JOY.

"For ye are our glory and joy."—1 THESS. ii. 20.

"**DRINK** has been the ruin of me," is the confession of multitudes, and might be the confession of multitudes more. "I have been through the workhouse," says the missionary; "I have conversed with, I have questioned, each inmate; with a few exceptions, all have been brought where they are by one cause—Drink." What fills our police-courts? Drink. What arms the husband against the wife? the father against the child? Drink. What strips the cottage of every comfort, and deprives the children of bread? Drink. Drink comes as a bitter foe between man and himself, between man and his neighbour, between man and his God. Yet such is the subtle strength which this sin, in common with every other sin, possesses, that when once it has taken hold of a man, it is like a possession of the devil, it casts him into the fire, it casts him

into the water, it destroys his body, it destroys his soul, and he seems to have no power to withstand it; it possesses him still, and triumphs in the possession.

"Robert M'D—— had been a soldier in Spain. Returned from abroad he had successfully followed an honest calling, and he might have been, for his class and calling, rich; but—he drank. Not only so; Robert had a wife—they drank; both man and woman were wholly given up to this hideous sin. The drop in the cup had a power over them which deprived them of food, and clothes, and everything. One Monday morning saw Robert in possession of L.24—a fortune for a poor man; by next Monday morning, they had drunk it all, every penny of it was gone to the public-house. What were Robert and his wife to do now, in order that they might continue to drink? Their room was decently, though poorly furnished; one by one the chairs disappeared; they did not require chairs, they could sit on a box, or a bundle of bed-clothes; the table went, they would put their things on the floor; the clock, the kettle, the candlestick, the plates, the cups and saucers, the knives and forks, everything, until, except the bare walls, the bare floor, the bed, and the clothes on their backs, they had drunk up everything.

"Food they did not want; in a state of constant drunkenness, their bodies might perish for want of the food they had no power to eat; but there was one thing they did want, they wanted more drink. 'For what,' said the man, grimly eyeing the empty grate, 'should we keep the stove? we have no coals to burn in it?' So they drank the stove. They had nothing now left but the bed and their clothes. One by one, gown, bonnet, shawl, every article found its way to the pawnbroker's, and the wretched woman wrapt herself up in the thin, threadbare blanket and dirty bed-clothes. She, at all events, has paid her last visit to the public-house for the present. But he has still some small articles left; his waistcoat, his stockings, everything, but just an outer garment with which he walked the streets, he pawned or sold; till all was gone, and he had no choice but, like his miserable wife, to wrap himself up in the bed-clothes, and lie down in his wretchedness. Did the sunbeams, as they streamed upon our great city, and shone faintly through many a cobweb covered pane, did they look upon a more miserable pair?

"Morning came, and noon, and night, and there they were lying, half dead, half stupid. If they died, no matter; who cared for drunkards; the door of the room would have

been forced open; an inquest held, the bodies buried, and there would have been an end. No, not an end; the end of such deeds is not in this world.

"Night came again. They began to awaken from their drunken trance, and 'Water!' was the cry; they were consumed with burning thirst. As soon as it was quite dark, the man put on the fragment of clothes that remained to him, and, stealing out into the streets, returned with some water. How delicious was that drink! He put down the pitcher, and again they slept till morning. Again the busy morning came, the bright noon, the silent night. Hour after hour, there they were lying alone in their misery. Again, as soon as the darkness enabled him to go forth, the man crept out with his pitcher for water. Another morning came, the third; they began to feel hungry. What could the miserable creatures do? They had not even decent rags to go into the street and beg. So they laid themselves down, wrapt in the bed-clothes. At night, he fetched some more water; not that they were thirsty now, but it was all they could get; and there is some nourishment even in water.

"Another night passed, another morning came, the fourth morning. Hunger began to grow pressing; there was nothing to eat, neither was there any means whatever of getting anything. Hour after hour passed, there they remained, alone, silent, wrapt up in the bed-clothes. The sickening feeling of starvation was beginning to come over them. There is the dreadful story, preserved by sculptors and poets, of one, whom his enemy imprisoned, with his children, in a dungeon, and flinging the keys to the bottom of a river, left him to perish with hunger. Sitting low on the ground, in the dim, old, silent gallery where that sculpture is kept, we may fearfully contemplate the agony of famine, depicted to the life, in stone. But is it so fearful as the living picture? The man and woman about to perish in the pangs of hunger? They have deserved it, it may be said; they have; but yet will no one break open the door? can no one bring up the keys from the bottom of the river?

"That evening the man fetched his usual pitcher of water; the night passed, and another morning, the fifth morning, came. Hunger began to grow terrible. It was a busy day, and many voices were heard in the house within, and in the street without, people passing and repassing; still they were left alone in their silent, awful misery.

"A step stops at the door; a steady, heavy step; the

door opens. What a scene of unutterable wretchedness meets the eye of the man who enters! What brings him here? The same motive that takes the missionary to die under the burning skies of Africa; for he, too, is a missionary. Who else would open the door of the lost and ruined drunkard? What does it signify to the selfish portion of the world, whether he lives or dies?

"The stranger was a man in whom the most hideous form of human misery, and human sin, instead of inspiring repulsion or disgust, served but to stir up the most intense compassion for the suffering sinner. He found these unhappy creatures food, not for one day only, but for many days. He found them friends, means of again working for their livelihood, and the man, at least, rose from the ground on which he was lying, with bitter shame for the past, and earnest purposes for the future. The missionary was a teetotaler. His new friends took the pledge. His wife followed, as women too often do, for good or evil, the steps of her husband. The missionary earnestly endeavoured to lead them to a sense of their condition as immortal beings, to a sense of their transgressions before God, to a sense of their need of Christ, and to a hope in Him.

"For a while, all went on well, until one day the missionary called, as usual, at their room. They had gone—disappeared. Instantly he divined the cause. They had sinned again, and were ashamed to meet him. They are sunk, they are lost, in the ocean of London guilt. But he will not lose them. He tracks their movements, he finds them out, and the pledge is signed again; again it is broken, and the time passes sadly away in sin and sorrow, in drunken quarrels, in drunken idleness, in drunken want.

"In one of the worst public-houses which even London contains, where beggars and thieves hold their nightly orgies, a large party is assembled. Everything vile and filthy, in thought, word, and deed, pollutes that guilty assembly; filthiness of body, filthiness of mind, filthiness of spirit. In their midst a drunken brawl is going on; a man, furious with drink, has brutally attacked his wife; he has knocked her down upon the ground, and is kicking her with that fierce violence which is almost death to her. The sitters-by, smoking and drinking, look on with a sneering laugh, or cold unconcern. What does it matter to them, whether he kills his wife, or not; why should they come in for a share of the blows?



"The woman's screams have reached the ears of a passer-by; they have reached the ears of many passers by; but none have dared to enter that house, except the one who now walks boldly in. He knows the danger, but he does not fear it. He goes, in the presence of all, straight up to the man, and lays his hand upon him. Drunk as he is, Robert M'D——, for he was the man, recognises the missionary. The latter lifts up the bruised and helpless woman from the ground, puts her cap over her torn and streaming hair, and leads them both out into the street. Partly sobered, silent, and ashamed, Robert stands before him, with his sobbing wife. At length the missionary speaks:—I ask you to do three things. Shake hands with your wife. Go home. Come to the prayer-meeting to-morrow night.' Benefits received are said to soften even the heart of a lion. The man did as he was required.

"For many weeks he was seen, night after night, in his place at the prayer-meeting. At the end of that time, the missionary again invited him to take the pledge.

"But another lesson was in store for Robert M'D——. Sickness came upon him. If any state of mind can expose the soul more than another to the terrors of an awful deathbed, it is a partially awakened conscience. It is like the body aroused from the lethargy of suspended animation, in the midst of a dreadful operation. We fear such an awakening belongs rather, in general, to another world. Robert experienced its full horrors. His dread of death, his fear of judgment, filled his mind, to the exclusion of every other thought. In vain the missionary pointed to Christ: in vain he tried to soothe the agonies of remorse which came upon him.

"Little by little, however, the sickness wore away. Little by little, Robert M'D—— learned to know and feel that Jesus Christ has power to save, even to the uttermost. He entered into covenant with God; that, which no pity for his own perishing body, no instinct of self-preservation, no solemn vow recorded in the presence of others, could effect, was effected by the grace of God in Christ. From this time, Robert M'D—— fell no more.

"Time went on. If you passed by Robert M'D——'s old lodging now, you would not find him there; neither would you find him in the notorious Clock House,\* the drinking companion of thieves and beggars. Amongst Christian friends, leading a godly and a sober life, you

\* A very low public-house in London.

would find him urging upon such as are what he once was, to escape from perdition; the perdition of the body now, the perdition of the soul for ever.

"If any man," he said, in public, addressing the missionary, 'has cause to bless God that ever you visited him, I am that man. An instrument in the hands of God, through Him, you have saved me twice. You have saved me from drunkenness, for I have signed your pledge; you have saved me from hell, for you led me to the Lord Jesus Christ.'—*The Poor Folk at Home*, by Miss Barber.

### PEACE!

PEACE!—How joyful the sound! At length, after a two years' murderous warfare, the sword has been placed in its scabbard.

"No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Shall crowds of slain deplore."

Oh, that that sword might never again be drawn!

There is another, "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" let hosts of willing and brave warriors be aroused to take up that, and go forth "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." May they never give up the contest till the Prince of Peace reigns in triumph over all nations!

Peace!—How joyful are its effects! How many a released captive now bounds with gladness as he wends his way to his loved home! How many homes are gladdened by the return of the father,—the son,—the brother, from the exile of a dreary imprisonment! Oh, for the spread of that better "Peace on Earth," through which long-lost captives,—the very bond-slaves of Satan,—shall be brought in triumphant joy to the family home of God's own children!

While thankful to God, the great Disposer of all events, for so merciful a deliverance from the horrors of war, let us be stirred up to a louder song of thankful praise for the means of deliverance from the still more tremendous horrors of "the wrath to come." Shall not every one who has experienced this deliverance arise and proclaim this message of Peace? Shall we not enter every open door, and

sound the trumpet of so blessed a jubilee, making known to all in every place the name of the Lord Jesus? Glory be to His name, a wide door has been opened in Turkey for the proclamation of the Gospel. The Gospel may now be preached to the vast masses of the Mohammedan population in that country. It seems as if God were saying to us, as of old to the Church of Philadelphia, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." During the past year, 13,000 copies of the Scriptures have been bought by native Moslems. Who can tell how many miserable captives may obtain deliverance, and be brought to the family home by this proclamation of Peace on earth, and the good-will of God to men?

Oh, for praying hearts, to plead with God that greater marvels of success and victory may mark this new era of Peace.

## TURKEY IN ASIA.

### HOPEFUL APPEARANCES.

THE late Mr. Everett, American missionary, recently wrote as follows, in regard to his visit to Nicomedia and Baghchajuk:—

"The Spirit's influence is seen, also, in waking up multitudes to read the Scriptures, and of those who must first learn to read, both Armenians and Protestants. There are nearly thirty women now learning to read, taught by a boy of fourteen years of age, who receives for his winter services, a pair of shoes. The spelling-book has been in great demand. The coffee-shops are like school-rooms.

"Three women wished to learn to read, but they were too poor to buy a spelling-book for 100 paras, (8 cents,) so they joined together and collected 95 paras, and came with great entreaty that they might have the book at that price. It was given. A remarkable evidence of the power of truth happened a few days before my visit there. An Armenian had purchased a spelling-book, and was learning to read; he came to this sentence, which he read, spelling out the words, 'Jesus Christ came into the world, to save sinners.' He was overwhelmed with emotion at the thought, and burst into tears, and for a long time could not suppress his weeping,—such was the power of this great central truth, as it beamed for the first time upon the mind of a man of forty years. Though he had always attended church, he had never seen the light

before. We can with difficulty comprehend the ignorance of the common people. One day the native preacher was conversing with a woman about pictures. 'What!' she exclaimed, 'are they not gods?' Another man, now a very marked case of conversion, told me that in youth he believed the pictures to be gods. This man was just recovering from a long fit of illness, prolonged by the desertion of his wife; and he would have perished for the necessities of life, had it not been for the brethren. This man for years strove to follow the Gospel in secret; but it was as a fire shut up in his bones. He now told me that his heart was full of joy, and all he suffered from persecution was as nothing for the love he had for Christ. The work of our colporteur, Amorga, is intensely interesting. He carries his books with all boldness into the market-places and coffee-shops, crying, 'Holy Book!' and 'Turkish Book that will not lie!' This last expression he cried one day as he happened to be near the room where a Turkish judge from Nicomedia was sitting. The judge sent to have the man called. He came. As he entered, he left the basket of books at the door. 'Bring them, bring them,' said the judge, 'I wish to see the Book that will not lie.' He showed him an Armenian Bible, and read to him in the Turkish language from it. The judge inquired if he had any such in Turkish. He said that he had, at the magazine. 'Go, bring it,' said the judge. He ran with great joy and brought it. They read together the first chapter of Genesis, and a chapter from the New Testament. The judge then purchased a Bible, and two of his attendants each a Testament, and this in the presence of many Armenian opposers of the Gospel, to their no small chagrin, at witnessing the curiosity and desire of the Turks for this Book, which they despise, and despise because it does not lie, or rather does not confirm them in their lying vanities. The enemy, alarmed at the desire of the people for the Scriptures, went to the Turkish moodir of the village, to persuade him to bid the colporteur to remain in his shop and sell his books. The colporteur, on being called before the moodir, and questioned, replied, 'Sir, you know men are lazy and careless, and will perish if some one does not look after them. It is the command of Christ, and I must obey it, or they will be lost; and I shall obey it, and urge them to receive the Gospel.' Upon this he was let off, and has not been troubled since. He has sold, since October last, more than 1000 piastres' worth of books in the village; mostly last

year,—60 Bibles and 100 Testaments. The great desire is for the Scriptures. His joy was almost unbounded as two boxes of books arrived while I was there; and his face beamed with delight as he came in the morning I left, and said he had sold three Bibles that morning. I am sorry to inform you that the teacher of the school and deacon of the church has been obliged to give up his charge, on account of illness; he has been a useful helper, and the school is flourishing, and the door for labour wide open.

“We are about to send one of the advanced students of the seminary to take charge of the school and visit the coffee-shops. There is one coffee-shop in the hands of the brethren. It is crowded morning and evening with visitors; sometimes as many as forty assemble there. The Bible is constantly read and explained by some one present. It is a preaching coffee-house; it answers the same purpose as ‘the school of one Tyrannus.’ I visited it twice, and testify of what I have seen. The enemies are making great efforts to shut the shop, or turn out the Protestants. The owner is an Armenian, and refuses to violate his contract. The unlawful efforts of his friends have nearly persuaded him to be a Protestant himself so far, that he attended the chapel twice while I was there. If they succeed, many others will be opened in its place. The man who threatened to poison his wife if she became a Protestant, came the other day and begged of the native preacher that he would teach him the Lord’s Prayer. He learned the half at one sitting, and promised to come again.”  
—*News of the Churches.*

### FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

Oh! why should Israel’s sons, once blest,  
Still roam the scorning world around,  
Disowned of Heaven, by man oppress,—  
Outcasts from Zion’s hallowed ground?

O God of Israel, rend in twain  
The veil which hides their Shiloh’s light;  
The sever’d olive branch again  
To its own parent stock unite.

While Judah views his birthright gone,  
With contrite shame his bosom move,  
The Saviour he denied to own,  
The Lord he crucified to love.

Haste, glorious day, expected long,  
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise;  
With eager feet one temple throng,  
One God with mutual rapture praise.

**CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MISSIONS IN TURKEY.**

We are sure our readers will hear with delight that, as one of the first fruits of our connection with Turkey in the late war, the Church of Scotland is preparing to take advantage of any opening which may occur of preaching the Gospel to the Jews in the dominions of the Sultan. Already we have occupied a missionary station at Salonica, lately vacated by the American missionaries, and are about to enter Smyrna too. We hope very soon to report the progress of our work there. Meanwhile we quote the following sentences from correspondence lately published in the *News of the Churches*, which will be read with interest:—

"You may be aware that the American mission to the Jews is now discontinued, and the missionaries transferred to labour among the Armenians or Turks. We are happy to add, that the places of these brethren at Salonica and Smyrna are now likely to be soon supplied by missionaries from the Established Church of Scotland. The missionaries have already reached this city. You are aware that in both of the above-mentioned cities there is a very large Judeo-Spanish population; and it is greatly to be desired that, in a land the most free to missionary effort of any on the Continent, perhaps in the world, something more should be done for this interesting people. \* \* \*

"The friends of the Gospel will naturally be desirous to learn whether the liberty of conscience, lately proclaimed to the Turks, is producing any effect. I can at least say that many copies of the New Testament and other parts of the Scriptures have been distributed to Turkish soldiers of late; and I have myself talked with parties who applied for Scriptures sometimes for themselves, and sometimes for the officer or doctor attached to their company. Let us labour and pray; for there can be no doubt that the day of Turkey's merciful visitation seems to be at hand."

In regard to Salonica, Dr. Schauffler writes:—

"I begin with Salonica, not to give the history of that station, but its present *results*. It was commenced in 1849. The labours of this station, hardly commenced, were repeatedly and seriously interrupted by sickness and by

death, so that but little of regular and continuous work could ever be done there. Its results are,—1. The Jews of Salonica, formerly the *least* accessible, are now the *most* accessible to missionary labour. The missionaries can go among them, and visit them in their families on Saturdays; they are then expected to introduce the subject of religion, and are treated with courtesy. Jews used to visit the missionaries in their houses. There have been listeners to preaching on Sundays. The only thing in which, till lately, they used to be unyielding, even more so than the Jews of any other place in Turkey, was the subject of schools. But now they beg for them for boys and girls. Some rabbis even promise to send their daughters. Some of the wealthiest and most influential families desire the means of educating their children. They say we might get one thousand children as soon as we pleased. This is doubtless strongly hyperbolic, but the Jewish mind in Salonica has undergone a great change on this subject, as it appears. *And these schools for which they beg, are to be Christian schools.* These are the latest statements of our missionary helper at Salonica, Mr. Rosenberg. Now all this was realised amid many inconveniences, and met with much opposition from time to time. The hardness of the Jewish nation was often painfully perceptible; and the rabbis did all they could to hinder the Gospel work. Still,—2. It is a fact that the chief colporteur of the Rev. Mr. Stern, missionary of the London Jews' Society here, is a Jew of Salonica, hopefully converted *there*. He is a good and faithful man, his wife a single-hearted Christian woman; the family is a *Christian* family. Another young proselyte, connected with Mr. Stern's station, is from Salonica, having fled from there, and is now anxious to draw his wife after him. The native helper of the just disbanded Smyrna station is an interesting young rabbi from Salonica. He was baptised in January last by the missionaries at Smyrna. They consider his wife also in a very hopeful spiritual state, and will perhaps baptise her ere long. This family, also, is now a *Christian* family; for in both of these families there are children. A Turk of Salonica, with his wife, and a female relative, and the two eldest children, all were hopefully converted. This family is now a family of distinguished piety, and active in the service of the Lord. Some other Mohammedans of Salonica were brought near to the light of the Gospel, and probably the future will disclose still further what seed has been sown there. Before quitting Salonica I ought to acknowledge the labours of

Messrs. Lord and Goldberg from the London Jews' Society, who anticipated our settlement, and laboured faithfully for some time, but were subsequently removed to the capital."

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

### CALCUTTA.

IN the month of September last, an interesting and important meeting was held in the city of Calcutta, consisting of Christian missionaries connected with the Church Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, and the London Missionary Society. Their number, including seven gentlemen identified with the several Institutions, though not missionaries, amounted to fifty-five, and their successive meetings occupied four days. Such an assemblage was a *novelty* in the history of modern missions, and afforded a delightful evidence of that brotherly love and Christian catholicity which best illustrate, and most powerfully commend, the faith of our Redeemer. During these happy meetings no sectarian prepossession was obtruded, no jarring note was heard; but the associated brethren maintained, not only unbroken, but undisturbed, the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. During the successive sittings of the Conference, ten valuable papers on missionary subjects of the highest interest were read and discussed, and suitable resolutions were adopted. The last of these documents is, "*An Appeal from the PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES OF BENGAL, then assembled, to the Committees and Boards of Management of the various MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.*" This appeal sets forth, in such thoughts and language as missionaries only can employ, the commanding and yet unanswered claims of India on the Church of Christ; and it is sustained by facts which, as they cannot be gainsaid, ought to be irresistible. From the Table of Statistics given in illustration, it appears that, in the *Four Presidencies*, containing a population exceeding one hundred and twelve millions, the number of missionaries is *less than four to every million*. But this is the most favourable aspect of the mournful case. In the several States not included in the Presidencies, yet all under British rule, with a population of more than sixty-four millions, the entire number of missionaries is *only eight*. With facts so appalling, and all but overwhelming, the



members of the Conference, addressing the several Societies they represent, thus plead :—

“What, then, dear brethren, is to be done for these perishing souls? We ask for nothing unreasonable, nothing impossible. We well know that it is far beyond your power to supply even India alone with an adequate number of qualified missionaries. We know your sympathy for the heathen world; the numerous claims presented to you from your many missions; and the difficulty, in the present position of the Churches, of raising sufficient funds. But we do press upon you the greatness of the claims of India, and urge that, because of its vast population, and of its entire accessibility to the Gospel, those claims surpass those of all others. . . . . If, out of the twenty Societies engaged in Indian missions, the larger send *ten men*, and others less, so as to secure an average addition of *five men each during the next five years*, there will be found no less than five hundred missionaries in India, of whom a hundred will have been entirely added during that brief period. We pray you to regard our appeal for the land in which we labour. We plead for the multitudes we see, whose ignorance we know, whose passage into another world in such vast numbers unsaved, fills us with mourning and sadness. We ask your efforts. We ask your prayers. May the Lord of the Church himself prepare the harvest, and send forth more labourers to reap it for His praise!”

The meetings of the Conference closed with a public meeting of Christians of all denominations interested in the cause of missions, which was held in the Calcutta Town Hall, on the 7th September. The venerable Bishop of Calcutta presided, and it was one of the largest meetings ever held in that city.—*London Missionary Magazine*.

#### MADRAS.

The Rev. J. M. Lechler, of Salem, who has laboured in the Presidency of Madras for two-and-twenty years, in a brief review of a recent visit to the capital, thus gives expression to his devout pleasure :—

“Formerly in Madras, on a Sunday, you could see but a few stragglers going to a place of worship, or a private house, to hear the Word of God: now we see families, with boys’ and girls’ schools walking in crowds to hear the preaching of the Gospel in various places of worship and in

all parts of the city. In Pursewaukum, where I had the privilege of addressing the Tamil congregation of my friend and brother, Mr. Drew, on several successive Lord's days, and where twenty years ago there was no Tamil preaching at all, I found 300, at one time more than 400, individuals assembled to hear the Word of God in their own language, and with more than eighty out of this number I had the unspeakable pleasure of sitting down at the Lord's table.

"What surprised and cheered me particularly was an assembly of more than 170 heathen in a Zayat, or preaching place, near Mr Drew's house in Vepery. When we went into the place, I expected to hear, as I did on former occasions at Madras, much of arguing, disputing, and objecting on the part of our heathen audience. But there was nothing of this kind. Some thirty or forty men, who had come from a distant village, and who, I was told, are stated hearers, seated themselves in front, and as many as could find seats followed them; the rest stood listening with deepest attention to a regular discourse from Mr. Drew; and, after hearing him for nearly an hour, they remained as quiet and orderly to hear a few words from the white stranger that had come down from Salem. Not a sign of impatience or disagreement was observed throughout; and, if I had not been told before that I was in an assembly of heathen, and had seen some of the marks in their foreheads, I might have imagined that I was in a congregation of Christians. These wonderful changes are observed not only at Madras, but all over the country. Are we really aware of what God is doing in India?

"I was also not a little astonished to find that in Madras there are now five native girls' schools *set on foot, and entirely conducted by natives*. At the examination of one of these I was present. If such an event as this had been foretold fifteen or twenty years ago, I do not think that even a missionary would have believed it; but here is the fact before our eyes. The very people who used to tell us so gravely that they could not think of having their girls educated—such practices being contrary to the Shasters, the custom, and the well-being of their families—send now their girls to school to have them taught reading, writing, ciphering, needlework, geography, history, and Christian morals. At the examination, the fathers and relations of these girls were present, crowding the place, and watching most intensely the progress their daughters had made."



### RAGGED JOHNNY.

**R**AGGED JOHNNY, an orphan of about nine years of age, finding himself within a few miles of the capital, thought that once in the grand city of which he had heard so much, he should have no difficulty in getting an honest livelihood. He soon found out his mistake; a novice in eluding the policeman's vigilant eye, he was soon arrested for giving expression to the cravings of hunger, and imploring "one ha'penny, for God's sake, to get a ha'porth of bread," and was lodged in jail for twenty-four hours, when he did get as much bread as satisfied his hunger for that day, as well as having his hair closely clipped, which had got rather disordered since last his poor mother's kindly hand had lopped off the few locks she thought interfered with his usual tidy appearance.

But external were not the only changes in poor Johnny; he made some acquaintances in jail, to whom he was glad to tell his forlorn condition; they were not, like him, in for a first offence; they were old hands, and felt quite repaid for the slight inconvenience they experienced by having made an addition to their gang, and promised he should

lead a gay and merry life if he became their pupil. At first he felt this was not exactly the line of life he had planned for himself, but none other having offered, he consented to cast in his lot with the young thieves, most of them as homeless and friendless as himself. He did not prove so apt a scholar as they anticipated, and in a few days was again lodged in jail for some trifling theft. On being discharged the second time, he resolved not to join his former associates, but whither should he bend his steps? The clipped head too plainly told from whence he came, and was sufficient to prevent any feeling of tenderness or compassion for his forlorn condition. A few tattered garments were all that remained to screen him from the chill blasts of December. He wandered about some hours, when, in an obscure street, a gentleman looked round for some one to hold his horse as he alighted to make an inquiry. Johnny was now at hand, and for this slight office the stranger handed him twopence, saying at the same time to the shivering child, "Why do you not go to the Ragged School, my boy?" This awakened a new inquiry in the lad; he had never heard of such a place, though at home he had been accustomed to attend school regularly, and he knew that if he could but find such another he might get on; he accordingly ventured to inquire where was the Ragged School? and a kind hand pointed it out in an adjoining street. What was the poor boy's amazement to see nearly two hundred as miserable creatures as himself seated at their tasks! The teacher welcomed the wanderer, heard his sad tale, placed him in a class, and when a good lady who daily visits the school came in, he repeated it to her; she felt there was so much honesty in the recital of his sorrows, and no concealment of his crime, that she requested the master to procure him a lodging for a week where he might be protected from falling in with his former companions, and still be able to attend the school, where one meal a-day would at least be secured to him. He soon gave so much satisfaction, that, as he was able to read his Testament, he was promoted to be a Broomer, in which capacity he would *have the opportunity of earning his bread*. These boys are lodged in a dormitory under the charge of a resident master. They are not allowed to receive pay, but carry a book in which their services are regularly entered, and according to a fixed scale of charges, the collector goes round to the different houses where they are employed, and collects the various amounts, which are placed to the credit of the boys.

By strict diligence and attention to his business, Johnny

had in a few months a small sum laid by, and now began to think he would like some more fixed mode of life. One of the Committee had remarked him from the day he entered the school, and, having received an excellent character of him from the master, resolved to take him into his house as a page. I am happy to say he has had no reason to regret this step, as John continues to give satisfaction, and is likely to prove a useful and faithful servant.

And now, dear reader, have I succeeded in interesting you for these poor homeless creatures? If so, I hope your interest will extend beyond a mere expression of sympathy as you lay down this paper, and that you will try to help the hands of those who are labouring so unceasingly for the souls, as well as the bodies of the thousands who are living and dying around you. If you cannot offer yourself as a teacher, you may ask others to do so. If you cannot send them money, you might collect clothes, which are most acceptable; and, above all, you can ask God to send down His blessing on the labours and liberality of those who are thus spending themselves in His service.

In conclusion, I would say, who can be associated in a work like this without being reminded of what God has told us in His Word is the state of each by nature? Loathsome and repulsive as the term may be, has not Jehovah declared that our best righteousness is but as filthy rags in His sight, till clothed upon with His everlasting righteousness, which is the fine linen of the saints?—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

#### FRUITS OF THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

At the London City Missionary Meeting the Rev. William Arthur, in the course of a most admirable speech, said:—

I hardly know in what particular aspect first to look at the Society. It is a Free Library Society. There are your 78,000 books distributed during the year, lent for reading among different portions of the poor. Why, that alone ought to excite the sympathy of any man that knows how much good may be done by the reading of a good book. Then, again, it is a great Tract Distributing Society. Then, again, if it were only a Visiting Society, paying innumerable visits of kindness,—if it were nothing else, it ought to move us all. And then, again, look at it simply in its aspect of

#### KINDNESS AND RELIEF TO THE POOR.

Take, for instance, one scene that is sketched in the Report

for the previous year, a scene occurring in one of our familiar thoroughfares during the time of the cholera. There you see, going up Shoreditch, a poor mechanic out of work, who has just left his home because there is nothing there to sustain him a moment longer. He is carrying in his arms a motherless child, the mother of which has just died of cholera in that miserable home; before him is borne an eldest daughter, smitten with the cholera too, and being carried to the work-house; behind him two little children are following; and this broken-hearted family have one friend with them,—that friend is the City missionary. As they are going on to seek admission into the workhouse, the landlord is coming to what was a while ago his home; he seizes on everything that is there; he sells it, and all their earthly goods bring the landlord five shillings. In the meantime, the family and the missionary enter the workhouse; and there that eldest daughter dies of cholera in the arms of the City missionary. Now, suppose that this Society were doing nothing whatever more than to administer solace such as this,—sending a friend to the poorest of the poor in the day of their utmost destitution,—that alone would be an aspect of the work which ought to appeal to us all. But another of those scenes, occurring that year, shows how much further the benefits of the Society go. One day, in the autumn, a missionary called on a poor man, who had recently been a drunkard, recently a swearer and boxer; and he asked this man how he was going on; and from those lips he heard the words, “Ah! I am trying now to serve God as faithfully as formerly I served sin.” He left that man, and in ten hours afterwards he was in another world. Multiplying cases of that kind surely is one of the greatest and most blessed works that any of us can do.

I was very much touched lately with the tale that I heard with regard to

#### A POOR CHILD.

One night, after ten o'clock, a poor woman came to the gate of the Training College in Horseferry-road, Westminster, and knocked. The man was disturbed from his slumber, and was rather cross. He asked her what she wanted, and she said she wanted her little girl; that the little child attended the infant-school, that she herself had been out to work, and the person who attended the child when she was away told her that she had not come home. The man told her to go about her business, thinking she was in liquor. He said that they had no children

there at that hour, but that they had all gone long ago. The poor woman went with her tale to the station-house, but without success. By and by, when the man went to clean out the school in the morning, he found a little girl about four or five years of age playing with the forms. "How is it you are here?" said he. "Oh!" said she, "I have had such a nice night in the gallery." "Such a nice night in the gallery! Have you been here all night?" "Yes, I have been here all night; and it has been so pleasant, and so nice!" "But how is this?" "Why," she said, "school is so nice, that last night, when we were going out, and I should have gone home, I hid under the bench; and I have had such a nice night here in the gallery." I do not wonder that the poor man was so melted that he took the child home, and, instead of being content to give her what he had for his own breakfast, he went out and bought cakes for her, and made the best treat for her that he could. But just imagine a thing that a child calls home, and yet that thing is so miserable and desolate that a child would rather hide under a bench, and spend a whole dark, cold night in a large and lonely room, than go to what she called home! You have, then, 11,000 such children gathered up during the year, and brought into school. Surely that work alone, if there were nothing else, is something in which the hearts of every one of us ought very greatly to rejoice.

There is another branch of the work that has struck me very much. I allude to

#### THE MISSION TO THE CABMEN.

What an astonishing statement that is in the Report of 1855, that one-third of the cabmen of London are now not working upon the Lord's-day; that even of the 2900 and odd who have licenses for seven days in the week, upwards of 1000 of them do not use their licenses on the Lord's-day, but take the advantage of that day of rest. This single fact alone ought to make us feel, that even in the streets and upon the cabs there is some blessing shed by the labours of this City Mission. Then another very extraordinary feature of the movement of the Society was also mentioned in that Report, and therefore ought to be alluded to here; I mean the

#### LABOURS IN PUBLIC-HOUSES,

preaching the Gospel in bar-rooms, distributing God's Word to men in the act of drinking, talking to them about their souls, when they are over their cups. I find in the Report of that year, that by one City Missionary, in public-

houses alone, 20,000 people had been pointed to the Lamb of God. The Lord be with that brother, whoever he may be! And others are labouring in like fields, going into houses where the people are actually engaged in all that is bad and promotive of badness, and yet causing them to receive these, it may be the first, impressions that will lead them to everything that is good.

I know not how we can more directly or more universally affect the Christian world, than by promoting the interests of this City Mission. Let us look at her in her twenty-first year,

#### WHAT HAS SHE DONE ?

There she is, sitting amidst the Institutions of our land, and she may take her seat now in the family circle of those that are venerable and honoured. There come all the beauties and the ornaments of our Lord,—our home work, our foreign work, works of benevolence to the body, works of benevolence to the soul. They are a lovely company, and they may ask this new sister that has just attained her majority, What is *thy* work, and what *thy* labour? In this one year there have been 153 shops closed, where last year every one was open; there are 500 human beings, it may be, who have a Sabbath now, who had no Sabbath before. Again you ask,—Is this all? No; there are 263 families made out of those who last year were no families. Thanks be to God for that! Is that all? No; here are 410 houses, where there is an altar to-day, where there was no altar twelve months ago. Then there are 817 lips that have been this year led for the first time to drink of the wine that shows forth the Lord's death. And then, beside all this, here are 600 and odd drunkards who, thank God, have put their hands to the solemn covenant that they will drink no more, and are living according to it. Besides that, there are some of those whom the Master would not have despised. Here are 565 women, who last year were at the worst point to which woman can go; and now some of them are at their homes, and others of them are in asylums, and the rest are all set out upon a new way. And then here are the little children, the 11,564 children, who finish this family group. Then I say to the London City Mission,—God bless thee, with that family around thee; those reformed drunkards, those recovered prostitutes, those hapless children gathered into schools! It is a family on which the blessing of Heaven is sure to descend. Go on,—go on and prosper; may thy strength be a thousand times



more than it is, and may the Lord's hand be laid bare on your behalf!

To these stirring sentences from Mr Arthur, we add the following words from the Report of the Society:—

Twenty-one years since there existed in London no London City Mission, no Church Pastoral-Aid Society, no Additional Curates' Society, no Scripture-Readers' Association, no Country Town Mission Society, no Ragged-School Union, no Open-air Mission Society, no Society for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Poor, no Model Lodging-houses. Who can look back on the past, and compare it with what now is to be beheld, without praise to God for the advance which has been made? Could all the fruits which have resulted from the formation of the London City Mission during its minority be presented at this time to this meeting—could only all those who have been reclaimed from ruin and converted to God by its instrumentality be here assembled—what heart could but bless the God of all grace that this Society was originated! But these cannot be all assembled here. Nor, if they could, would this spacious hall itself at all suffice to receive the numbers. Let us, therefore, carry forward our hopes, and look to the period when we shall behold, before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, a great multitude which no man can number, as the fruits of City Mission efforts, of all orders of degradation and neglect, and misery and ruin, yet crying with a loud voice, Salvation to our God, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb!

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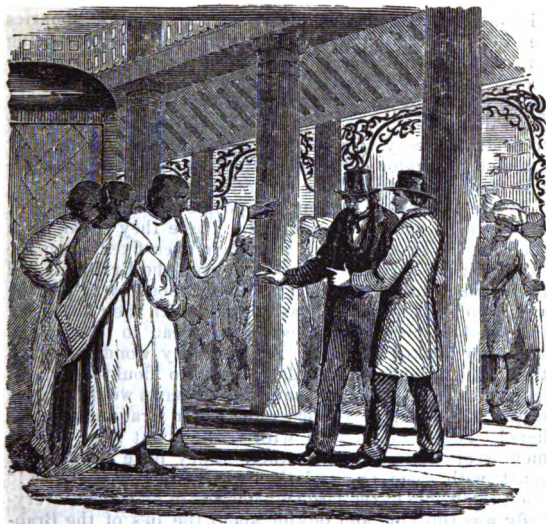
### HYMN.

And have we heard the joyful sound?  
Have we the only Saviour found?  
And shall we not to all proclaim  
His boundless grace, His mighty name?

Eath God to us His glory shown,—  
Oh, not for merits of our own!  
And shall not love constrain our heart  
This blessed knowledge to impart?

O Saviour, who for all hast died!  
Be thou our Teacher, Help, and Guide.  
Inflame our hearts with Christian love,  
And bless our labours from above.

Send forth Thy light: display Thy power;  
Let all confess, let all adore.  
In every land Thy Word be sown;  
By every soul Thy truth be known!



### A STRANGE MISSIONARY LESSON.

**S**OME missionaries went to a part of India, not long since, where no white man had ever before been. The people looked upon them as if they had come from another world. Generally, they were treated with kindness; but there was one place, where many Brahmins lived, and these men saw that if the poor Hindoos believed what the strangers taught them, their own gains would be destroyed. They therefore persuaded their people not to listen to their preaching. "But if," write the missionaries, "they would not hear our *words*, they were compelled to take a lesson from our *boots*." This you will think was a very strange way of teaching the truth; but it answered the purpose as you shall hear.

The Brahmins had made the people believe that their temple, and the large open court around it, were so holy, that if any person went in with shoes or sandals upon his feet, the blood would instantly stream from his nose and mouth, and he would drop down dead. No one, therefore, entered into the sacred place, or thought of doing so,

without first putting off his shoes. As the missionaries had not been there, they knew nothing of all this; and being curious to see the temple, walked boldly into it. But no sooner had they entered than a number of Brahmins ran quickly towards the spot, and began to threaten and curse them in a very violent manner. The Missionaries were not to be driven away by angry looks and empty words; they remained, therefore, and tried to show the Brahmins the falsehood and folly of their superstitions.

While this was going on, the people gathered together, and came as near as they dared. There they stood, with their necks stretched out, and their eyes fixed upon the Missionaries; for they all believed what the Brahmins had told them; and they expected every moment to see the men who had been so bold as to walk, with their shoes on, into the holy place, fall bleeding and dead to the ground. But they looked in vain. At first they wondered; and then, one after another, they began to doubt; until at length, when they became sure that no harm would happen to the strangers, they cried out, "Our Brahmins are all liars! They have fed us with nothing but lies! These men wear boots of cow-leather. They have entered the court with them on, and they have suffered no harm!" Soon the whole of the large village was in an uproar, everybody was thinking and talking about the lies of the Brahmins. The Missionaries knew that this was the time for them to show the people the way of truth; the same evening, therefore, they met a great crowd of them, and preached to them the Gospel.

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### WANT OF MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

At the recent annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society in London,—the Rev. H. Townsend, missionary from Abbeokuta, thus describes the strong desire that is felt in these districts of Africa for missionary labourers:—

We have, at the present time, vast openings for missionary exertion, and I must endeavour to bring these before your minds, that you may give us the help that we require. You are aware that we have several stations already formed—formed, we hope, upon a right basis—carried on, we hope, in a right manner, looking to our Saviour alone for aid. Beyond us there are vast towns; but let me first draw your attention to a small town that is nearer to us than Abbeokuta, one of those that were

destroyed by the slave wars, but was being rebuilt when I visited it with the late Dr. Irving. When we went there the chief said to us, "Sirs, I want to bring my people back again that are scattered about. They are coming back, but they are afraid; they are afraid that the Dahomies will again send them away; but if you white people will only come among us—if one of you will only come and dwell in the town, they will be assured of peace and safety; they will all return with confidence, knowing the protection that you can afford." Now, that town has never seen the face of a missionary since, that I am aware of. They are still waiting for that white man; they are still waiting for the messenger of peace, that is to bring peace and safety to their place. There is, again, beyond Abbeokuta, a town of about 20,000 people, called Tsein. I have been there twice. On my first visit, I was received by the chief with great pleasure; he showed me great kindness and attention, and all the hospitality and honour that a native chief can afford; and he said, "White man, I wish you to come and dwell in my place; I wish you to come and be my teacher, and the teacher of my people." I left him, and returned about twelve months after, and then I found that the Mohammedans of his town had threatened rebellion, because the chief had dared to receive a white Christian in his place; but the chief said, "You Mohammedans may rebel, but I will suppress the rebellion, and I will receive a white man whenever a white man will come to me." I asked from him a token that he really desired our presence. I asked him for a piece of land, on which to build a church and missionary premises, and he immediately said that I might choose what land I pleased, and he would grant it to me for that purpose, as an earnest that he desired us to come and teach his people. Again, there is a town called Ageja, or, as it is sometimes called, Oyo—the capital of the Yoruba country, and the residence of the King of the Yorubas. I visited the king, and earnestly entreated him to form a station in his place. Of late he has sent to the British Consul for a missionary, and our brethren there have been obliged to go to him a second time; and the king compelled Mr. Hinderer, who went, to leave behind one of his attendants as an earnest that a white man should be sent to him to teach him. He also gave Mr. Hinderer one of the houses in the town, and a piece of ground on which to build another, whenever a person should come there. Again, there is a large country that has not been visited by any missionary, called Ijesha,

away to the southward of Ibaden, containing 100,000, or, perhaps, 200,000 people. The King of Ijesha sent to myself, and to my companion, Mr. Gollmer, a number of messengers with this message: "We beg you, in all kindness, to come to us; we desire to see you; we desire to receive you." We sent him back a message, to tell him that we really desired to come whenever an opportunity should be afforded us. But here a hindrance was placed in our way, in a manner that we scarcely contemplated. Some of the native chiefs, jealous that this distant chief should send to us, kidnapped the messengers on their way home. But while they thus attempted to mar our work, they gave us a push onwards; they gave us admission to the heart of the chief in a manner in which we could not otherwise have obtained it. They allowed us the privilege of liberating the messengers—of purchasing the ransom of one, and sending him back to his own country, with this testimony, that though they would enslave, we would set free. At the same time I received a testimony of the goodwill of another chief, the chief of the town of Ijaye. One of the messengers broke out of prison, and ran to this chief of Ijaye, who, understanding that he was a messenger, sent him immediately to me, stating that he could not possibly detain a messenger that was sent to a white man; thus testifying his kindness and goodwill to us. But that distant country has not to this time been visited by any Christian instructor. There is, again, a town called Shaki, about one hundred and fifty miles, I suppose, from the coast, that we suppose to contain from thirty to forty thousand people. I went there, and was received by the people with the greatest joy. Thousands of people gathered around me, and whenever I opened my mouth to preach the Word to them, they seemed to listen with much attention and respect. I asked, "Do you want white men to come and teach you that which white men are delegated to teach?" and their answer was, "Yes, we have heard of your doings at Abbeokuta, and we desire that you should come among us, and teach us as you have taught the people of Abbeokuta." I told them that I was about to return to this country, and they asked me to take this message with me. And now, dear Christian friends, the question rests with you. Shall I go back to Africa, and tell them that the people of England will not send them missionaries? Shall I tell them that in this vast country there are no young men able and willing to undertake the work? Shall I tell them that in this country, which is known throughout the

world as the richest country, there is not wealth enough to support missionaries. Oh! let not this be said; but rather let us go back full—full with the blessing God has given us. The more we go forward in our work, we shall have the way opened. We shall not only go through the Yoruba country, but across the Niger. There the people are waiting for the Gospel, which was promised them by missionaries that were in the expedition commanded by Captain Trotter, but the promise has not been fulfilled. You know that Mr Crowther, when he went with a subsequent expedition, was reminded of that promise by the natives themselves. "Where," they said, "are the missionaries you promised us? Our eyes ache with looking, our hopes become faint with disappointed expectation of the promised blessing." And now, Christian friends, shall it be so, that the Niger, the Yoruba country, and the countries beyond, shall stretch out their hands to us for a blessing, and we deny it to them? Let it not be so; but let us go forward in the name of the Lord our God."

### THE COLLIER BOY.

"You all know," said an English gentleman, addressing some children who worked in the Yorkshire mines, "what it is to work down in the coal pits, for many of you spend your days in them. A short time since, a little fellow, not more than five or six years old, was brought before some gentlemen to be questioned about his work. They asked him his age; then what he had to do. He answered, that every day, from five in the morning till five in the evening, he sat without a light beside a little door in the dark coal passage, and when he heard one of the boxes come rumbling along, he opened the door by a piece of string which he held in his hand. He was asked whether he had any way of amusing himself. Once he had caught a mouse, and this was quite an event in his life. But his chief way of amusing himself, was by begging of every one who came through the door a piece of candle-end; and then when he had collected a sufficient number of pieces he lighted them all. 'Well,' said the gentlemen, 'and when you have got a light, what do you do?' 'Oh!' said the little fellow, '*when I gets a light I sings.*'"

"Now this is a simple story; but I want you to learn a lesson from it. We are met to day to think, hear, and learn, about the poor heathen in distant lands; and they are like this poor child in the coal pit. They live in dark-

ness—in utter spiritual darkness. They are, the Bible tells us, ‘sitting in darkness,’ without God, without Christ, without hope. Now the object of the missionaries is to take light to them—the light of the Gospel; and the use of missionary meetings is to stir up people to help in this blessed work. You, my dear children, give your pennies and your half-pennies; and they are like the little boy’s candle-ends, which he begged of the men as they passed. They go towards getting the light of the Gospel spread abroad among the heathen; and when they have heard and believed the glad tidings of salvation, they sing praises to Him who has called them out of darkness into His marvellous light, just as the child sang when he had got a light in his coal pit!”

### TINNEVELLY.

“Of all the Indian Missions of the Church Missionary Society,” says the Annual Report (7th May 1856), “Tinnevelly claims the precedence, in respect of the number of Christians, and its advance towards a permanent settlement of a native church. Five years ago the several districts of Tinnevelly were under the pastoral care of twelve ordained missionaries, of whom ten were European and two native. Now the number of ordained missionaries is still twelve, but five only are European and seven native. At the former period the converts were 24,552, and the communicants 2743. Now the converts are 27,140, and the communicants 3821. At the former period there were 295 places of worship, and 6682 children at school. Now there are 375 congregations, and 8253 children at school. A second proof of the progress of the missionary spirit is evidenced by voluntary contributions and unpaid missionary agency. The poor Christians of Tinnevelly contribute more than £70 a-year to the Church Missionary Society, and ten times that amount, in the whole, to other pious objects. Besides this, there is a native Missionary Society, supported and managed by themselves, which maintains six native catechists, who are associated with the itinerating missionaries in North Tinnevelly, and a

### JUVENILE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION,

supported by two vernacular schools, which pays the whole stipend of a pilgrim missionary among the heathen. A third evidence of progress which the committee notice, is

the general desire which has sprung up for books of solid information, and of deep practical piety."

There is a new and deeply interesting branch of labour going forward in the North Tinnevely district. Three missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Messrs. Ragland, Fenn, and Meadows, assisted by several native helpers, are occupied in itinerating and sowing the seed of the Gospel over a large district of country. In one year they have visited 1200 villages, and 700 of them three times. It is very pleasing to hear that the native Christian churches and congregations to the south are zealously co-operating in this work.

"A catechist is sent forth from one or other of these congregations to be associated with the missionaries in their labours. He remains with them a month or more, and during this period all his expenses are provided for by the congregation which has sent him forth. During the last six months of which detailed accounts have reached us, they have had associated with them six catechists, "scribes well instructed unto the kingdom of God," and desirous that their heathen fellow-countrymen should know and embrace the Gospel. Besides this, individual members of the various congregations, at their own expense, and simply from a desire as they have freely received freely to give, have expressed their willingness to join the work. One has done so—the headman of Pragasaparam—to be followed, we trust, by many others.

"COME OUT FROM AMONG THEM."

"On this interesting branch of labour a blessing has already begun to descend. At a place called Kalbothy, a most interesting service was held in February last, when the first-fruits of this itinerating mission, sixteen converts, were baptized by the Rev. J. Thomas. An extract from a private letter of the Rev. D. Fenn supplies some interesting information respecting them:—

"Yesterday, April 17, I spent at Kalbothy, in the verandah of Masillamani's house. Through God's great mercy, the poor people seem going on very well. They have just had a trial, against which they have all stood firm. The great yearly heathen feast in their neighbourhood was held two or three days ago, and Masillamani feared that some of the inquirers—not the baptized—would, in some way or other, join in it, either to please their relatives or their masters. The only approach to such a thing was in the case of a young man, well meaning, I think, but weak, a member of



a large family, all heathen. He himself has only joined the Christians since the baptisms in February. His brother asked him, when all was ready, to come in and eat with them. He was afraid to refuse. Masillamani heard of it, and sent Samuel, the best of the young men, to call him. He rose up, and left at once. He had not eaten anything."

The interest shown by these poor native Christians in the spread of the Gospel is further shown in what remains of Mr. Fenn's letter.

#### MISSIONARY BOXES.

"Last week I received a Tamil letter, with a missionary box, or rather earthen pot, sent by the inventor, Vathanayagum Simeon, Mr. Sargent's catechist at Palamcottah. At the missionary meeting in January, Mr Sargent had told a story of a little girl who had been refused a missionary box, because she was too young, but had, with the help of her brother, constructed one, and brought it to a meeting at which Mr. Sargent was present last year in England. It contained, I think, threepence, for Mr Sargent had brought away the box with him, and showed it at the meeting in Palamcottah. Vathanayagum Simeon had his ingenuity stirred, and soon after invented the missionary earthen pot, which costs one pie, (half a farthing). Forty of these have already been given out, and more, he tells me, are being applied for: and although, at present, none have been opened, yet, from inquiring amongst his own people, who are mostly very poor, he found that they are putting one, two, or three pice a-week into it. "Before," he says, "they used to pray for the North-Tinnevely heathen: now they are glad to give something for their spiritual good."

This letter and the missionary pot I showed last Saturday to Masillamani, who had come over to my tent. He asked for them to show to his people, and yesterday he told me that seven of them begged that they might each have a similar one. And I have now with me a Tamil letter, from him, to a friend in the south, asking for ten to be sent, as the potters in this neighbourhood do not understand them.

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#### THE NEED OF JESUS.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,—for I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within.  
I need the cleansing fountain where I can always flee;  
The blood of Christ most precious,—the sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,—for I am very poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store.  
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way ;  
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,—I need a friend like thee ;  
A friend to soothe and sympathise—a friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus to feel each anxious care ;  
To tell my every want, and all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,—for I am very blind ;  
A weak and foolish wanderer with a dark and evil mind.  
I need the light of Jesus to tread the thorny road ;  
To guide me safe to glory, where I shall see my God.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,—I need Thee day by day,  
To fill me with thy fulness—to lead me on my way.  
I need thy Holy Spirit to teach me what I am,  
To shew me more of Jesus, to point me to the Lamb.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,—and hope to see thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow, and seated on thy throne.  
There, with thy blood-bought children, my joy shall ever be,  
To sing my Jesus' praises, to gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

F. W.

### MORE FRUITS OF THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

THE great day alone will reveal the rich harvest of fruits that will be gathered in through the persevering efforts of the agents of the London City Mission, in the lanes and dens of that great city. We subjoin two instances, in addition to our former notices, of some valuable results of their labours. The first tells of

#### THE CONVERSION OF A PAPIST.

“Early in August 1853,” says the missionary in his narrative, “I was made aware of the illness of Mr ———, of ——— place. The first time I called to see him I failed, but, calling again the next day, I succeeded. His history is this. He was born in ———shire; and, though of English parents, was brought up a most rigid papist, which he conscientiously and rigorously continued. But the last time he made confession to a priest, the questions put to him were of that character he determined never to go again. And, living in Protestant families in the capacity of gardener, he became gradually weaned from Popery, until within three or four years of his death he attended no place of worship whatever. He was, notwithstanding, frequently

concerned about his eternal welfare, and was a sober, industrious, and valued servant of a gentleman of this village. At the beginning of his illness, he was one Sabbath evening walking towards Weston Street, Upper Norwood, when, seeing the tent in which we were conducting service, and hearing a noise, he was induced to enter, and stayed the whole time. I am not sure that he ever attended any other Protestant service. But what he heard that night revived his solicitude about his soul. To use his own words, "I felt under that service as I never felt under any service that I attended." He was after that increasingly anxious to know the truth, and, although he thought Popery wrong, he did not know what was right, and was wretched in consequence. In this painful state of mind, and swollen to a frightful size with the dropsy, I found him at my first visit. I read to him from God's Word, that as a sinner he had every reason to be alarmed, but also of Christ, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." But I found in him the naturally dark mind, still worse by the teaching of Popery. Hence I had to labour long with him before the simple Gospel found its way to his heart. I think I shall never forget the joy and delight that lit up his countenance as he saw one Popish dogma after another demolished by the majestic truth of Jehovah. On one of these occasions I asked him, "If some of his Roman Catholic friends were to come, whether he would hold by the truth?" He exclaimed, "A regiment would'n't move me, Sir; a regiment would'n't move me. No, Sir, I see now as I never saw before; I am astonished. But, then," he continued, "I have always been taught so different; never allowed to read the Bible, and have always heard the Protestants spoken so much against." As it were to test his sincerity, I may mention, that his father and mother, who are still living, while he was on his dying bed, frequently wrote to him, imploring him to have a priest, then they should be easy, but they could have no hope for him without. But, although he avowed his affection for his parents, he could only pity them, and pray for their deliverance from such a delusion. He would not entertain the thought for a moment. Said he, "What can I do, Sir? I wouldn't have one of these men come near me for such a purpose on any account." But, though he was converted from Popery, and saw the truth partially, he could not for a long time rejoice in Jesus Christ as priest and victim for his salvation. Hence in subsequent visits I sought to show him the fulness and freeness of Gospel blessings;

while the more he saw the more desirous he was to be assured of a participation therein.

"But at length a loving Saviour manifested himself, and the Holy Spirit so satisfied him of his acceptance in the Beloved; that, like Paul and Silas, he prayed and sang praises to God at midnight. His wife, who was in a separate bed by his side, he awoke to tell her how happy he was. He then wished he had several of his friends there, that he might testify to them of the truth of the Bible and Protestantism. He said, alluding to a former visit, "*For the first time I saw and loved my Saviour. I did not love Jesus before, but now I love him as I love no one else.*" The last words he uttered were, "Praise to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," uttering at the close an audible Amen, and repeating it till his lips only could be seen to move; and so, as I would trust, he fell asleep in Jesus."

The next instance tells us of the grace of God manifested in

#### THE CONVERSION OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

Mr. ——— is an old soldier. The former missionary called on him five years before he could get access, and I often thought that I might almost as well speak to the table. His hasty temper, obscene conversation, and blasphemous language, not unfrequently made his neighbours tremble. But it has pleased the Lord—through my visits, I believe—to enlighten his mind, to subdue his will, and change his heart. Twelve months ago, I found that he began to be dissatisfied with himself. He said several times, 'I wish I had this new heart which you and the Bible speak of so much.' At another time, 'Oh, that I could begin life afresh!' He has frequently wished me to explain the third chapter of John to him. At each visit he has had some feeling in his mind, some portion of Scripture, or some verse of a hymn, that he wished to talk with me about; and when I have not seen him for some time, his wife has been sent to ask me to come. Perhaps two or three of these visits from my journal might be interesting, as showing the progress of the good work in his mind:—  
'Dec. 3, 1855.—While describing the prodigal this afternoon, Mr. ——— said, with weeping eyes, "Ah! that's me!"'  
'Dec. 29.—As I returned this evening, I found Mr. ——— had sent for me again. I believe his Bible and hymn-books, and the library books, have been his chief companions for some time. His wife acknowledged "that he had been altogether a different person the past three months, and especially the past six weeks." He himself says, "I feel I

am a great sinner, and that nothing but God's mercy in Christ can save me." *Jan. 16, 1856.*—I was increasingly pleased with Mr. ——— to-day. I believe that he is gradually experiencing true "repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." I found him to-day pondering over his Bible and hymn-book. He directed my attention to the following lines:—

"How oft did Satan's cruel boast  
My troubled soul affright!  
He told me I was surely lost,  
And God had left me quite!"

"Guilt made me fear lest all were true  
The lying tempter said;  
But now the Lord appears in view,  
My enemy is fled.

"Where am I now, and what my hopes?  
What can my weakness do?  
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,  
'Tis thou must make it new."

What sentiments to be adopted by one whose impure and blasphemous language have even made his ungodly neighbours tremble!"

**"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit,  
saith the Lord of Hosts."**

#### ~~~~~ RETURN OF JEWS TO PALESTINE.

ON June 11, a meeting was held in London, to take into consideration the best means of establishing an agricultural colony of believing Israelites in Palestine. The Earl of Shaftesbury was called to the chair.

The Rev. R. H. Herschel submitted a statement of the objects which it is sought to accomplish. It is intended to make arrangements for the purchase of tracts of land on which to found an agricultural colony of converted Jews, which should answer the double purpose of providing the means of subsistence for those poor Israelites who, after they had embraced Christianity, were reduced to great pecuniary straits; and of raising and maintaining the standard of the cross in the land in which the great and momentous scenes recorded by the evangelists were transacted; and by that means to bring the Jews in Palestine under the power of Christian influence.

The Bishop of Jerusalem expressed his cordial concurrence in the scheme, and said that never, since the destruction of Jerusalem, did circumstances seem so auspicious for the return of the Jews to their own land as they do at present.



### THE GOOD COBBLER OF PORTSMOUTH.

**H**OW thankful should our young readers be for the blessings of education, and for the privilege they enjoy of attending the Sabbath School, and other means of religious instruction! There are thousands of boys and girls, particularly in our large towns, who are so poor, and so much neglected, as to have no means of enjoying these privileges. At least, this was the case not very long ago, but now the means of instruction are more easily obtained, and there are many kind persons who find out these neglected children, and labour to bring them to live honest, sober, and useful lives. They teach them in those schools, called "Ragged Schools," established expressly for poor and outcast young people, to read the Bible, to pray to God, and to look to Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

We are going to tell you about one of the first of these Ragged Schools. It was kept in the town of Portsmouth in England, by John Pounds, a poor man, and a cobbler by trade. His house was a small wooden one, in a humble

street in the town. He was a cripple, and though he worked hard, he could not make much of a living. To add to his trials, he had the charge of a little nephew, who was lame like himself. As he could not afford to send him to school, nor clothe him properly, he thought he would be his teacher. Then he said to himself, "I may as well have two scholars as one,"—and he asked the child of a very poor woman to come to his shop, and learn his letters. The two little scholars got on so well, that he next invited a third, and a fourth, till at last he had a class of *forty* poor ragged children, and of these there were about twelve little girls.

It must have been strange to see John Pounds, with his ragged group around him! One minute he would be knocking the sole of a shoe, another hearing a boy repeat his A.B.C. Now he would be stitching away with both his hands, and then teaching a little scholar to repeat a text of Scripture.

He might have had many more scholars than his shop would hold, but he could not find money to pay for a larger place, so he chose the worst and most ragged, in the hope of doing most good. He would sometimes follow a very poor boy in the streets, and offer the bribe of a roasted potatoe if he would come to his school.

Was not this John Pounds a happy man? Certainly he was. He was far more happy than many rich men; for the smiling faces of his scholars, and his consciousness of being a useful man, always filled him with joy. And then he was always so kind, and had such cheerful and merry ways of teaching, that the young people could not fail to be pleased and improved. After their lessons were over, he would sometimes have a game of play with them—if they were absent and ill, he was sure to visit them—and if they had nothing to eat, he brought them some food. He also taught them to cook their food, and to mend their clothes and old shoes, so that it was no wonder they loved him very much.

John Pounds died in the year 1839. He was then an old man, and had kept on his school almost to the last day of his life. "When he was buried," says one account of him, "there was neither hearse, nor coach, nor fine trappings; but some of the poor scholars were there, with weeping eyes and grateful hearts, following their kind teacher to the grave."

What an interesting beginning was this of a work which is now carried on so vigorously, and on so extensive a

scale, in all the towns of our land! Since the pious cobbler began his ragged school, there have been many other persons who have taken a kindly interest in the good work. They have got together those who did not know a letter, nor had ever been in a school. All that many such poor children knew was to lie, and curse, and steal. They had often heard the name of God taken in vain, but they were ignorant of the love and mercy of God, they knew nothing of salvation, the value of their souls, the joys of heaven, the misery of hell. But they have been taught, in these schools, the evil of sin, they have been led to bow their knees in prayer to God, and been directed to Jesus, who bore our sins in His own body on the tree. Many have believed on Him. Some have grown up to be useful men and women; and others, when dying, have thanked God that they ever went to a Ragged School.

Our young readers may never have seen any of these schools; but let them not forget to pray for those places where the poorest are taught the way to heaven—and let it be an object of their ambition to put forth their own efforts in behalf of the ignorant and the perishing in some such way as did the poor cobbler of Portsmouth.

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### **"ESPECIALLY THE PREACHING OF THE WORD."**

A MISSIONARY of the Church of England Missionary Society in Ceylon, thus states the result of experience there as to the plans of missionary operations:—

"Experience has proved that the more we adhere to the mode and preaching of our great Exemplar and His apostles, the more likely are we to be successful. We should be ready to take up the little ones that may be brought to us with the desire of obtaining a blessing, by being instructed in the knowledge of their God and Saviour; but the main strength of the missionary should be given to preaching Christ amongst the people. Convert the adults, and the children will follow. Convert the children, but the parents will not alter their opinions. Yea, has it not been shown, that to try and lead the lambs in a different way from the flock has failed? It is contrary to the natural order of things: and though, by kindness and teaching, we now and then get one who is better disposed than the rest to follow us altogether, or for a while,—for numbers run



back,—what are these among so many? It is a remarkable fact, that we never have had any male converts from the out-schools, and very few female. The converts made by education have been in boarding schools, where the children have been to some extent removed from the influence of their heathen relatives, or in large English schools, where one, two, or three missionaries devoted themselves to the work. Young men will flock to learn English, because, in most cases, it is a passport to situation and good living: but while we may be the means, in the Lord's hand, of arresting the serious inquiry of a few, by far the majority remain heathen or semi-infidels, and sometimes are the greatest opponents of the truths of the Gospel. Wherever any important movement has taken place, as in Tinnevely, New Zealand, &c., it has been by preaching, and then teaching follows in its train.

"The American deputations ordained one minister when here: not one of the hundreds whom they have educated at Batticotta, but a devoted Christian who has learned nearly all he knows from the Bible in his own tongue.

"The conclusion seems, therefore, to be this, that preaching should be the chief occupation of the missionary to the heathen; and if he does any thing in the way of education, it should be especially for the children of his converts, and carried on by really sincere men, spiritually minded, having a spiritual object in view."

In illustration of that plan of missionary work which makes "the reading, but *especially the preaching* of the Word," the great means of seeking the salvation of the heathen, we again quote the following sentences from the "Church of England Missionary Gleaner."

A missionary in the Telugu country, under date of March 20, 1856, informs us of the ready reception which he met with while itinerating amongst the heathen.

"We have, during the last three months and upwards, been travelling through the villages of our district. We have had very interesting meetings with every class of people, from the Brahmin downwards. Some learned Pundits sat down in our tent for hours together at Motúr, and elicited from us a clear and full account of the way of salvation. When they arose to leave us they said, 'We were under the impression that you had something very foolish to tell us, but we find that what we have just now

heard is not to be despised, and that, before we oppose you, it is necessary to read your books.' We gave them the books they wanted. One village excepted, where the Brahmins would not allow me to preach, every village received 'the truth as it is in Jesus' with marked attention. The people, as soon as they saw us, came out in numbers, and, spreading a mat for us under a tree, invited us to sit down, which we did at once, and unfolded at length the natural depravity of man, the holy justice of God, and the wonderful escape provided for the former in the atoning blood of Jesus. It was quite encouraging to see the attention paid to our message, to hear their rational and sensible inquiries, and to notice their desire to obtain our works. In one village our tent was crowded from morning till evening. In another village the Brahmins carefully impregnated the unsuspecting minds of the Sâdhas with many groundless and ridiculous fears, which kept them from us for several days together; but it was soon discovered that we did not deal in mysteries—that our books were given to all, and our preaching conducted in public. Then they came to us freely, and took away, we trust, more than the bare hearing of the Gospel."

### MISSIONS ABROAD.

#### TENT PREACHING IN SOUTH INDIA.

The following is an extract from a letter, lately received, from the Rev. J. E. Sharkey, Masulipatam.

"I am now writing this in my tent, which is pitched by the side of a large village. I am in a delightful grove of trees. There are a great many weavers in this village, and no small proportion of Brahmins. The former I find simple enough, and I can get them to sit and listen to the truth with much attention; but the latter are not so docile, and, instead of giving a fair and impartial hearing to our message, they proceed to attack us with much severity of language and bitterness of spirit. I had a Brahmin priest in my tent this morning, and he was endeavouring to show, by very subtle arguments, that the living principle in man is an emanation from God, and that after its release from the body, which he supposes to be a composition of the five elements, it returned to its oneness with the All-pervading Spirit! He held that God does not trouble himself with

the affairs of our world, and that the distinction between virtue and vice is altogether arbitrary and conventional. He represents a large class of the educated Brahmins, who show their cleverness, not so much by argument as in their illustrations, which go for arguments in their estimation, and are used with much dexterity and readiness. The next visitor I received was a Brahmin schoolmaster. I asked him to define *sin*. 'To kill an ant is a sin,' he replied. To kill a cat is a greater crime in Hindoo theology, than to murder a Pariah or Shoo-drah! Then I gave my visitor St. John's definition of sin, and our blessed Lord's summary of the law, and explained how every sinful act was a violation of the *law of love*; he was much surprised. I followed it up by presenting Christ to him, and gave him a Gospel of St. Matthew to read. The Hindoos are easily discouraged. They open the Gospel of St. Matthew, they find the opening verses full of hard names, and supposing the rest of the book to be just as difficult they give up reading entirely, and cast the book aside. We are obliged now to point out where the history begins. The Gospel sounds in the streets of our villages and towns, and the men have so far got over their prejudices as to venture to visit us in our tents. It is a defilement for a Brahmin to come into a tent made of cloth. So far we can speak of success; but what is this where the *heart* is kept back? The women of the higher classes are still inaccessible. Degradation and ignorance are still their lot. They are perfect slaves, though willing and apparently cheerful slaves. They count their drudgery a privilege, and to wait on their husbands with folded hands and trembling looks is looked upon as the very essence and pattern of a faithful wife. Sometimes these poor women look over a low wall, or peep through a narrow window, or get behind a door with just one eye visible, while I stand preaching to the people in the streets. The old women are bold enough, and bolder sometimes than men. Much requires to be accomplished, but we know who has said, 'By my Spirit,' &c."

"I am writing this in the midst of my network. May the Spirit of prayer be poured out on the Church of Christ, and may the kingdom of the stone soon become the kingdom of the mountain, at His coming whose are the kingdoms of this world!"

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### "I HAVE DONE GIVING."

A GENTLEMAN of high respectability, and a member of the church, made this remark, when informed that an application was about to be made to him in behalf of some charitable object. "I have done giving," said he. When I heard of his remark, it awakened in my mind a train of reflection, which I have thought it might not be amiss to communicate.

"Done giving!" Has he indeed? Why, has he given all? Has he nothing left to give? Has this disciple done what his Master did? Was he rich and has he become poor for the sake of others, that they, through his poverty, might be rich? O no; he is rich still. He has the greatest abundance: more than enough to support him in elegance, and to enable him to leave an ample inheritance to his children. What if he has given a great deal? He has not only not impoverished himself, but is probably richer now, through the favour of Providence, than he would have been had he never given anything. Now if, by honouring the Lord with his substance, his barns, instead of being emptied, have been filled with plenty, he had better continue this mode of honouring Him. He should rather increase than arrest his liberality.

"Done giving!" Why? Is there no more need of giving? Is every want abundantly supplied? Is the whole population of our country furnished with the means of grace? Is the world evangelized? Have missionaries visited every shore? Is the Bible translated into every language, and distributed in every land, a copy in every family, and every member of every family taught to read it? Are the accommodations for widows and orphans as ample as they should be? Is there a house of refuge for every class of the human family that needs one; or have the poor ceased from the land? O no; there are no such good reasons as these for ceasing to give. Why, then, has he done giving? Is it because others do not give as they ought? But what is that to him? Will he make the practice of others his rule of conduct, rather than the precept of Jesus Christ? If others do not give, so much the more should he. Will he add another name to the list of niggards?

Does he feel worse for having given away so much? Has it made him unhappy? Is his experience different from that of the Lord Jesus, who said, "It is more *blessed* to give than to receive?"

Has he who thinks he will give no more been led to

that conclusion by having found that what has been given hitherto has done no good? And is it so, that no good has been done by all the Bibles published, and all the tracts distributed, and all the missionaries sent abroad into our own land and into the world; and all the schools established, and all the children taught to read, and all the civilization introduced, and all the asylums opened, and all the poverty relieved? Has no good been done? Good, great good has been done by what has been given; but still more will be done by what shall be given hereafter. Bibles can now be printed at a cheaper rate than heretofore, and the conductors of our charitable operations have learned by experience that economy which can be learned in no other way. And yet, at this time, when a trifle goes so far in doing good, here is a man who says, "I have done giving?" If I had his ear for a moment, I would ask him if he has done *receiving*—if God has done giving to him. I would ask him, moreover, if he has done *spending*, or done *hoarding*, or done *wasting*. Now, if he has not, he surely should not stop *giving*. When he ceases to waste, to hoard, and to spend, except for the merest necessities, then he may stop giving, but never till then.

"Done giving"—that is, done lending to the Lord; done sowing and watering; done offering the sacrifices with which God is well pleased; done making the widow's heart leap for joy, and bringing on himself the blessing of them that were ready to perish. Well, I am sorry,—sorry for the sake of the poor, and the sick, and the orphan, and the ignorant, and the heathen. But no less sorry am I for the man's own sake. Poor man—poor with all his affluence; for there is really no one more poor than he who, with the ability to give, has not the inclination. He has it in his power to give, but not in his heart. He is enriched with abundance, but not with liberality.

"Done giving;" well, then, if he will not *give* his money he must *keep* it. And yet how short a time he can keep it! Had he not better freely give away some of it, than to wait for it all to be torn from him? The thought that he has *given* will be at least as agreeable a meditation in his dying moments as the reflection that he *spent*, or that he *laid up*.

I hope that gentleman who said, "I have done giving," will recall his resolution, and, taking revenge on himself for having made it, give more liberally than ever.\*

\* Extracted from an interesting little volume entitled, "Lovest thou me?" by the late Rev William Nevins, 'D.D., of Baltimore, which we cordially recommend to our readers.

## NATHANAEL AND NAOMI

IN Benares, a large city in India, there lived a man called Ram Katten. He was a famous Hindoo, and had been an earnest worshipper of idols. One day a tract was put into his hand. He read it, was struck with what he read, and wished to hear more of the truth it contained. So he went about to find a teacher, and was directed to a missionary. At first he was too proud to give up all idea of his own merit, and to believe in Jesus Christ. He left the missionary, therefore, and joined the enemies of the Gospel. But he knew too much to be easy in the worship of idols; and as he could find no peace, he soon went back to the mission-house, and confessed that he could resist the truth no longer. From that time he lived as a true Christian, and was baptized by the name of Nathanael, a name which he himself had chosen, because he wished to be a man, "in whom there was no guile."

His wife, like all Hindoo women, could neither read nor write. Nathanael felt very much for her, and earnestly prayed that the Lord might open her heart, as he opened the heart of Lydia. But whenever he talked with her, she would say, "Do you really believe that God has sent his Son to die for us? I cannot. If we had been good people then I would believe it, but He could not have let His Son die for such sinners as we are." But God was about to knock louder and louder at the door of her heart. First, He did this by the preaching of the Gospel. Then He pressed home its truths, by taking away her husband, who died with joyful faith. The widow wept, but still her heart remained hard and unbelieving. A third time God knocked. One of her sons became ill and died. Once more she wept, but it was for her son, not for her sins. A second son died; but even this did not bring her to the Saviour, though she mourned very much on account of her loss. She had now but one child left. At length he died also. This stroke laid her low, and brought her to the Saviour. In bitter grief she cried, "It is enough, Lord, it is enough. I humble myself before thee, and give myself up to thee." From this time she placed her entire trust in Christ. At her baptism she wished to be called Naomi; "for," she said, "the Lord has treated me as he did Naomi, I went out full and now I am empty." "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes."

### THE SABBATH—A DAY OF GLADNESS AND NOT OF GLOOM.

It is a favourite *ruse* of the opponents of the Sabbath, to try and make it appear that we “the Sabbatarians,” are a race of gloomy fanatics: that we hate all pleasure ourselves, and wish to make other people as miserable as we are—that we are men of low tastes, that we cannot admire the beauty of nature, or pictures, or works of art—that we stand between the people and pleasure—and, if we had our will, would turn the whole world into a place of lamentation, and weeping, and woe.

It may be as well to state here that this is all pure imagination. We have no objection to pictures at all, nor to museums, nor to works of art; we simply say there are six days for these, and the like purposes, but the seventh day is the Lord's Sabbath. We say that a thing may be very laudable to be done on Saturday, that may be very wicked if done on the Sabbath. We say, for instance, that a Saturday band in the Parks, or in any public place where people most do congregate, would be a very good thing for “the people,” and for “the working classes,” and, therefore, we are labouring hard to get a Saturday half-holiday for this, or the like lawful purpose; but we say, at the same time, that to change the day is to change the nature of the thing.

Then our Sabbath is a gladness, and not a gloom. The only shade that comes over our Sabbath is this—that so many of our dear fellow-citizens, and fellow-subjects, are not as happy as we are. Oh, what a mistake! *We* fanatics! *We* sour, gloomy, morose, men! Why, some of us, long ago, when beaten with rods, and with our feet made fast in the stocks, and in the inner dungeon of a prison, were so glad and happy that, at midnight, we were waking and singing for joy! *We* gloomy! Indeed we are not. The man knows not joy who never tasted our joy. My brother, knowest thou joy in God, peace in believing, the peace that passeth all understanding, the love of God in the soul, and God's face shining ever on thy head—knowest thou what all that is? Oh, the joy of a well spent Sabbath-day! There be many that say, “who will shew us any good.” I have heard them. I have seen the weary, weary, Sabbath-breakers coming home at eventide with sorrow in their soul, jaded in body, and miserable in heart. Their whole man spoke, saying, “who will shew us any good?” They had sought it, and found it not. The well, at which they

tried to draw, was both deep and dry. We know where to find it. "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." What should make us gloomy? We have no want. Our God supplies all our need. Our praise is simply the expression of our soul's joy. Nothing can harm us. God keeps us as the apple of His eye. We are possessed of the love of God. We are heirs of a kingdom that never passes away. Life has no fear for us. Death has no terror for us. The sting of death is taken away for us. The grave to us is not dark. The great white throne has no dread in it for us. We are in possession of that perfect love that casteth out fear. Come with us, we will do thee good. Come and see; taste for yourself. "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a Sun and Shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, *blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.*"

### CEYLON.

FROM recent reports of the operations of Church of England missionaries in Ceylon, we extract an illustration of the difficulties which withstand the work of conversion to Christ:—

#### Too Old to change.

May 2, 1854.—About four o'clock I went out with the Tamil schoolmaster to visit some of the Tamil Christians and others. Most of the men who were members of the congregation were, however, at their employment. At one house we had a long conversation with an old man, the father-in-law of one of our communicants. He said he was too old to change his religion; his daughter had done so, but he was too old. I replied, "If a man has been travelling in the wrong road, will he not turn back when he is conscious of the mistake, although he may have travelled a long distance?" He said, "Yes." "Or if you were very poor, and had lived many years in poverty, and then some one were to offer you a gift of money, would you refuse it, and say you were too old to receive it?" "No." "Then," I said, "God has sent to show you the



right road to glory and happiness through His Son Jesus Christ, whom He gave up to die for us, and you should not say you are too old to seek the way to heaven, or to accept Jesus Christ." He then said that "all religions were alike good and right for those who professed them." But this was answered by telling him that such could not be the case, as the religion of the book of God was quite opposed to heathenism, and two roads directly opposite could not both lead to the same place. One of his sons, a lad about fourteen, could read a little English, so I opened the Testament at Matt. xxii., and heard him read verses 11-14. This gave me an opportunity of showing that we must come to God in His own way, through His Son our Saviour, or we shall be cast away at last.

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### THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

No night of DARKNESS e'er shall come,  
To cloud that bright and happy home ;  
No need of candle-light to shine,  
For God shall be its light divine.

No night of SIN with deadly ray  
Shall mar that pure eternal day ;  
Nought that defiles shall enter there,  
The sacred joys of heaven to share.

No night of SORROW shall they know  
Who to that blessed region go,  
For God shall wipe off every tear  
That dimm'd His children's eyelids here.

No night of PAIN with heavy load,  
Shall press the weary spirit down,  
For former things shall pass away  
In the new beams of that bright day.

No night of DEATH shall ever close  
That scene of calm and sweet repose ;  
For everlasting life shall be  
Their portion who its glories see.

O gracious Lord, our souls prepare,  
The joys of that bright day to share -  
Then may its dawn with sweet surprise  
Arise on our expecting eyes.

A. A. W.



### THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAST PRAYER.

**I**N the evening of the 5th of November 1854, after the glorious victory of Inkerman, there was found in the enclosure formed by the tents of our brave Allies a large number of killed and wounded; the Russians were the most numerous. The English had already collected theirs, and were helping the French to raise their soldiers who had fallen on that bloody field. The earth was strewn with corpses. Some of the faces seemed to smile, some seemed to sleep, others looked fierce, some had received the mortal blow whilst in the act of tearing the cartridge, and still remained kneeling, convulsively grasping their weapon; the arms of some were raised, as if they sought even in dying to deal a blow, or as if they were uttering a prayer with their last breath. The wind blew strongly, and the moon, darkened every now and then by thick clouds, burst forth at intervals, and illumined this sad spectacle, seeming to reanimate the long rows of dead bodies.

The silence of the night was disturbed by the cries of the

poor creatures who writhed in the last agonies of death, and by the distant rumbling of the Russian batteries, still sending forth shots which touched only the corpses of the slain. Here and there men bearing litters walked over the battle-field, seeking and carrying off the survivors.

At the moment that one of these litters, borne and escorted by soldiers, preceded by a woman with a lantern, passed near a heap of bodies horribly mutilated, a voice cried feebly, "To me, my friends!" It was a young foot soldier; a shot had terribly torn his side; he was just about to die. "You cannot bear me hence," said he, "I know that my last moment is fast approaching, but I am glad to see friendly faces before my reason forsakes me. \* \* \* I have a great favour to ask, and I hope that one of you will be preserved to accomplish it." Then, perceiving the woman, "Oh! Madame, God will preserve you for this mission; you will go to my poor mother, you will console her, for women alone know how to use words which can heal a wounded heart. Tell her that her son died like a soldier; tell her also that he died a Christian. Take her this New Testament, which some unknown friend gave me when we were embarking. Tell my mother that this book has made of a bad subject, of a sweater, of a profligate man, a new creature; it has discovered to him the abyss into which he was plunged; it has shewn him the means of salvation by the grace of God, and through faith in the merits of a Saviour, it has been a succour to him in days of trouble, and it has given him in his last moments the courage necessary to appear with calmness before his last great trial—the heavenly tribunal. You will find my mother in the 'Market of the Innocents,' at Paris. She will have received the fatal news, she will be inconsolable; but you will give her this message of peace; you will read it with her; you will embrace all my loved ones for me, and Isidore Briche will thank you for it, in begging you to unite with him in his last prayer."

The hardest and most unbelieving heart could not have resisted the last request of the dying man. These soldiers, who had doubtless faced without flinching the immense perils of that day, fell on their knees by the side of the sufferer.

The woman had passed her arm under the heavy head of the soldier. "O our God," said he, "Thou art good and almighty, Thou who hast taught me to pray, bless Thou my mother, console her, make her forget the wanderings of my youth; grant to her the same knowledge of thyself that Thou hast given to me; grant that my brothers and sisters

may learn Thy ways. Take care of these brave men whom Thou hast sent to me in answer to my earnest prayer; keep them from the misery of living far from Thee; assist this woman in the work that I have given her to do. And now, my God, I thank Thee that Thou hast opened to me the door of life. May thy blessing rest on those pious Christians who are distributing thy Word to the soldiers, and on those, also, who come to bring that Word into our camp. I thank Thee, I thank Thee for Thy boundless mercies!"

He was silent, and the pale light of the moon lit up his dying but happy face; his spirit was fast passing away; the soldiers were thoughtful and silent; the woman in tears. The sufferer perceived her; he turned gently towards her, "You will remember my name," said he, "because it is written on the first page of my Testament." \* \* \* \* \* He was silent again; his features expressed the sufferings he was undergoing. The sergeant approached him: "I shall write before to-morrow to Madame Briche," said he; "my handwriting is known to her, and will not alarm her. I shall be able by degrees to break the sad news to her; and, on our return, if God brings us back, we shall be able to finish the work of consolation which you have committed to us." "Thank you, sergeant; when all is over, you will take this book, for I shall keep it to the end, which is not far off. Stay near me with your wife, the rest can leave me; I cannot profit by their kind attentions, they will be more useful elsewhere." At a sign from Robert they departed, and he knelt down near his wife to assist in supporting their young friend. Soon the blood began to flow from the mouth of the dying man, the death rattle was heard, delirium followed. An hour thus passed. At length his senses returned for a moment, he feebly murmured, "Pardon—my mother,—thanks—my God." His head fell backwards, he was no more. The young woman leant towards him, gave him the last kiss, and took from his hands, already growing cold, the book which had led him to eternal life.

### MISSIONARY WORK IN AFRICA.

A KIND correspondent has sent the following letter to our readers, which we are sure will deeply interest them:—

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—One morning, about five and twenty years ago, a young man, Mr. William Ross, pre-

sented himself at a parish school in the Carse of Gowrie, wishing to be furthered in his study of the Latin tongue. The teacher was particularly glad to devote to his instruction a few hours each day ere beginning his usual public labours. The student cheerfully assisted in return in teaching the classes of the school. By and bye he went to town to attend a classical seminary, where he devoted all his energies to the acquisition of Latin and Greek. He proceeded next to St. Andrews University, and acquitted himself most creditably in the various branches of philosophy, &c. After which, he entered the Divinity Hall of the United Secession Body in London, and duly received license to preach the Gospel of Jesus. Then became known the grand object he had had in view, in leaving the plough, and leaving the planes, for he had been both a ploughman and a wright of the first class, as also his anxiety to acquire a little money at these trades. It was to educate himself for the holy ministry, and by his skill to win the confidence of the poor heathen to whom he had resolved on going to tell "what God had done for his soul," and what He is as willing to do for theirs.

At this time the distinguished African missionary, the Rev. Mr. Moffat, was in London, and lectured on his great work. After hearing one of his intensely interesting addresses, Mr. Ross was introduced to him, and offered to accompany him back to the field of his arduous exertions, which offer was at once accepted by Mr. Moffat, and by the London Missionary Society in whose Mission he had so long been labouring. Like true heroes of the cross, who have, at different times, urgently volunteered to go to inhospitable climes, naturally dreaded by others as being the very valley and shadow of death to white men; so our friend, on being pressed as to the unhealthiness of the climate, and the many difficulties to be encountered among the degraded heathen in Africa, and especially the difficulty of learning a language, not one word of which he knew, and to which even the Latin tongue seemed no key, heroically replied, "I will just put 'a stout heart to a stey brae,'" (to a steep hill.)

Again, being remonstrated with, by a personal mutual friend, in name of his father and sister, (both long since numbered with the dead, as his mother had previously been,) and entreated to return to his kindred and his home, he, like one who had "counted the cost," answered from London: "Tell them, it is not that I love my father and sister less, but I love Jesus more, and rejoice to go to

preach to the poor perishing heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ."

This brave missionary, while glorying in carrying the cross amidst Afric's benighted sons, proclaiming a free and full salvation through the only begotten Son of the One true and living God, is not forgetful of the land of his birth, or of his early teacher, but keeps up through him a constant correspondence on the *great cause*. And perhaps a few sentences from a letter just received from Mr. Ross, may interest you in his work, and may win your prayers; and I have no doubt he, like myself, believes that while every believing prayer is heard and answered, that of little children, the lambs of Christ's flock, is peculiarly precious in the ear of the missionary's God, the Almighty Redeemer.

The letter is dated April 6th, 1856, and is from Lilcatlong, apparently not very far from Lattakoo, (marked in your map,) which was the first scene of Mr. Ross's labours.

"Here I have the largest congregation of Bechuanas (natives) in the country, between six and seven hundred, and a day-school of one hundred and thirty, two out-stations, as well as other two where I formerly laboured. Perhaps there are not less than one thousand three hundred inhabitants in the district, six hundred and six church members, and five schools with about three hundred and thirty scholars. I preach twice every Lord's day, lecture on Wednesday afternoon, teach in the large school every week day except Saturday, visit the sick and the dying, and itinerate to the out-stations as often as possible. But beside the spiritual exercises among so many, there is an immense amount of manual labour to be superintended, and to go through my own hands, especially at a station like this, which has been allowed to fall into a state of great dilapidation. I am truly thankful that I have had, in the kind Providence of God, such a thorough training, first in my native land, and during the last fifteen years in this my adopted land, so that I can say, I like the language, I love the people, and I delight in my work, my great work, of preaching Christ, teaching useful arts, and spending and being spent in a cause so glorious, so worthy of all my powers of body and mind in time and in eternity. Yet it is by the grace of God I am what I am."

The list, as sent to Mr. Ross, of former acquaintances, young as well as old, who had died in the space of two or three years, was very long, and concerning it he says: "Your Mortality Bill is one which speaks in unmistakeable

language, 'Be ye also ready.' Let the good Christian ministers around you know, that I and all in the Mission-fields greatly need your unceasing prayers, and I am certain that if God's people were all more unanimous in asking the heathen for Christ's heritage, and the Holy Spirit to be poured out on all, that more, much more, success would be the result. The jubilee of the Gospel is at hand, and Christ *shall reign spiritually* in His Church universal.

"We have twenty anxious inquirers," (that is, about the way of salvation,) "may their number greatly increase, 'even of such as shall be saved.'"

F—— M——.  
September 6, 1856.

F.

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### CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MISSION TO THE JEWS AT SALONICA.

Mr. ROSENBERG, assistant Missionary at Salonica, writes:—

"I have to give you an account of our conversations with four Mohammedans, two of whom are Turks by birth, and of the other two the one is by birth a Greek, and the other a son of Abraham,—both he and the Greek having embraced the Mohammedan religion several years ago. Of the two who are Mohammedans by birth, one is a priest, and appears to be rather of a serious disposition and anxious to find out the true religion. On coming to our Magazine, he inquired for the Protestant priest, meaning me. When I asked him what he wanted, he said: 'I wish to know which is the true religion, because I wish to die in it. Now that we have got liberty to confess openly any religion we choose, I should like to hear from you about your religion as much as possible.' Upon this we had some discussion together, and he left the place promising to come again and bring some of his friends with him. The other Turk came to our colporteur, asking from him the Protestant Book, by which he meant our Bible. His reason for buying the Protestant Book was, he said, because it was the best book, and the Protestants were the best people, of whom he wished to be one after some time. This individual has since visited our Magazine again.

"The Greek likewise came to our Magazine expressing his desire to abandon the Mohammedan religion, and to become a member of the Protestant Church, which, so far as

he has read in the Gospels, and in some of the Protestant books, appears to him to be the truest and nearest to the New Testament of all the Christian Churches.

"The Jew, who likewise became a Mohammedan several years ago, is one with whom I have had frequent intercourse previously, but he never manifested such earnestness as on this occasion. He came, as he himself expressed it to our colporteur on a subsequent day, with his mind made up to leave his family and his property, and begged that I would recommend to him some place out of Turkey where he could go and make an open profession of the Christian religion, and where he could spend the remainder of his days among Christians. I told him that the place where I would recommend him openly to profess the Christian religion, is decidedly the very place in which he now is with his family and friends, without being ashamed or afraid of any one; and I further told him that in this way he might be the instrument in God's hand of leading his family and many others besides, to the knowledge of the truth."

In regard to Salonica as a missionary field, it is added, in the Home and Foreign Missionary Record of the Church of Scotland :—

"But while it is pleasing to know that our Missionaries find an open door of entrance both among our fellow-countrymen and the Mohammedans, it is particularly encouraging to know that the field of labour more especially entrusted to their care is most promising, and appears already to be 'white unto harvest.' The Jews of Salonica are in a most accessible and hopeful state. Indeed, Mr. Rosenberg says, that if this field is only sufficiently supplied with earnest labourers, and favoured, (as we trust it will be in answer to the prayers of many,) with the blessing of God, he should not wonder if in a few years we succeeded in collecting a large congregation. The Missionaries of other Churches, he says, are not ignorant of its promise, nor indifferent to its necessities. Let us not delay to come to the help of the Lord, and in every possible way to aid our Missionaries who have just entered on their labours. May He who of old stood by Paul in Thessalonica, and blessed his labours both to Jews and Greeks, stand by and strengthen our Missionaries, so that with great power they may bear witness unto the truth, and of the Jews a great multitude may be made obedient to the faith, and of the devout Greeks not a few."



## JAMAICA.

## BOOKS IN GRAVE STONES.

SOME years ago, a missionary in Jamaica received from the British and Foreign Bible Society a grant of Testaments for the use of such Negroes as could read. Having assembled his sable flock, after mentioning the receipt of this valuable present, he intimated that he thought, by using proper exertions, they might all learn to read within twelve months, and promised that as soon as they could read it, they should each receive one of the Testaments for private use. At first their faces brightened up, but the question recurring, How can this be done? it speedily caused the smile to vanish. The good pastor, guessing the cause of the speechless perplexity, intimated that, since a certain number of the congregation could read, if they would each teach five who could not, the aim would soon be accomplished. Thirty Negroes accepted the word of exhortation, and volunteered their services.

An obstacle, however—like that which impedes the progress of too many Ragged Schools, namely, the want of adequate machinery—met these earnest-minded labourers at the very outset. They did not like to degrade the Bible into a mere lesson book, and they had no means of obtaining regular school books. How, then, they were to explain the mysteries of the alphabet became a grave question. With that facile suggestiveness which is native to the Negro mind, they resolved, since they had no lesson book, to teach the alphabet, ay, and even reading, *without books!* Thereupon, after due notice, they assembled their illiterate brethren in the *grave-yards*; and there, by means of the quaint epitaphs, they taught the alphabet and the rudiments of reading.

## AN EXAMPLE FOR IDLE CHRISTIANS.

Some months after the pastor had made his proposition for the knowers to teach the unlearned, he met an aged Negro leaving his hut long after the sun had set below the horizon. In reply to a question, the man indicated a distant village as his destination. "Why," said the good missionary, "that is seven miles off—what are you going there for at this late hour?" The Negro replied, while a smile irradiated his countenance: "Massa knows, massa knows! me go to teach *five* Christian broders to read Bible—but me always find **THIRTY** there!"

With our Sunday Schools crammed, and hundreds turned

away from the doors because teachers cannot be found for the learners, ought not some of our readers, who have not yet been hired as labourers by the great Master-worker, to take a hint from this poor Negro, enslaved in body, but a true freedman of the Lord? He felt the Bible to be too precious to his soul to permit a lock to remain on the chest containing this veritable gold of Ophir; and so, in the darksome night, he plodded many a weary mile to distribute the costly ore, until before long he was refreshed by hearing his black brethren exclaim, "The gold of that land is good."—To you, then, O idler, is it written, "Go thou and do likewise!"—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

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### THE EVANGELISTIC WORK IN THE SARDINIAN ARMY WHEN IN THE EAST.

THE following extracts are from a letter, from Mr. Duncan Matheson, addressed to Major Gibb, published in the *Morning Advertiser* :—

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 16, 1856.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Now that a calm has come over us, since most of the allied army have left, and, consequently, the pressure of work is not so great, I have found a little leisure to write to you regarding my proceedings since I arrived,—proceedings in which I am assured you are deeply interested, because they concern the kingdom of the Lord Jesus and the advancement of his glory on earth, and, therefore, unattended with the pomp and glory of things passing, evanescent, dying.

"Immediately after reaching this I went to Yenikoi, on the Bosphorus, where the large Sardinian hospital has been for the last eighteen months. On my arrival being known, many of the Sardinian officers and soldiers visited me, asking for Bibles, and each evincing a deeper interest than another who should be first served. Night after night the Locanda where I had my residence was crowded, and as I had to return often for supplies, I had generally a crowd waiting the steamer's arrival. I cannot picture to you the many heart-thrilling scenes I witnessed. Again and again have I seen men scarce able to walk coming and asking for the living Word. Again and again have I seen officers of rank, side by side with their poor though noble soldiers, asking for the same treasure, and greatly helping me in my work; and night after night has the

same pressure continued. Again and again have I seen soldiers that for months had been sick, and had been removed from place to place, holding up the Testaments given last summer, and now eagerly asking for the whole volume of inspiration.

"A stock of the best books had also reached me, and as eagerly were they looked for, and carefully studied. The greatest favourites were the 'Assembly of Westminster's Shorter Catechism,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and 'Paleiro on the Benefit of Christ's death.' All being supplied at Yenikoi, I hastened to the Crimea to meet them ere they left.

"My arrival soon became known, and the first day 700 soldiers and officers visited me. I did not offer one copy. I never left the house. I told only one or two at first, and like wildfire it spread through the camp. Day after day the house was besieged. Soon the supply failed, and it was painful to have to send hundreds away empty-handed. Often in the act of embarking they had come to offer all they had for a copy, that they might carry it to their homes, as a gift to the parents they loved. In some cases it was gladdening to see the results of last year's distribution. All prejudices had given way, all opposition been silenced, all ranks had been pervaded by the same spirit; and in some cases living conversions to God had been the result. One especially is striking: A soldier of the name of Paolo, having a desire for reading, called in August 1855, and had a Testament given him. He began to read it; he was interested: he had never seen it before; he was awakened, and, unable to contain the intensity of his feelings, he came to Balaklava, asking for one who had left; he was directed to one well able to instruct him, and who has done much, very much, in carrying on this work. Soon the state of his mind was revealed, and time after time did he come for instruction. At length it pleased the Lord to lead him by his Spirit to behold the Lamb of God, and his soul was set at liberty. High hopes were entertained of his being raised up to preach the glorious gospel to others. The Lord saw otherwise, and he was laid on a bed of suffering and death. In his last hours he was urged to confess and get extreme unction, but his reply was, 'I have confessed to Christ; he and he only can save, all my hope is in him.' Shortly after he fell asleep.

"In the Crimea and Yenikoi I had the pleasure of giving, since the 1st April—Italian Bibles, 2147; Testa-

ments, 1230 ; French Bibles to Savoyards, 300, besides 4000 books and tracts. Above 250 Bibles have been given to officers of all grades : and instead of in any case hindering the work, they have forwarded it. It would be wrong to say much of the desire has been spiritual to possess the Word, yet it has been given, in no case forced ; and surely it is matter of deepest gratitude, to think of 18,000 copies of the Scriptures having gone to Piedmont from the Crimea, a place they were the most unlikely to receive it in, and in circumstances the most adverse to its taking root. \* \* \* \* \*

“ Who, oh who, can tell the results that may yet follow ? Piedmont, the exile's home—the only spot where a man can breathe—where he can express his convictions, and worship free of danger—where all around is a dark despotism, and under the withering blight of Rome's dark sway, may soon be gained to Christ. Nobly, in the struggle now closed, has she done her part—nobly have her soldiers fought—nobly sustained the name of Italy. The eyes of the world look on with interest. Excommunicated by Rome, she seeks the light ; and though Romanism still holds sway, and infidelity, the fruit of it, greatly increases, yet the path, we believe, is onward ; and the prayer of all who fear the Lord ought to be in her behalf. Statesmen stand aghast at the state of Italy, and how to solve the problem of her wrongs and miseries they cannot tell. The truth, and the truth alone, shall make her free. A nation free without the truth is impossible. We may be called to see many struggles—we may be called to exercise much patience, and often have our hopes sadly disappointed—but it will come. How it cheers in anticipation—how it stirs to prayer—how it excites to effort,—the thought of the truth prevailing in that land, around which our affections cling ! that land long down-trodden and oppressed—fair and lovely, yet cursed by the deadly poison of the man of sin, and groaning under the heel of the oppressor. From thee the Word has long been withheld, and, for daring to read it, thy sons and daughters have languished in thy gloomy prisons ; but the truth shall and will ultimately triumph. Oh, my Father, hasten it in thy time. ‘ It is time for thee to work, for men have made void thy law.’ Had I time, I might tell you of the distribution of the Word amongst the Russians and French ; (p.v.) at another time I may. Suffice it to say, since 1st April, the Russian soldiers in the Crimea have had 480 copies given them, and the French 1520.”

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

## ENCOURAGEMENTS IN THE WORK.

WHILST it is true, that still, even as in apostolic days, "there are many adversaries" to the free and general diffusion of the glorious gospel of salvation, it is among the blessings and encouragements which we thankfully acknowledge, that "a great door and effectual is opened" for the preaching of the gospel in that vast region of British Asia, extending from the confines of Afghanistan and Tartary to those of Burmah and Siam, countries so long closed against the heralds of salvation. At the same time the minds of most of the brethren seem more than ever set upon *preaching* as fully and as widely as possible. Some have desired to be set altogether free from other duties for this work alone; and almost all speak of it as that in which they find most delight and most encouragement.—*Church Missionary Record.*

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**"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."**

LUKE XV. 2.

"This man receiveth sinners :"  
"This man"—and who was He?  
Beneath a servant's humble form,  
"God manifest" we see.

"This man receiveth sinners"  
Of every kind and grade;  
On Him the guilt of sinful men,  
Upon the cross was laid.

"This man receiveth SINNERS ;"  
My soul put in thy claim,  
For surely thou must own that *that*  
*Alone* can be thy name.

"This man receiveth sinners ;"  
Sweet thought for such as me !  
For then He will not cast me out,  
All filthy though I be.

"This man receiveth sinners."  
Yea, *bids* them freely come,  
He meets the prodigal half-way,  
And safely guides him home.

"This man receiveth sinners."  
The saints in Heaven above  
Shall own, that they are sinners sav'd  
By free, forgiving love.

## LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

WE are sure the following letter, which we have just received from Calcutta, will be read with deep interest by all our young friends, who are praying from the heart "Thy kingdom come!" The writer is the wife of one of our missionaries there, and justly mourns over the fewness of our Church's labourers in so wide a field. "I wish," says she, in her private letter to us, "I wish the people in Scotland would remember the words of our blessed Saviour to the poor woman who tried to do all she could for Christ, and when some of His disciples were questioning the good of the act, Christ said: '*She hath done what she could.*' Has the Church of Scotland done what she could?—Oh, if you can do anything in the cause, urge the Church to send more labourers into the field. . . . Pray for the speedy conversion of India's sons and daughters."

We trust the writer will not forget her kind promise to continue to send us, from time to time, such letters as that which we now lay before our readers.

CALCUTTA, August 8th, 1856.

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Again I take my pen to write another letter, which, I hope, will interest you, and let you know of some good which your missionary money is doing. But allow me again to tell you that it is not money *alone* will convert the Hindoo girls, neither is it missionaries, though some people in Scotland seem to think so. No, no, dear children, our blessed Bible tells us, conversion is not the work of men, but of God's Holy Spirit. We are to use the means, and, in the using of these means, pray for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon them. Oh, never forget, when giving a penny to the Missionary box, to send a prayer to God for a blessing upon it. I would rather have one penny with heartfelt prayer, than ten without prayer. Now the last letter I wrote was about the Orphanage and its girls, that is one of the means used to spread Christ's blessed Gospel in this dark land. I may say, in passing, that the Orphanage is getting on very well indeed, under the able and faithful superintendence of Miss Hebron. Pray for a blessing on her labours. This letter will be about

another means used, another use to which your money is put. You lately read in your *Record* that 'Diljohn,' the eldest girl in the Orphanage, had got married to a native Christian. It is about her, and her work, I wish to tell you.

Diljohn was of very great use before she was married, and Mr. and Mrs Yule felt very sorry to part with her, but if they saw her now, they would be greatly rejoiced, and thankful to God for their child. She lives in one of the suburbs of Calcutta called Kidderpore, and there she has her school, and is busy teaching the scholars the knowledge that leads to Jesus. I visited it, along with Miss Hebron, the other day, and I just wished some of the children of Scotland could have seen it too. This school is called a bungalow, from its walls being made with bamboos and mats, firmly sewed together, with small latticed windows also made of bamboos, the roof is thatched, and supported by two brick pillars inside. The school consists of two rooms, one for the teacher, and one for the girls. It is pleasantly situated in a little compound or garden, with lots of trees about it, which makes it look very pretty. All the pupils who attend the school are poor heathen girls, who would never have known anything about Jesus, if God had not put it into the hearts of good men to come to India to teach them. I think if you had been with us when we entered the school, you would have said, Oh! they have got no seats to sit upon, nor have they any forms, they all sit upon mats, which are spread upon the floor, they only rise and stand while they are saying their lessons. Poor as these little girls are, not one was without her ornament; some had them in their nose, ears, arms, and ankles, some only had them on their arms, the ornaments of these poor girls are not costly, but the high females of India wear very costly ornaments.

That morning I visited the school there were thirty-five girls present, but sometimes Diljohn has as many as fifty. They were all under ten years of age, so you see it is but a short time they can be taught. When one is getting on very well, she is taken away to be married; you know Hindoo girls are married when they are ten years old. This makes the teaching of the females of India a work of faith and labour of love. Oh, how much sympathy and prayers are needed for those engaged in the arduous task, but, blessed be God, we can, and are doing a little. These girls at Diljohn's school could speak about Jesus, and repeat many pretty hymns. We are, you see, using the means;

that is our duty. Who knows the blessed effects of that little; they will be revealed on the judgment day. One girl I missed when I called last, who seemed a very nice girl. I asked why she was not here, but her teacher told me she was dead. She had come to school, as usual, one morning, and at night she died. Her teacher thought very highly of her, she was always regular, liked to come, and was a good scholar. I felt very sad that the best should be taken; but that was wrong. 'God's ways are not our ways.' Perhaps Christ had entered into her heart, and thought it right to take her to himself, but we cannot tell, eternity will reveal it,—she knew about her Saviour, and, dear children, let us be thankful, in that that is some good you are doing. Oh! continue in the work; don't think you can ever do enough; go on gathering and praying. If you saw the thousands of thousands of children that are here, who are never taught to read, you would say we have not done half enough. Though Scotland were to send one hundred missionaries, it would not be enough. But I see I must draw to a close. I intended to tell you about the teacher's own room,—what good order it was in, &c., &c. But I have already made this too long, but I hope and pray it will interest you, and never forget to pray for a blessing on the bungalow school at Kidderpore, the heathen girls who attend it, that some of them may be made lambs of God, and also for a blessing on the teacher, that she may be kept near to Jesus, and that she may be long spared to teach the daughters of dark idolatrous India."

### ARMENIAN FEMALE SEMINARY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

AN institution with this name was established at Constantinople about eleven years ago. Its progress and present condition may well teach the lesson that in the missionary work we ought never to "despise the day of small things." The first pupils were two Armenian girls. This was in the summer of 1845. In October, five additional pupils were received, and another in December, making the number eight. The number reported in the second year was sixteen and in the third twenty-six. During the



winter of 1846-47, we are told in a recent account of the institution :—

“The seminary was visited by a refreshing shower of Divine grace, when it was hoped that ten of the pupils passed from death unto life. At different periods since that time, the Lord has been pleased graciously to visit this institution with the special awakening and converting influences of His Holy Spirit, often in a powerful and striking manner, and again in a more still and quiet manner, but giving abundant and satisfactory evidence that the work was His and His alone.”

Thus, if we glance at the recent progress of the seminary, we find it stated that :—

“During the past year, the school has assembled for prayers at six o'clock each morning, and immediately after, each one retired to her closet for an half hour of private devotion ; the same each evening. The good effect of this arrangement was visible at once. At such times perfect quiet reigned throughout the house, only broken by the solemn voice of prayer. The days of fasting and prayer, observed both in the church and the school, soon after the commencement of the school year, deepened the serious impressions which were beginning to be made manifest, and our hearts were gladdened by hearing the anxious inquiry, ‘What shall I do to be saved?’ A solemnising influence seemed to pervade the whole household ; it was evident that God was in the midst of us, and we walked softly before Him. Meanwhile the usual routine was observed in every department, and never were the pupils more faithful in the performance of duty than then. Peace and harmony, order and neatness, reigned, and it was delightful to witness these fruits of the Spirit's presence. As week after week passed, the seriousness increased, till not one was left unconcerned, and all of the hours occupied by the teacher in school were spent in endeavouring to point the inquiring to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Two of these were so deeply affected in view of their lost condition, as to be unable to go on as usual with their studies till they found peace in believing. Several others professed to obtain a like hope ; but of how many it can be said in truth that they were born again, is known only to the Searcher of hearts. This state of the school continued till it closed for the usual winter vacation in January last. The num-

ber admitted to the church from the school the last year, is ten. Four of these were former pupils, and the remainder the fruits of the work of grace in the school in the spring of 1855."

The good effects of all this are seen in the spreading of the leaven, by the pupils becoming themselves teachers, or otherwise exercising a wholesome influence elsewhere.

In a letter written six years after the establishment of the institution, the native pastor at Nicomedia, where a number of them resided, says:—

"Your pupils are doing a good work in this city. One of them has a prayer meeting in her house every week, and gathers all the young women and girls to work and to pray with her. I hope by the blessing of God that your scholars will do much good here and be great blessings to our little Church."

Again: "One of our pupils," says the report, "has lately taken charge of a day school for small children, a branch of the one before established in this village, both in the seminary building, and now numbering fifty scholars. Others, who have been reported heretofore as teaching are still occupying posts of usefulness. The distant city of Tocat is one centre of influence, where two orphan sisters are teaching a school, which is constantly increasing in numbers and prosperity. When they were admitted to the privileges of the seminary, but one woman of the 10,000 in their native city could read. Who can tell but that it was in answer to the prayers of Henry Martyn, who there finished his course, that they were sent to learn the way of life, and thus teach their benighted sisters? Another most interesting school is taught in Nicomedia by one of the former pupils, who spends her vacations in missionary tours to neighbouring villages.

"One hundred pupils have been received since the commencement of the institution, though all have not remained to complete the course of four years. Of this number, fifty are members of the Church of Christ.

"We trust that the influence of this school will be felt more and more each year throughout the length and breadth of this land, especially among the rising generation, and that many a stream will flow forth from it, to make glad the city of God."



### TRIALS OF BURMESE MISSIONARIES.

**I** WISH to say to my brethren," writes one of these native missionaries to the Karens, Sau Le, in describing the trials they are called to endure,—“I wish to say to my brethren who dwell in the land of the foreigners, that we, who reside under the Burmese government, have many obstacles to overcome, and numerous difficulties with which to contend, in order to preach the Gospel. We can hardly go to preach where we may wish to go. It is exceedingly difficult. I went recently with a companion to preach in a certain village. Night overtook us before we could reach the place of our destination, and we got up into a tree to pass the night. It came on to rain and to blow dreadfully, and we were afraid of tigers and wild elephants, for we were in a desolate forest. A tree is no certain security against wild beasts. The leopard, as large as an ordinary-sized calf, is in the constant habit of ascending the trunks of large trees in search of his prey; and the Karens think, but probably erroneously, that the tiger has the same habit. A Maul-

mein Christian told me that he was travelling on one occasion, before his conversion, as this assistant was, with a single associate; and, when they were overtaken in the darkness, they made little bamboo platforms, on which to sleep during the night, in the branches of a large tree, one on a lower main branch, and the other on an upper large branch. During the night the man on the lower branch was awakened by what he thought to be a tiger, but it was probably a leopard, creeping up the body of the tree above him. It had passed his branch, and was climbing up to where the other man slept. He called out: the man answered, and the leopard was still; not a claw moved. But the sleeping man could not rouse himself, and in a few seconds the leopard rushed up, seized the man in his sleep, and, jumping down with him, devoured him at the foot of the tree, regardless of all the noise the narrator could make above him. Our native preachers, travelling in small companies, are exposed to greater dangers from wild beasts than most people are aware. During my residence in Tavoy, no fewer than three of our Karen assistants, who had been in my theological classes, were devoured by tigers. These dangers they never shrink from encountering; and though Sau Le escaped that dreary night, yet they fell next evening among men as savage as the beasts of the forest.

When the day dawned we continued our journey, and reached a Burman village, where we preached. The Karen village for which we had started was near; but we found the Burmese on the way were engaged in warfare with each other, and it was not possible to pass through them; so we had to return the way we came. However, we turned aside towards another village. Darkness overtook us at the monastery of a Buddhist priest, so we went up there to pass the night. They are the caravanseries of Burmah, where travellers are always allowed to stay. After eating supper, and when we were about to lie down to sleep, we thought that, before going to rest, we ought to preach to the priest. So I drew near him; but when I had uttered one or two sentences, and he discovered we were Christians, he seized a cudgel, rushed at us, and drove us away in the dark. After this, some evil-minded persons informed the governor that I was going about preaching; so he sent his officers to seize me, who took me to Rangoon, and threw me into the stable of the prison, where my feet were put in the stocks, and then drawn up, so that I could neither sit nor lie; and in this painful position I had to remain all night. Then it was the cold season, and they

stripped me of all my clothes, giving me nothing but a little dirty rag, so that I suffered much from the cold; and they gave me nothing to eat, though I was very hungry, and no water to drink, though I was exceedingly thirsty. The next day they brought me before the governor, hung me up by the heels in the Court-house, in the presence of the people, while a spotted-faced executioner stood over me with a cane, to beat me till I gave up the names of all the Karen Christians. I committed myself to God, prayed to Him in my heart without intermission, and he so sustained me that I did not feel afraid, but resolved to suffer and die, if necessary, rather than betray a single individual. I knew that if I told them of all the Christians, they would all be persecuted, and I thought it was better for me to suffer alone than that they all should. If I died I should die one only. So when they demanded, "How many have become disciples of Jesus Christ?" I replied, "I am not able to say. Should I mention this one or that one, perhaps he would not prove to be a true disciple. I cannot tell you. You may take two stones and beat me to atoms, with one on the top of the other, if you like, but I cannot give you the names of those who worship Jesus Christ. Perhaps I should tell you wrong, and then God might hold me guilty." These examinations were repeated several days; but on the eighth day I was dismissed, on the condition that I should pay a fine of five hundred rupees, which I did.

I was put in jail again for continuing my preaching, where I was detained seven days, but was set at liberty by paying a fine of two hundred rupees. After the second imprisonment, my mother tried to stop me from preaching any more, but I would not listen to her. I remembered that Christians anciently suffered exceedingly for the name of Christ, yet they remained steadfast; so I have continued preaching with undiminished zeal. Brethren, pray for us, that everything which hinders the preaching of the Gospel may be removed, and that it may be with us as with you.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

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#### OUR JEWISH MISSION AT SALONICA.

WE hope for some early fruits of our Missions recently established in Turkey. Indeed, already the fields seem in some parts white unto the harvest. Our missionary, Mr. Rosenberg, closes his interesting letter with the following appeal for supplying the

## WANT OF BIBLES AT YANNINA.

"I conclude with a piece of information I have just received from a Protestant Armenian, who, with another of his nation, has been carrying on business during the last three years at Yannina. This place contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, Jews, Greeks, and Mohammedans, all of whom speak the Greek language. Our Armenian brethren, during their stay in that place, have been endeavouring to promulgate the truth both by precept and example. But there is one thing which they told me, and which is most painful to a true Christian to hear, that there is no copy of the Scriptures to be had in the whole town, except those found in the churches, and that this large body of people, though they have heard of the Word of God, are perishing in ignorance and superstition. Should not this move the compassion of those who feel in their hearts the love of Christ, and pray for the establishment of His kingdom on earth, and for the salvation of their fellow-creatures from sin and eternal ruin; and should it not lead them liberally to contribute to send to those perishing for lack of knowledge that blessed Word which maketh wise unto salvation?"

Will any of our young friends lend a helping hand to supply this want?

## LIBERALITY ABOUNDING OUT OF DEEP POVERTY.

In a suburban church, within eight miles of the great metropolis, a sermon, having reference to the great duty of Christian Missions, was preached on Sunday morning, September 14, 1856, preparatory to a missionary meeting on the next evening. One there was present who felt the appeal—a poor widow in the congregation. She did not act at once, but thought and prayed. The meeting was held, and a collection made. Still she waited. A few days after she came privately to her pastor, and told him what was in her heart. She had been strongly moved as she heard of the wants of millions, and desired to do something, that they also, with her, might have the Gospel. She had known better days, but was now poor; and all that remained to her of her former prosperity consisted of two old guineas. One of these she wished to give to the missionary cause; and she has done so, humbly and unobtrusively,

with the request that her name might not be mentioned. Liberality this indeed, out of deep poverty! With two guineas only, she gives one! How many, who have thousands, have never given so much, or think they have discharged all claims if they contribute a single sovereign during the course of the year! Shall not this guinea rise up as a testimony against those who, with large means, want what the widow had, the large heart; large, because opened by the grace of God to understand and embrace the love of Jesus?—*Church Missionary Gleaner*.

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### "I LONG TO SEE THE SUN."

THERE are salt mines at Williska, not far from Cracow, deep under ground. The miners there have their families with them, and sometimes it happens that their little children, having been born there, never see the light of day. By the feeble light of the miner's lamp they see such objects as a salt mine furnishes. On one occasion, a boy, who had been from his birth in the deep caverns, was visited by a traveller, who began to talk of what he had seen and enjoyed under the warmth and rays of the sun, describing the sky, and the fields, and rivers, and innumerable objects presented to the view of those who live above ground, where the sun shines.

The boy, whose name was Doerich, pointed the traveller to the vaulted galleries made of mineral salt, and to the dazzling splendour of the arches, from which the light of a thousand lamps was reflected, and asked, if that was not a scene as brilliant as he could wish to see? The traveller tapped him on the shoulder, and told him that the gloomiest day above ground was brighter far than the most brilliant light that ever met his eyes in that abode, and again told him of the sun in the firmament. From that hour Doerich's thoughts ran in a new channel. His former enjoyments grew wearisome, and he began to reckon the mine no better than a prison.

His lamps, and their bright lustre reflected from transparent salt columns, lost all their attraction. "I long to see the sun," was the burden of his reply to every one who spoke to him of his changed look. When his mother asked the reason of his altered demeanour, "I long to see the sun!" replied Doerich; nor would he rest till his eyes beheld what he longed for, namely, the sun and all that the

sun reveals as he shines over a gladdened world. Young readers, may not this teach us? It is thus that the soul feels when told from above of something better than the glittering lustre of this earth, which is grand and attractive to those only who never have known aught higher and more glorious.

The soul has discovered its native ignorance and degradation; it has heard of Christ—that better sun, and now the burden of its desire is, “I long to see the sun;” and not till it sees Christ, the Sun of righteousness, is it at rest. Have you, young reader, seen this sun? Will you not go down to the mine, and tell many a young Doerich that there is something far superior to his lamps, his idols, and poor earthly joys? Tell him, “You would think nothing of these any longer did you only see our sun.” It is this that ministers are doing; *help them* by your prayers. It is this that missionaries are doing; *help them* by your prayers and your pence. It is this that Ragged School Teachers are doing, *help them* by your prayers, your pence, your personal assistance.—*Ragged School Magazine.*

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### THE LITTLE LAD WHO SOLD HIS KNIFE TO BUY A TESTAMENT.

ONE day last week, a member of the Committee of the Bolton Industrial Ragged School was walking in one of the streets of that large town, when a little ragged lad ran up to him, and walked by his side, looking up in his face to attract his notice. At last the gentleman said, “Who are you?” The boy replied, “Henry C——. I am in the Ragged School, don’t you recollect me?” “O yes; well, Henry, what are you learning at the Ragged School?” The boy said: “I am learning arithmetic, sir, and reading in the New Testament. When I first went to the school I did not know a letter, and now, the master says, there is no one in the school, except *May*, who can read so well as me.” And then the boy pulled out of the pocket of his ragged trousers a small, neat Testament. “See, sir,” said he, “I have got a Testament of my own.”

“How did you obtain that?” “Why, sir, the master sent me an errand to Mr Topping’s shop, and Mr Topping gave me three-halfpence; then I sold my knife, and with that money, together with what Mr Topping gave me, I bought this Testament. I did not want to part with my



knife, but I wanted a Testament of my own—and here it is ! ”

Who, to obtain a copy of the New Testament, has made a sacrifice equal to that which this once neglected outcast made to obtain one ?

This poor lad bids fair to become a worthy member of society.—*Ibid.*

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### “HE COULD NOT BE HID.”

“*He could not be hid*”—for the sinner would haste  
Behind Him to weep at the Pharisee’s feast—  
To wipe with her hair, when she’d wash’d with her tears,  
His feet, who had lov’d her, and silenced her fears.

“*He could not be hid*”—for the blind and the lame  
His love and His pow’r would together proclaim ;  
The dumb would speak out, and the deaf would recal  
The name of that Jesus—who healed them all.

“*He could not be hid*”—for around Him would press  
The children of sorrow, of pain, and distress ;  
And faith, by the hem of His garment would prove  
What virtue there issued from Him who is Love.

“*He could not be hid*”—for the Widow of Nain  
Would point to the son, now restored her again ;  
Would say ’twas His love, His compassion and grace  
Gave back that lost son to a mother’s embrace.

“*He could not be hid*”—for the multitude fed  
Would tell ’twas His bounty procured for us bread ;  
No hand could have multiplied thus sevenfold,  
But His who provided the manna of old.

“*He could not be hid*”—for hark ! hark ! to that shout,  
Hosanna ! Hosanna ! the children cry out,  
And, O blessed for us, though some would have child,  
That Jesus the Saviour *can never be hid.*

A. A. W.

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### PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT, ::

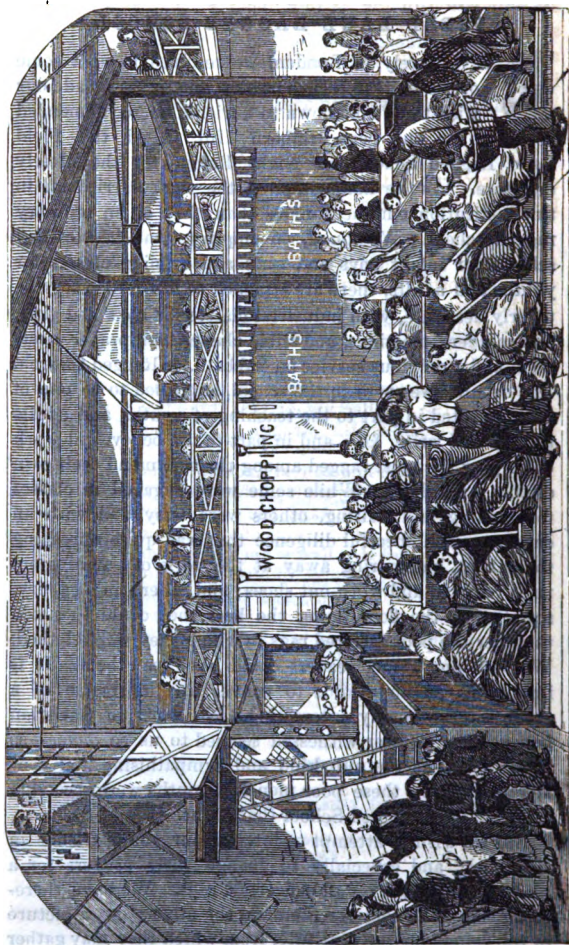
WHO ALONE CAN REVEAL CHRIST TO THE SOUL.

Come, with heavenly inspiration,  
Jesus in our souls reveal ;  
Manifest His great salvation,  
As thine own our spirits seal ;  
Light divine on darkness shining,  
Deign the light of truth to give ;  
Every grace and joy combining,  
May we to Thy glory live !

## FIELD LANE RAGGED SCHOOL.

**B**EING lately in London, we resolved to visit some of the Ragged Schools there; and having made our wish to do so known to a friend, he recommended us to go to one near Holborn Hill, called the Field Lane Ragged School and Night Refuge for the utterly destitute. As the name implies, the work carried on in this institution embraces more than that of an ordinary ragged school. We found, on inquiry, that besides day schools for infant boys and girls and evening classes for youths and adults, there are attached to it a refuge for the utterly destitute, with industrial classes for boys and girls, and mothers' meetings, and Bible classes, and prayer meetings, and a religious service on Sabbath, or Ragged Church. The evening we spent in the school, happened to be one of those devoted in part to the teaching of youths and adults to read and write, &c.; and in part to the benevolent work of helping the most ragged among them to mend their own clothes and shoes. While some were engaged in classes for reading and writing, others were busy, and with an eagerness and cheerful diligence that was quite refreshing to look at, hammering away at the work of patching up their very old and worn-out shoes; and others, in a gallery, squatted on the floor, doing the best they could to stitch together the poor tattered rags in which they were clothed. We wish our young readers could have seen them. It is impossible in any words to convey an impression of a scene so profoundly interesting. No work of Christian benevolence we ever witnessed seemed to us so *divine*—so *Christ-like*,—as the aid, kind and sympathising and considerate, which these poor men and youths were receiving at Field Lane Ragged School that night.

But we wish to attempt to interest our young friends in the work, and especially to engage their prayers for a blessing on it, and on all concerned in it. We have therefore resolved to copy for them, on the other page, a picture of the refuge for the destitute, from which they may gather



an impression of the extraordinary scene that room presents, night after night, as houseless and friendless men and boys drift in from the streets of London, to lie down in those cribs provided for them there—and to enjoy the luxury of a good washing and a loaf before they leave the refuge.

We will also add one or two short extracts from the annual report for the past year, which the refuge master kindly gave us on the occasion of our visit :—

“Following the example of our blessed Redeemer, the Committee have endeavoured to ‘seek and to save those who are lost.’ A temporary night shelter is provided for the most destitute, whether old or young. The Committee attach very great importance to the reading of the Word of God, night and morning, by the master ; believing the inspired Word has an efficacious and salutary influence upon the human soul ; stifling the bad passions of men ; awakening the recollection of that presence, under whose eye they live amidst the struggles and casualties of their chequered existence. Prayer and supplication is daily made for God’s blessing to rest upon the efforts to be made to obtain honest employment during the day. Cleanliness is enforced by the constant use of the lavatory and by baths. Every kind of language of a debasing or corrupting nature is suppressed. Every encouragement is given for the cultivation of habits of industry, to stimulate self-dependence and self-respect, and by the endeavour at all times to keep before the inmates the high destiny and moral responsibility of man. A 6-oz. loaf is given to each inmate night and morning.

“It is with great thankfulness to Almighty God that the Committee are able to report the preservation of the Refuge from all contagious diseases during the year, notwithstanding the number who have enjoyed its benefits. There have been admitted :—

12,220 to sleep in the Refuge with tickets ; that is, those who have attended the Bible Classes regularly.

6,708 without tickets, those who have attended the Bible Classes casually.

1,092 strangers to the school

Total, 20,020,

or an average of 55 per night throughout the entire year, to whom 56,612 6-oz. loaves have been given.

The Committee rejoice to know that this shelter, this teaching, this care, have not been in vain.

113 have obtained employment from the Refuge.

60 have been admitted into permanent refuges.

18 have enlisted.

21 have been restored to their friends.

Thus 212 youths and men have been taken from the streets and prisons, and been provided for. Although a result highly satisfactory in itself, this is by no means the most encouraging fact, for through the instruction received, the Committee believe that many of these poor outcasts have been led to see their sinful state before God, and to seek an interest in Christ's death and resurrection. Aged men have been placed in positions of respectability, and young men who never attempted to do a week's regular work before, but lived at enmity with every man, their only resource being to take what they had not earned—these have found friends who have led them to the Scriptures, to that God whose pardon and blessing has been promised to those who forsake evil and give Him their hearts; many have believed and realised to their own enjoyment the blessedness of the promise.

“There is another class of persons to whom your Refuge has been of great assistance, taking parties by the hand before they fall into almost hopeless ruin, of which the following may be taken as an example:—

“J. P., aged 29, from Liverpool, had been well educated and properly brought up; but, for associating with frequenters of theatres and beer shops, had been discharged. Came to London, and for six weeks wandered about the streets seeking employment, till he became ragged and destitute. He was taken into the Refuge, and conducted himself satisfactorily. His case having been brought under the notice of your superintendent, suitable clothes were provided, which enabled him to make a respectable appearance. He soon obtained employment, and has since returned to the Refuge to express his gratitude for the kindness and help he received, believing he was saved from utter ruin.”

“The Refuge is to them as the cliffs of the rock, where they hide themselves till their calamities are overpast:—

“J. K., aged 17, no parents; has been in the Refuge six months; has been in prison five times; flogged twice for picking pockets. On the day the Queen distributed medals to the Crimean heroes, extracted a purse from a lady's pocket, containing thirty-two sovereigns. Not content with that, got three pocket handkerchiefs; was detected taking a fourth; was chased; threw away the purse and escaped in

the crowd. Has given up thieving; has not been to prison for six months. Says he gets on as well as if he had a handkerchief every day; left off going to plays; soup and bread for 3d. is better.'

A gentleman coming to the Refuge wanted a lad; but they were all too ill-dressed for his place. It was suggested that 2s. 6d. would fit him out from head to foot. This sum was advanced, with the following result:—A good pair of shoes, 6d.; jacket, 5d.; plaid vest, 3d.; trousers, 5d.; cap, 1d.; shirt, 4d.; shoe-ties,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; neck-cloth, 1d.; total, 2s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., leaving 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to commence his new career. Who would not spare a few half-crowns for such a purpose!

"The following touching narrative is full of interest and encouragement to all who are engaged in this hallowed work:—

"'R. T., a lad in my class,' says this teacher, 'said to me one evening last spring, "Teacher, our baby died last week, it was a twelve-month old." "Did it, my boy? and are you not rejoiced to think it is happy? and were you with it when it died?" "Yes, teacher," said he, "there was only me and mother up with it when it died. Father was asleep drunk in the corner, and I felt so bad, for mother took on so when it was gone; oh! how I wished for you, teacher." "Well, my boy, I would have come." "But it was in the middle of the night, teacher." "Well, my boy, I would have come." "Besides, I should not like you to come to such a poor place as ours, but I would have given the world for you to have come and comforted my poor mother, as you sometimes talk to us; but as I knew you couldn't, I got the Bible and read a bit to her, and it did seem to comfort us both so. I felt so thankful to you for having taught me to think anything about these things, and *there* seemed to read just the very things we wanted. I told mother that the Saviour took all the babies to Himself." Such artless affection could not fail to rob the poor mother of half the bitterness of her loss. But for a Ragged School, this poor lad would have known nothing of these truths, and could not have comforted his sorrowing parent. He received a two years' prize at St. Martin's Hall.'

"This teacher has received several interesting letters from one of the youths who enlisted, and who is now at Aldershott, showing that the lessons learned at Field Lane were not forgotten there.

'On Sunday we assemble in the open air, two or four regiments together, for Divine service, but in a way which to a reflecting mind is not comfortable. What I mean is, the service is hasty, and the blessed Word of God falls like a shower of priceless pearls out of reach—in a word, as you, dear teacher, can best understand, there is no communion of sentiment, no ministering friend to reason and counsel, such

as I have enjoyed as hearty food and sweets from you and the rest of the dear friends at Field Lane. God bless you, and all dear friends there. Soldiers of the cross, God is your reward. For myself, I endeavour, as God helps me, to lead a godly, sober life. Cursing, blaspheming, and drunkenness, are around me, and I have much to put up with from my companions.’

“At a later period the same youth writes—

‘Since I have come back from camp, I have seen and shaken hands with one of our class, M. I was surprised to see him, and to find he had joined my old regiment. Another old face I have found out, which is W. I found them both in our reading room—for I must tell you we have lately had a library, which is going through the camp successfully. I was glad to meet them in such suitable company, and trust and pray for the improvement of their minds, and that they may settle down to a sober life, which God lead to a decisive choice; as far as an example in me will do it, and an earnest prayer at a throne of grace for their souls’ welfare will do it, they have both from me. May God prosper, and crown with his blessing, Field Lane School! the blessings I have received from instruction there, constrain me to say, “Peace be within those walls and prosperity.” Many happy moments have I spent there, and many are the grateful recollections I retain in my mind, for the words of admonition, counsel, and sympathy breathed into my ears. Thanks be to God, they have not been in vain. I have ever to bless God, dear teacher, that I went there, that I was brought from my backsliding, and shed tears at the feet of my Saviour, tears of repentance and sorrow for my past prodigal course of life.’

As we read all these delightful details, there seem to rise to our lips, as applicable to this Refuge in Field Lane, those lines of the Christian poet:—

Through paths of loving-kindness led,  
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;  
To all, with willing hands, dispense  
The crumbs of our benevolence.

Hark! the sweet voice of pity calls  
Misfortune to these hallowed walls;  
The breaking heart, the wounded breast,  
And helpless poverty distressed.

Here the whole family of woe  
Shall friends, and home, and comfort know;  
The blasted form and ship-wrecked mind  
Shall here a tranquil haven find.

And Thou, dread Power, whose sovereign breath  
Is health or sickness, life or death,  
This favour’d mansion deign to bless;  
The cause is Thine—send Thou success!

### "THE FAREWELL OF THE EDITORS."

THE closing month of the year is a season at which it is impossible not to have our minds filled with many solemn reflections.

But to us, these reflections are *now* made peculiarly solemn, by the prospect of this month closing *our* labours as Editors of the *Juvenile Missionary Record*.

We desired to continue these labours of love. Willingly would we still have devoted ourselves to them. But we have failed in the attempt to arrange for our being allowed to carry on these labours, on the only ground where we could be at liberty to do what we felt to be our duty in regard to the Indian Missions of the Church of Scotland. We have therefore been obliged to seek relief from the responsibility of conducting this Magazine. And thus is severed between us and our Young Friends, the readers of the *Juvenile Record*, a tie, which was formed nearly twenty years ago! and which we have felt every year increasingly to be a very tender bond of union with them.

Our readers will easily understand, therefore, how we should feel the reflections which crowd upon us, in the review of these years during which we have been privileged to hold monthly communication with them, to be reflections of a very solemn kind. We will not trust ourselves to enlarge in expressing them. We would only in a single farewell sentence remind them, that, the two great designs we have all along tried to keep steadily in view, are first, to win our dear young readers to the faith and love of Christ for *their own* soul's salvation, and *then* to bring to maturity in them, as the fruits of love to Christ, tender compassion for the souls of others, and self-denying efforts for their conversion. In now parting with them, we would only farther inquire, in one or two solemn questions, as to these fruits of love to Christ.

Say, dear young friends, are your hearts in any degree more touched with the cry of misery than they were? Do you feel more deeply, do you pray more heartily, do you give more



largely and more willingly for the cause of Christ, than you did? We have told you of sad spiritual darkness and distress in our own and in foreign lands;—we have tried to interest you in what is doing to relieve all this terrible woe. Do you feel your heart sorrowing, as did the heart of the Lord Jesus, over the woes of others, and does your yearning spirit send forth an outstretched arm to help the helpless? Perhaps not. Well then, soon will the time for helping be all over! This month will not seal up the passing year before the opportunities of multitudes, and perhaps of some who read these lines, will be for ever gone! And, oh! how sad to awake suddenly from the dream,—the solemn, the momentous day-dream of life,—and find you had all the while been trifling away your opportunities—living just for self, *self*, SELF! Then comes the account at the dread tribunal! and the sentence: “Depart! I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink!” You lived for SELF, you cared not for Me or My poor ones on the earth. Depart!’

Dear readers, shall we not hope better things of many of you? Oh! learn to reckon it your highest privilege and honour to sorrow and to suffer with Christ; to labour for Him; and, in your sphere, and according to your ability, out of a really deeply earnest heart, to make known throughout the wide world the glories and the riches of His highly exalted name!

And now, our fervent prayer for you all will ever be, that you may receive abundantly and abidingly of the riches of God’s pardoning and sanctifying grace, and that you may know the things that are freely given to you of God, believing, as we do, that all who have thus freely received, will feel inwardly constrained freely to give.

END OF VOL. V.

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PATON AND RITCHIE, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD

AND

Sabbath Scholars' Magazine

IN CONNEXION WITH

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

MATTHEW xxi. 16.

VOL. VI.—NEW SERIES.

PATON AND RITCHIE, EDINBURGH.

MDCCCLVII.



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# THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD.

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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

**D**EAR YOUNG READERS,—As soon as the dawn breaks on the first day of the New Year, and all the world rises from its sleep, and begins the hum and stir of its daily life, you will hear a short hearty little phrase greeting you from every tongue. Everybody seems to utter it—every face to smile it on you—every hand to convey it to you in its clasp—every prayer to breathe it out for you at your family and closet altars. Some of you, who are so happy as to have a mother near you, will hear it in the tenderest of whispers, and see it in the warm light of a kind mother's tearful eye; and some of you, who are so blessed as to be growing up under a father's care, will listen to it with deepest reverence, as a kind father's hand is laid upon your head. If you meet your minister, it is the very first thing that starts to his lips; and if you assemble in your Sabbath school classes, it is the readiest phrase of welcome on this New Year's day your teacher can find. And should it be a clear bracing sunny day, the fields and the woods, sparkling in their crisp and hoary dress, will seem to have the same thing written for you on their face; the cheery echo everywhere, the lightsome voice, the merry laugh, the golden sun, and the blue heaven, will seem to be full of it; and so all the world God has arrayed in so much unsearchable grace and beauty around you, will seem to be breathing and murmuring out the one gladdening wish. In short, not to keep your curiosity too long on the stretch, we begin by putting all this in the few simple words you have heard so often—*we wish you a happy New Year!*

Now, some believe it would be a happy New Year if it brought them not one hour's sorrow; if, in all its course, they were to meet with no hardship or difficulty; if every day were to bring with it something new and pleasant—something to excite wonder and curiosity—something to gratify them greatly, in hearing praise, in enjoying holiday

pleasures, in being free from all serious studies and serious duties, in gaining rewards without much trouble, in being called to make no sacrifices, and, perhaps, in winning such success and receiving such gifts as may make others look at them with very envious eyes. Now, little readers, as you are reading these lines, look into your own hearts, and, while you hear everybody wish you a happy New Year, ask yourselves what you really understand by the words, and what kind of a year it would be, if, according to the notions you have formed, it were to prove a happy one, and then try to see if we are right in giving you, as follows, a brief picture of what, in the best sense, a happy New Year is.

It will be a happy New Year, if, before it comes to a close, you will have learned to take a very deep and tender interest in the Gospel and the kingdom of Jesus,—to love His name as the most precious thing to you in all the world, to fold your arms around His cross, and to get closely acquainted with Him as your Saviour, Friend, Elder Brother, and true loving Teacher. Do not say you are too young to understand these things;—turn to the Gospel and read the beautiful incident of Christ being found in the temple among the wise and learned doctors. He was then only twelve years of age; yet he was so in love with divine things that, when His mother gently reproached Him with his having lingered behind, He said: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." The incident is told that young readers may learn they cannot too soon give up their hearts to love the same blessed work.

It will be a happy New Year, if, in its course, you can every day feel you are making another and another step in Divine knowledge—seeing a new and clearer light shed on the texts and stories of the Bible—treasuring up another and another holy line between every sunrise and sunset; and if, at the end, you can look back and shew your parents and teachers that you can account for every lesson, in the large gain you have made of many wise and blessed truths.

It will be a happy New Year, if, in its course, whether at school or by the fireside, whether in the Sabbath class or in the company of your home friends and playfellows, you learn each day to be more simple, truthful, and sincere—if a meek temper, a gentle bearing, and a sacred love of truth, day by day, shine out in every word you utter, every line of your features, and every turn of your manner. No one is too poor that he may not aspire to be gentle, loving, and true; and no one is too rich, or highly educated, but

he must sink out of the respect of good men if he forgets to be all three.

It will be a happy New Year, not if, in its course, you escape peril, sorrow, sickness, temptation, a sore heart, and bitter tears; but if, passing through any or all of these, you be taught how good and happy a thing it is to lean for your strength upon the cross of Jesus—how steady, calm, and noble it makes the youngest mind feel, when the knee is often bowed at His throne of grace, and brief childlike prayers to Him are familiar to the lips, and how constant it will keep you in brave honest purposes, in generous thoughts, and in bright sunny smiles, if you but believe in His presence wherever you go,—that His countenance, so watchful and loving, is turned on you, that His shining arms are like a mighty shield around you, and that, whether you wake or sleep, He is keeping your souls from death, and your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling. So that you are seeking not for idle days, times of heedless pleasure, what may tempt the ear, the palate, and the eyes—what may over-excite and raise your selfish feelings one day, and the next make you ill-tempered and sullen—but you are seeking to become true, and humble, and holy, the disciples of Him who walked as a child among the green heights of Nazareth, who laid His head down to sleep every night under a lowly cottage roof, and who was subject to His parents in every step and every duty of their simple common life.

It will be a happy New Year, if, at its close, you will be able to say, you have done something to help in bringing others to the cross of Christ—if you can remember an earnest prayer that was answered—a little mite that was sent to the far-off missionary in his toils—a kind word that made the poor suffering heart warm towards you, and the tear of blessing roll down the wasted cheek. Remember the cup of cold water given to the least of Christ's disciples is given unto Him.

It will be a happy New Year, if, as it goes on, you learn you are brothers and sisters in a great family, covering the whole earth, including the white man and the black—the free man and the slave—the rich man and the poor—that God in Christ is your Father, and that heaven is your home.

Lift up your eyes upon its glorious arch—let your gaze travel away up into its deep, serene, and silent depths—watch the splendour of its day, the silvery lustre of its night and stars—and then think, that the earth, that is so green and beautiful, that is the abode of all those you love,



and that holds so many spots where you have been happy, think that this earth is just a resting-place, where, for a few years at most, you are to dwell, on your way up to yonder home! Nay, perhaps, though you have seen the first day of the New Year, some of you may not see its last. How many young fair heads may, a twelvemonth hence, be covered in the dust of darkness—how many warm young hearts cold and still—how many lips voiceless as the deep grave—how many gushing thoughts and loves will have passed away, as if they had never been. But, dear young friends, even should you in this New Year die, yet, if you are carried up from earth to heaven—carried up in the arms of Jesus to your high temple-home in the Father's presence, then this will be the happiest New Year to you of all. It will be a year that will never grow old—a year whose seasons will blend for ever the budding freshness of spring, the bursting foliage of summer, and the ripe golden fruitage of autumn, but never knowing autumn's decay, or the sere leaves, and the dark desolation, and the bleak winds of winter. It will be the New Year that will part you from the sin, and suffering, and death here, and lay you safe on the breast of your Elder Brother in His eternal home. Which of you can smile gladly as you read, and can think, that such would be for you a happy New Year indeed?

Now, we trust, you understand us better when we say, that to all we wish a *happy New Year!*

---

## STORIES OF OLD MISSIONARY ADVENTURE

### CHAPTER I.

**U**PWARDS of a hundred years ago, a little ship, containing a bold and adventurous crew, put off from the coast of Norway, and ventured away into the dark and stormy seas of the North. Every mile, as they sailed north, brought them nearer the region of perpetual ice and snow. Still the brave little company kept steadily on; and as the wild sea-birds flew and dashed in the foam around them, and the dull leaden sky hung a dreary drapery of fog down upon the waters, and great frozen masses went driving and plunging through the strong tide, you can imagine how lonely was the track of this devoted band, and how noble must have been the hope that sustained them. By and by, the white cliffs of Greenland came in sight: a coast where there was no

tree or even shrub ; where, among the ice-clad rocks, there was no nook of grassy light and beauty ; and where it seemed as if no human foot had ever trod, and no human being could ever find a home. Yet the solitary ship pursued its way deep among the icebergs that lay floating for miles and miles upon the sea ; and after a night of black and roaring tempest, during which, at every instant, the vessel might have been caught among the ice-masses and snapped like a reed, it was found next morning safe in an inner basin of smooth water, and the company were able at last to step ashore, and, kneeling down on the barren rocks, to give God thanks for their deliverance.

Besides the crew of the ship, there were a humble minister of the cross, Hans Egede by name, his wife, and four children ; and this family had left a happy home in their native land, that they might be set ashore, far away on this Greenland coast, and preach to the rude outcast natives the cross of Christ. No enterprise surely ever looked so desperate—no hope and courage ever so sublime ! When the good ship departed, and they were left in their small and wretched hut, every wind, as it passed howling over them, seemed to sigh out their desolation ; on one side stretched miles and miles of rock, and hill, and coast, robed in snowy waste, and where they were the only little group who knew and loved the name of Jesus, while, on the other, the vast and solemn sea spread out its dark garment of wreck and tempest, as if, between them and their old far away-home, it had made a gulf, over which they should never cross.

But Hans Egede and his wife loved the Master who had called them hither. We cannot tell one-half the toils they gladly underwent ; how they reared their own poor dwellings, and laboured for their daily bread ; how they strove to learn the rugged language of the Greenlanders, and how, after long effort, they succeeded ; how they sent their children to live in the foul huts of the natives, to see if in this way they might touch their dull hearts ; how they hoped, for many a long day and month, against hope ; how they suffered from famine, storm, and sickness ; how their preaching and their kind deeds were met by stubborn unbelief and scorn ; and how, worst of all, friends at home seemed to forget them, and, after years of devoted toil, their mission seemed on the eve of perishing. But you will recollect what is said in the Gospel about the little grain of mustard seed. God had appointed that it should spring up and flourish even on the sterile shores of Green-



land. The faith of His servants, therefore, was not allowed to fail.

Indeed, the story of how they were saved is curious enough. It so happened that, some time before, a band of men in Germany, who had been persecuted for their loving and reading the Bible, and loving the simple cross of Christ, had gathered themselves into a little village called "The Lord's Watch," and under the protection of a pious Count. They were named Moravians, from the country that had given them birth. They were a pure-minded, devout society, living every day in the very atmosphere of prayer and the Word. One day the Count, being in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, saw two Greenlanders, who had been sent over by Hans Egede, and on hearing their wild and interesting story, he carried back to his village the news of that little missionary band in the far-off frozen seas. Three of the Moravians, Christian David, and Matthew, and Christian Stach, instantly were filled with the desire to leave all, and to follow their solitary track. It was soon arranged, and, travelling by Denmark, receiving before they started the prayers and farewells of the con-

gregation, they embarked, with very few equipments, on their voyage under the wintry skies of the north.

They were men of no learning, but they remembered that neither were the fishermen of Galilee, whom Christ sent forth to convert the whole world. When, in Denmark, some one asked them what sort of houses they should have to live in, and how they should have the means of living, they answered, that they would of course build their houses of wood, and cultivate the ground. And then, when it was explained how no wood was found in Greenland, save the planks of torn wrecks tossed up on the beach, or pine trunks carried from the far coasts of Norway, they answered again, that they would dig into the earth and lodge there. But the King of Denmark, touched with their devotedness, supplied them with wood, and, on landing, they built a few rough huts, calling them by the name of their beloved village in Germany, and, with prayer to the Saviour, on whose mission they had come, they prepared to face the perils and trials that awaited them.

You cannot doubt that Hans Egede and his heroic wife were cheered beyond measure by the arrival of these guests. For every day in the year the Moravians had a text, and it was wonderful how often the very words of Scripture also, thus accidentally quoted, as it were, answered to the very difficulties they were meeting, and taught them, even in the saddest hour, high hope and promise. In truth, they had need of every encouragement very soon. They had no skill in fishing, at which the Greenlanders were so expert; and then, when, after having made a voyage with great difficulty in small boats or kaiaks, away among the islands in search of drift-wood, they were returning laden, a great storm overtook them, and with the utmost peril they reached home; and yet, during the night, the storm swept their boat and wood out to sea. Subsequent to that, when, through much hardship, they had been taught the art of spinning, and other means of labour, they met a fresh obstacle in their total ignorance of the Greenland language. They studied long in vain, because, as Hans Egede and his son were their teachers, they were first obliged to learn Danish to understand *them*, and then proceed through that to master the Greenland tongue. Thus, for long, they dared not preach, ardently as they desired it, for while they knew the native speech only in a broken way, they were unwilling to make blunders in speaking, such as their hearers might laugh to scorn. Yet they wrought on patiently, knowing that God would one day

crown His own work with success, when, all at once, a new and more terrible disaster than had yet happened cast them down in all but despair.

---

### **PREACHERS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.**

Not patriarchs only, but little children. A little girl had been in the habit of visiting the shop of a shoemaker, to whom she became very much attached. He was an infidel. The child became pious, and the first impulse was, to go and throw her arms round the neck of her friend, and entreat him to come with her to the Saviour. The unexpected, artless, and fervent appeal softened and subdued him; and, almost realising the beautiful idea in prophecy, of the lion and the bear and the little child leading them, she was the happy instrument of bringing him into the fold of Christ.—*Rev. W. H. Lewis.*

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### **A CHILD'S PRAYER.**

OFTEN have children been the messengers of strength and consolation to believers. In one of the darkest periods of the Reformation, when Luther, Melancthon, and others, were assembled, under great dejection of spirit, to consult on what should be done, Melancthon retired from the council in the deepest depression of spirit, but in a few moments returned with a countenance beaming with confidence and joy; and, when all were surprised at the change, he told them he had just seen a sight which assured him of success—he had seen some little children engaged in prayer for the Reformation, whom their mothers, who were assembled for the same purpose, had brought together, and he was assured such prayers would be heard of God. Courage in the needful hour, for the greatest work ever accomplished by uninspired men, was thus breathed into the soul through infants' prayers.—*Ibid.*

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### **FOUR PLEADINGS WITH SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

I PLEAD with you for more **EARNESTNESS**. Take up teaching as a work; and as in it you are fulfilling the command and copying the example of your Master, seek to have in you a full portion of that Spirit which made Him say,

"The zeal of thine house hath even consumed me!" Assign the work its full proportion of time in stated season, and then say, "This one thing I do."

I plead for more DILIGENCE. Take pains to fit yourselves for your work. Read for it, observe for it, think for it. In nothing else can excellence be obtained without labour; and if you would offer some jewels for the Redeemer's crown, they must be sought by patient untiring toil.

I plead for more SYSTEM. Do not waste your strength and dissipate your energies, but work on a plan, whether such as our Institute offers, or any other. See that your means are adapted to the end; and whilst avoiding all pedantry or formality, let there be order and regularity in your teaching.

And, lest I weary you, I will only add, that I plead with you for more PRAYER. Here is the secret of success or failure. Pray over your study; pray over your work; pray for your own souls as teachers; pray for your children; and, sooner or later, there shall be "showers of blessings."

Envy not the superior acquirements, the fluent utterance, the ready resources of others. You will be judged, not by their standard, but by the use you have made of your own powers and opportunities. The right employment of these will bring you a crown of rejoicing; and He who accepts us according to that we have, not according to what we have not, will say to you at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly Magazine.*

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### CHILDREN'S LOVE.

EVERY father loves to see his child exercise confidence in him, and hear him call him "Father;" so does God love to hear His children call Him "Abba," with confidence and love.—*Rev. J. Smith.*

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### DWELLING WITH CHRIST.

How shall I know that I shall dwell with Christ for ever? By walking closely and constantly with Him while upon earth. He who lives upon Christ, walks with Christ, and labours to honour Christ, shall never be separated from Christ.—*Ibid.*

**OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.****FIRST MONTH.****LIFE OF CHRIST.****I. The Vision in the Temple. The Annunciation.***(Read Luke i. 5-38.)***THE PARENTS OF THE BAPTIST.** Office of Zacharias. His and Elisabeth's character.**THE VISION.** The parts of the Temple. The Promise. Greatness of John's character—two things. Greatness of his mission—in what?**THE SIGN.** The angel. The sign—impression on the people.**THE ANNUNCIATION.** The angel and Mary. Jesus described. His throne, house, and kingdom.**II. Births of Jesus and His Forerunner.***(Read Luke i. 39-56; Matt. i. 18-25; Luke i. 57-80.)***MARY AND ELISABETH.** Their meeting—Mary's song—contrast the two.**BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.** Joseph's dream. The name Jesus—the name EMMANUEL.**THE NAME JOHN.** Giving the name. How it already made John the forerunner.**ZACHARIAS' SONG.** Examine its parts and phrases. The child's dwelling-place.**III. The Shepherds. The Genealogies. The Presentation.***(Read Matt. i. 1-17; Luke ii. 1-38, and iii. 23-38.)***THE TAXING.** The birth of Christ. Circumstances.**THE SHEPHERDS.** The angels' song. The shepherds finding Christ.**THE GENEALOGIES.** Matthew and Luke—reconcile them.**THE TEMPLE.** The presentation. Simeon's words. Anna.**IV. The Wise Men. The Flight into Egypt. Jesus in the Temple.***(Read Matt. ii. 1-end; Luke ii. 39-end.)***THE STAR.** The wise men. Herod. Circumstances.**FINDING CHRIST.** Particulars of their search and success.**THE FLIGHT.** The dream. The massacre. Coming back from Egypt.**IN THE TEMPLE.** The passover. Search for Christ. Where found.

## MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

### THE COLONIES—A NEW MISSIONARY BAND.

LET our readers, who are advanced enough in age, take up a map and follow us, while we tell them what has been lately done in this wide field. Three young preachers have gone to labour in Australia, eight to Nova Scotia and Canada, one to Mauritius, and another to Berbice. This is another little army leaving our shores, and setting forth in behalf of the cross. Pray that Christ may fulfil towards them His old beautiful promise (Matt. xxviii. 20). We are told some charges in the Colonies have been six, ten, and twelve years without a minister! Compare *that* with your church pews, your Sabbath Schools, your kind ministers, and the happy ringing, every Sunday morning, of your church bells.

### INDIA—A CONVERSION.

One of our missionaries, lately at Bombay, (Mr. Hunter,) tells of his having baptised, first a pupil in the class of a native Mohammedan, and then the teacher himself. This teacher, whose name is Mahomet, hesitated long; but at last he determined to embrace Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He is hated and persecuted by his relatives and old caste for this, but he has stood firm in the grace of God. Perhaps, being a teacher, he will now bring a whole class with him to the cross of Christ. Keep him in recollection. Another minister at Bombay (Mr. Cook) says, that where only *one* missionary is labouring, there is more than sufficient work for *three*. Read Matt. ix. 37 38.

### TURKEY—OLD SCENES.

At present, two missionaries are going over the same scenes in Salonica, and preaching the cross, where, eighteen hundred years ago, Paul preached and planted a church! How strange and mighty have been the changes since! Yet it is the same cross and the same gospel that are raising up the echoes of the same old scenes. The Greeks may again be blessed by the Saviour of all grace. Read 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

### SOUTH AFRICA—A MISSIONARY'S FIELD.

{Mr Ross, a missionary for many years at Likatlong, where he is surrounded by the descendants of the old Dutch settlers, has a population to overlook of 13,000. His district is *fifteen days' journey*! He has 600 church members, and



330 children in five schools. He preaches twice every Sunday, lectures on Wednesday afternoon, teaches in a large school-room every week-day, except Saturday, visits the sick and dying, and journeys round to the out-stations as often as he can. And then, besides all that, so rude and primitive is the state of things around him, that he has to labour often with his own hands in very common work! Nothing surely makes one so happy, as to spend and be spent in Jesus' service.

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**"LORD, IT BELONGS NOT TO MY CARE."**

Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.  
If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?  
Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that unto God's kingdom comes,  
Must enter by His door.  
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,  
Thy blessed face to see:  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?  
Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.  
My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim,  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

BAXTER.

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**THE TEACHING OF HYMNS.**

We suggest to our young readers, that, each month, they should commit the hymn we may print for them to memory. These hymns, which we shall try to select with great care, are often full of beautiful and tender thoughts, and especially when they weave their lines around the name of Jesus and His grace; and the music of their words and thoughts, if impressed now upon the heart, may be remembered, and may bless at many future times, in dark days, in sad trials, and when the feet are gathered up on the bed to die.



### A PICTURE OF THE SEA.

**T**HE sea may be called the missionary's path; but then how deep and terrible its secrets—how lightly often is the little seed of the word tossed in its great trampling surges—how thin the lines left in the track of servants of the cross, as they go far and wide over its stormy face—how "dread the abysses over which they and their treasure of unsearchable riches tremble at every step—how vast and dark the waves that have swept down many in the awful night—and how mighty is the shroud of waters that lies spread over many where they sleep forgotten in their nameless graves! Yet we call the sea the missionary's path. Ever since Paul put off in the first missionary voyage to Cyprus, it has been crossed and recrossed by the messengers of peace, till, if we could see every white foamy line their barks have left upon the waves, the whole sea that wraps round the earth would look as if covered by a network of silver. So it is a safe path; for, even over its great depths, the lonely missionary, as he sails, has a holy tabernacle above him, beneath him, and around him—it is the hand

of Him whose way is in the sea and His path in the great waters—Him, who walked with His shining feet upon the heaving floods of Galilee long ago, and said, "It is I! be not afraid!"

Take this picture (*from Sir F. B. Head's Essays*) of the path over which your little gift is carried, thousands of miles to the distant shore, ere it can gladden the missionary's heart, or shed its blessing on the head of the poor heathen, to whom Christ guides it on, like the light-winged dove, through sun and storm alike:—

"On the surface of this globe there is nowhere to be found so inhospitable a desert as the 'wide blue sea.' At any distance from land, there is nothing in it that man can eat—nothing in it that he can drink. His tiny foot no sooner rests upon it than he sinks into his grave; it grows neither fruits nor flowers; it offers monotony to the mind, restless motion to the body: and when, besides all this, one reflects that it is to the most subtle of the elements, the wind, that vessels of all sizes must supplicate for assistance in sailing in every direction to their various destinations, it would almost seem that the ocean was divested of charms, and armed with storms, to prevent our being persuaded to enter its dominions. But though the situation of a vessel in a heavy gale of wind appears indescribably terrific, yet, practically speaking, its security is so great, that, it is truly said, ships seldom or never founder in deep water, except from accident or inattention. How ships manage to get across that still region, that ideal line, which separates the opposite trade winds of each hemisphere; how a small box of men manage, unlabelled, to be buffeted for months up one side of a wave, and down that of another; how they ever get out of the abysses into which they sink; and how, after such pitching and tossing, they reach in safety the very harbour in their native country from which they originally departed, can, and ought only to be accounted for, by acknowledging how truly it may yet be written that 'the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters.'

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## STORIES OF OLD MISSIONARY ADVENTURE

### CHAPTER II.

It had so happened that Hans Egede had, some time before, sent over to Denmark several young Greenlanders, to be educated there. Out of these, two, a boy and girl,

were returning to the wild shores of their native land. The girl died at sea; the boy lived to look again upon the white cliffs and the savage desolation he had haunted in his childhood. But he carried back with him the seeds of a terrible disease. Most of our readers know, that, by a singular discovery in this country, years ago, we have found the means of rendering small-pox comparatively a harmless disease, but, at one time, it raged periodically over the length and breadth of kingdoms, with the sweep of pestilence. Never till now had its poisonous breath reached the frozen homes of Greenland. It was brought there from European shores; as if, while the missionary came armed with blessing, there was wrapped up with that also a dark and awful scourge. It seized with fell power on the poor rude natives, who were too ignorant and terrified to use the simple means the missionaries recommended, either for avoiding infection, or meeting the disease when it came. It travelled up and down like a hungry spirit of wrath, for miles and miles, around the little Moravian colony. Whole families died, and the wretched huts in which they had lived became their graves. To give one instance of the terror and misery spread far and near, one poor father, after he had buried the tenants of an entire village in which he dwelt, dug for himself and his youngest child a grave, and there, as he felt death creeping on, they laid themselves down to die, while three other children he was leaving behind, he directed to cover their bodies with skins and stones, that they might be hidden from the wolves and ravens. This little band of three, thus left helpless in that wide dreary solitude, had then to seek out a long path together, till they reached the house of Mr. Egede with their simple story and their sad child despair.

The missionaries toiled through all these horrors with zeal that never slackened. One of their number, who had just mastered the Greenland tongue, died of small-pox, the others were smitten by the disease, and, through a long weary winter, they could scarce drag their limbs about in their daily toils. The prospect was one of gloom on every side. Then, when the days of their short summer came round, and they were able to voyage up and down the coast, how bleak and voiceless the lonely hills and sea—the miserable villages they came to, one after another, filled with their dead—the huts and hearths smokeless—and the fishing places echoing neither to the sound of voice nor step. Yet in all these trials and crosses, they fell

back on their habit of quoting daily texts; and, though they must have fainted often in their hearts, yet Christ's word, like bread, thus fed and sustained them; and so they became bent more than ever on standing by the cross they had come so far to preach.

By and by, two new missionaries joined them. Traders, too, who were sent out from European settlements in quest of skins and furs, appeared from time to time, and the Moravians began to travel with them long distances, both to the north and south. In this way they sometimes succeeded in spreading their glad tidings in the darkest and loneliest corners. After the small-pox passed away, especially, while one or two remained in charge of household matters at the little village, the others went out on all sides, preaching as they went—rendering help—doing kind things—relieving distress—and, above all, telling of the blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Every where they found the Greenlanders so rude and savage in their minds and hearts, that it seemed as if they never were to move and melt them. Many things in the simple gospel they were utterly at a loss to understand—the name of Jesus Christ—how the blood of the cross alone saves the soul—what it is to believe and love and accept Christ. The bread was broken into the smallest crumbs, but even thus the hearts of these poor blind heathens refused to feed upon it. They began, in a certain degree, to respect the self-denying men who were so plainly seeking their good, night and day; but, though some were led, in this way, to haunt the mission village, it was more that they might beg something out of the missionaries' stores, than that they cared deeply about the tidings of God's love to their souls.

For a very long time this was the state of things; and so wearied and worn out at last were these devoted servants of the cross, by their hardships and failures, that they met to discuss the question seriously, whether or not they were now plainly called upon to abandon their post. You can easily imagine how solemn and anxious a question this was with them all. One or two amongst them perhaps were heart sore and faint: but, in most, there was so deep and true a faith, that even now they did not despair. It seemed that their love waxed more sublime, and their purpose the loftier, as their fortunes went down to a lower and lower ebb. They argued simply, that the Master *had* called them—it was *His* work—and *He* had come to seek and save that which was lost. What right then had they to decide according to what might to *them* look like success

—were the times and seasons not in His hand—and had it not been said, that “at evening time it shall be light?” So they gathered round the communion table once more, and partook of the Lord’s Supper, that they might rise up, strong as ever, to begin as it were afresh: and, as we shall see, at last there came down upon them a gleam of promise, like the first touch of heaven on that lonely frozen world. Just when their night was darkest, it was far spent—the day was at hand.

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**“THE LORD IS MY PORTION, SAITH MY SOUL.”**

Though thou hast gold and land beside,  
Whole mines of gold and acres broad—  
Thy soul would ne’er be satisfied;  
Nothing can fill the soul but God.

Pleasures of earth are the soul’s snare,  
They mock its hopes—they quickly fall;  
But Christ’s dear joys thy soul will share  
When God becomes thy all in all.

**“Therefore will I hope in Him.” Lam. iii. 24.**

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**A CHILD’S HEART.**

LITTLE readers, who take up this little magazine to look over its pages, perhaps never have thought of the great and awful mystery on which they can lay their hands, just at the very moment. If you are sitting very happily at a mother’s knee, that you may read aloud, and look up now and again to meet that beaming precious smile—or if you are leaning over the table’s edge, that you may spread out and look as gravely as the grown people at the sheets before you—or if some are sitting down upon the half dim hearth, that you may catch the flicker of the fire, to help you out with what our pages have to say—you may listen, if you choose, to the beatings of this mysterious thing, in the very quiet of your own hushed breath. The mystery, so deep and awful, is your own heart. Now, place your hand upon it, and feel its calm strong throbbing, while we tell you why we call it perhaps the greatest mystery God has made in all the world, that is so full of what is strange and solemn.

It is surely very startling to know, for one thing, that

your young beating heart holds the fountain of your life—that it gives no less than seventy strokes in a minute, at each stroke welling out life through all the body, as you have seen a crystal spring well up its deep waters on a summer's day—that it is so perfect and beautiful a fountain, that, as the Bible speaks, we may call it a golden bowl, and the nerves that bind it a silver cord—that it is so delicate a fountain, that a little wound may break it, a breath of disease may poison it, the accident of a moment may stop its pulse—and yet, in all the dangers, troubles, and toils around us, so wonderfully is this frail thing preserved, that sometimes it beats on through fourscore years, both when men sleep and when men wake, never ceasing, never wearied, never spilling the life it carries, till old age snaps the string, and it stands still at last.

But thinking of it in another way, the smallest and tenderest heart becomes to us a greater wonder still. For does it not take on, we cannot tell how, strange deep impressions of people and things, even when you are least aware, that are never to be forgotten. If you stand before a mirror you can see how it reflects the image of your face and figure, and whatever else you place opposite to it; but then, when you pass away, that image passes away too—the fair shining face of the mirror becomes again pure as day. The little heart is a mirror too, but of a very different kind. Image after image may be printed on it, but, if they are once caught, they are rarely if ever rubbed out; the heart keeps them in its deep quiet secret; and when years have gone, it often turns over these things that were stamped upon it in its childhood; and, just as the impressions made are good and happy, or just as they are dark and unholy, so will the life of a man, taking its tone from the heart, be full of happy memories and truthful deeds, or it will be so false and restless and dissatisfied, that it will never wear an open honest face amongst men, and never think pure and hallowed thoughts alone with God. An example of all this may be had in the image that may have been left on some of your own little hearts by the sweet and loving face of a mother, who may have watched, not long since, with her tender smile, over your prayers and your dreams, although she sleeps now in the quiet churchyard, and her loving voice and touch are gone. Yet you are sure that the image of the holy face will hang above you wherever you wander, or however long your path may be in the world, and, long long after this, in the slumbers of night, her hand and whisper will often visit

you, with the thrill that made your child's heart so glad. Then, on the other hand, you can pity surely those child brothers and sisters, who are brought up in homes where there is nothing fair and beautiful to love, where all the impressions made on their young hearts are those of sin and darkness and sorrow. When you think, therefore, how the heart makes the life, is it not worth all your thoughts and prayers *now*, that on *your* hearts may be wrought images of all that is good and true and Christlike; while you will long to give a helping hand to those who have not been loved and taught and guided as you have been, and in whose hearts and life there may be wrapped up the gloom of sin and shame.

And so the little heart is a great mystery, since it has in it in this way the seeds of all that may grow up in your after life. The seeds are very tender just now, and very small, and may often be planted when you are very careless and unwatchful; but deep down about the strings of the heart they take a subtle root. As you grow, they grow; they come above the soft soil with a gentle bud; their shoots are so whisperless and feeble, it may be, that, for a long time, you scarce notice their growth, or you think you can bend or break or root them up, as easily as you could the green sapling. But then the root grows strong—the branches grow out into every thought and habit—the whole heart is embraced and woven in by their thick powerful arms, and then comes a day when you see it is too late to cut down or root up or destroy. Is it not startling, then, to think, that, even while you are reading these simple pages; while you are going every day to your classes and your games; while you are listening to the words and catching the looks every day of the older world about you—your child hearts, in their great tender secrets, are opening and growing in the way we have described, and telling already, as in a little book under the eye of God, something of what your future in this world and the next is to be. Children, watch over the little beating hearts—oh, “*watch and pray*, lest ye enter into temptation!”

But still more than this: the heart may be a temple. The Bible tells us that Christ may dwell in the heart by faith. So that it may become God's temple—full of His light and love and grace—its inner place a living altar—and, within its little shrine, all heaven contained, since, wherever Christ is, there heaven must be! Is not this the highest wonder of all? There is no spot where Jesus



loves to dwell on earth, so much as in the heart of a disciple—no place so much as in the heart of a little child. He knocks now at the door of your hearts, dear little readers—do not shut out His great love—open to Him—love Him—embrace Him—and give Him *all* your hearts, and He will make them the purest and holiest things in all the world. He will write His name upon them, and print His glorious image so deeply and abidingly in them, that it will never pass away.

## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### SECOND MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

##### I. The Word. The Forerunner's Message.

(Read John i. 1-18; Matth. iii. 1-4; Mark i. 1-4;  
Luke iii. 1-6)

**THE WORD.** Who—how described—His godhead—His work—how "*life*" and "*light*?"

**COMING INTO THE WORLD.** How received—"the world"—"*His own*"—"sons of God"—"*the Word made flesh*"—full of what—how God declared in Christ?

**JOHN'S MESSAGE.** When and where he preached—his message—explain it.

##### II. John in the Desert. Baptism of Christ.

(Read Matth. iii. 5-17; Mark i. 5-11; Luke iii. 7-23.)

**THE BAPTIST'S PREACHING.** His congregation—how composed—give the points of his address.

**JOHN'S BAPTISM.** What—how distinguished from Christ's—terror of *His* coming—John's fate.

**CHRIST BAPTISED.** His answer to John—what happened—the Voice—explain.

##### III. The Temptations in the Desert.

(Read Matth. iv. 1-11; Mark i. 12-13; Luke iv. 1-13.)

**FIRST TEMPTATION.** Who led Christ—circumstances—how He *could* be tempted—the tempter's first words—the answer—explain both.

**SECOND TEMPTATION.** Circumstances—second effort of the tempter—his subtlety—how met.

**THIRD TEMPTATION.** Circumstances—the tempter's falsehood in his third effort—the reply—"departed for a season"—explain. How Christ overcame in all.

#### IV. John's Preaching. Christ gathering Disciples.

(Read John i. 19-51)

**JOHN AND THE LEVITES.** Questions put—go over each—and explain the references.

**JOHN'S TESTIMONY.** His text—explain its terms—the sign given him—his record.

**JESUS WINNING FOLLOWERS.** Circumstances—meaning of to *follow*, *be brought*, and *found*,—Christ in all—Nathanael's confession.

#### LITTLE THINGS THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER SHOULD REMEMBER.

SHOULD you be put to an orderly class you would soon alter its character for the worse unless you attend to the following rules, one or all of which the teacher of a disorderly class is generally found to neglect.

1. Direct your remarks to *all*; never having one child up for a lesson while the others are left to their own devices.

2. Place the worst children near you, so that you may

3. Correct the *very first* appearance of inattention or restlessness by a look or touch, which will not interrupt you, and will prevent the need of farther remark.

From personal experience I have written these observations; and if you think this advice likely to be of service, watch *yourself*, follow it as closely as possible, and if you find it not *altogether* applicable to your class, still watch *yourself*, and with patience and prayer you will discover why your teaching is unpalatable. Above all be not provoked with "the little ones of Christ," but rather be the more earnest, loving, and gentle towards them, as you remember that they come to you Sabbath after Sabbath for "the bread of life," while *you*, though possessing it, are unable to impart it. With more of such humility, watchfulness, and continual prayer, can you doubt that the good Shepherd of the flock will bless your efforts with greater success?—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly.*

#### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

LONDON—ONE OF THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

A DEVOTED lady (Mrs. Rosenfeldt), who labours in the great metropolis, in connexion with the Ladies' Association

for the Conversion of Jewesses there, has written an interesting letter, in which she tells the story of a Jewish child whom she had for several years instructed, without the full success she desired. Lately, however, she was able to place her entirely at one of the London Society's schools for Jewish children, and she has now been admitted by baptism into the Church of Christ.—After all that has been seen of gloom and sadness in Jewish history, does such a little instance of Christ's nearness and grace as this not remind you of what Peter said in the streets of Jerusalem (Acts ii. 39)? Read the passage, and ask your teachers and parents, what is the meaning of *God's promise*.

#### INDIA—FARTHER SUCCESS.

Last month we told you of Mr. Hunter having received a convert, named Mahomet, at Bombay. Mr. Hunter has now gone to an immense territory in the north-west of India, called the Punjaub, and Mahomet travels with him as his companion. So the early disciples and their converts often journeyed by twos, and threes, and fours, over the great heathen wastes, sowing the little seed where no man ever thought a harvest would be reaped. Read the whole of 35th chapter of Isaiah. You cannot doubt but that, by and by, God will fulfil the beautiful picture drawn there. Mr. Sheriff, another missionary at Bombay, reports the baptism of two other converts—one a Parsee, another a Mussulman. Both are very young men, and they have embraced the cross in face of the greatest peril, arising from the persecution of their own families, and old heathen friends. How little we know, in our happy country, of being tried in this way? You remember what Paul says about not being ashamed of Christ (1 Tim. i. 12.)

#### NOVA SCOTIA—HOW THE GOSPEL LIVES.

Two ministers from Canada visited Nova Scotia lately, and they tell how, in some places, for periods of as many as ten years, whole districts and congregations have been without a pastor. Yet the gospel, that was learned and loved by many in those regions in the parish schools and parish churches of the old land, lives in their hearts strong and deep-rooted. At one place, as the travellers went on, they reached a deep retired grove on a still Sabbath afternoon. It was found out far away, by long broken roads, among the hills. In this spot about 2000 people were

gathered, having the table of the Lord spread in the midst of them, and in the hush of great attention they were listening to the addresses of several old white-haired patriarchs, who, since they have no ordained ministers, keep alive amongst them the simple glad tidings that used to be preached on the hill sides and in the glens of Scotland two hundred years ago. What a solemn temple was that deep old wood—the green earth its floor—the shadowy trees its pillars—and the open heavens its roof! Then when the lonely voice of prayer broke the forest stillness, or the psalm swelled up in its wild simple melody, how every heart must have risen up to God, and every eye dropped its humble tear! Think you not that Jesus was there, when the bread was broken by the trembling hands at the rude table, as He was with that other great multitude in the desert place. (Matthew xiv. 13-21.)

#### TURKEY—FIRST FRUITS.

One of our missionaries (Mr. Marcussohn) at Salonica undertook a journey lately to some of the old Greek cities farther south, near the lovely shores of the *Ægean* sea. At Cassandra, while a little congregation was worshipping with him in a small house at the foot of a steep hill, a huge stone was rolled from the cliffs down upon the roof of their lowly temple. Some days afterwards they found out the authors of this wicked deed, and publicly, in the meek spirit of Jesus, forgave them the evil they would have done. The Greeks, shame-smitten by the tenderness of the missionaries, promised they would persecute no more. Then, at another place called Balta, a scene of great interest took place, in the baptism of a little child. Hear it described in the missionary's own words:—

“ More than sixty persons came to the house, in order to see how Protestants would baptise. Many said that if it were done in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, they also would become Protestants, for the priests had told them that we do not believe in the Holy Trinity. The house being rather small, and the day most beautiful, I proposed that the baptism should be performed in the court-yard under the canopy of heaven. A table covered with a white cloth, bearing upon it the word of truth and life, was our altar, and the sacrifices we offered were prayers and praises to the Holy One of Israel; and instead of images and saints, the heavens and the bright sun—the handiwork of Jehovah—smiled on our exercises; and instead of the puerile ceremonies of the priests, we spoke to them of the faith of Abraham by which he was justified, and tried to explain

to them that baptism was nothing without a living faith in Christ. The mother gave the child to the father, who presented it to me, and I named it Anastasia, baptising it in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to the command of our divine Saviour, and then dismissed the congregation with the blessing. They were all very much satisfied, and I trust the Lord will turn their hearts from the precepts of men to the faith of the living God!"

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### "COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING!"

COME, thou Fount of every blessing!  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace.  
Streams of mercy, never-ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Jesus sought me when a stranger  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Dally I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it—  
Seal it for Thy courts above!

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### TO YOUNG READERS.

*Joseph the Jew; A Tale.* By the Author of "*Mary Mathieson.*"  
Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons.

THIS is a beautiful and interesting story, written by a graceful pen. It recounts some of the difficulties in the way of bringing the scattered children of Israel to embrace the Christian faith. The scene is laid in Germany, and the adventures of a Jewish orphan boy begin the tale, and are carried forward through the volume, with such touching simplicity of interest, and so heartfelt a tone of piety, as must engage the young reader's most earnest thoughts.

## ON THE EARLY FORMATION OF GOOD HABITS.

Our young readers should ponder this subject well. Now is the time, if ever a good foundation is to be laid for future usefulness and honour. Slackness and procrastination in the golden spring-time of life can never afterwards be repaired, nor their weakening effects cease to be felt. How instructive to find such a man as Sir Walter Scott declaring, in the noontide blaze of his fame, that he would willingly give half his reputation could he by that means recover the ground he had heedlessly lost in his youth, and undo the effects of early negligence. If this be a cause of regret in reference to mere human scholarship, how much more in reference to the knowledge of God. Now consider,

1. *The example of the great men of the Bible.*—The great men of the Bible were all well taught in their youth, and brought up with remarkable carefulness in habits of piety. Take, for example, John the Baptist, who may well be regarded as one of the foremost of the world's great men. What a preparation for his entrance upon the scene of human action! An angel was sent from God to announce his birth, and to predict his greatness. And Jesus, afterwards having occasion to speak of this remarkable man, bore the following strong testimony concerning this very point: "Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." Jesus did not employ words of mere compliment. He spoke the words of sincerity and truth; and He could take the measure of a man's greatness with the uttermost exactness and justice. We must, therefore, view John as one possessed of qualities which, with all who judge rightly, must needs inspire the mind with the greatest admiration.

Now God has planted in the breast of the young a quick and ready admiration of greatness. He has done so for wise and good purposes, but chiefly that they may themselves be stimulated to great aims. Most boys are hero-worshippers. Some model or other has obtained possession of their affections, and the homage of their thoughts. They are, however, not very fortunate sometimes in the selection of heroes. It is sometimes the man of mere brute strength that has got the ascendant in their fancy; sometimes the man of wit and laughter; sometimes the man of elegance and refinement; sometimes the man of scholarly attainment and reputation. The Bible heroes, however, are the only safe models to imitate, and the only safe ensamples

to guide the young in the paths of peace and immortal praise.

Now the great men of the Bible were trained very early to the habits of a pious and holy life. In the eightieth verse of the first chapter of Luke, we find the words, "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel." This contains the brief summary of John's early history; it casts a ray of light upon his early youth. In those graphic touches, which no book but the Bible can give, we are let into the main secret of his greatness. We not only see the boy John growing in bodily stature, but we also see the bent of his character—the early preferences of his mind—the early personal habits which prepared the way to his subsequent greatness.

2. *The early formation of good habits is recommended in Scripture, and is in the highest degree pleasing to God.* Our young readers may think this a very obvious and undeniable proposition. But we want to put it thus in contradiction to an opinion of fatal laxity too prevalent in some parts of society—God's opinion against man's. Some speak lightly of the errors of youth, as if they were the natural and expected outflowings of youth's fulness. They think a little *liberty*—or, as the Bible would call it, *licentiousness*—is to be looked for then; that there are wild motions of frolicsome youth that must be regarded as inseparable from its buoyant healthiness; nay, that these early upspringings of youthful levity are to be viewed as the sure earnest of a sedate and temperate manhood. Hence they look with an indulgent eye on these early errors. They speak of them under softened names and witty phrases of extenuation; and they point forward to an after moderation as all the surer for the first follies.

This is men's way of thinking, but it is not God's. Nothing can be more opposite to the light of Scripture, or to the universal experience of men. According to these two witnesses, the sure word of God and the past experience of the world, a foul youth can never lead in a pure manhood;—a youth of licentiousness can never bring forth a manhood of virtuous moderation;—a youth of intemperance and folly can never lead on to an age of influence, wisdom, and honour. To indulge a youth in the practices and pleasures of the world, by way of preparing him for a pure and honourable manhood, is simple madness. As well may you search for light by going down into a coal-pit,—as well expect to get into greater quiet-

ness by committing yourself to a cataract—as well hope to secure future health by ruining your constitution with foul diseases when young.

The Bible teaches you better things. An age of honour, tranquillity, and influence must be preceded and prepared for by a youth of self-restraint and piety. It was so with John. It was so with Moses, that great man whose name is twined with one of the most glorious eras of the world's history. It was so with Joseph, Samson, Enoch, Abraham, David, Daniel, and the Apostles. Above all, it was so with our blessed Lord himself, whose pure, holy, and pious childhood is brought conspicuously before us as the harbinger and bringer in of a greatness that has overshadowed the whole earth, and emblazoned the whole history of man. Indeed, nothing can be more clearly certified by Scripture than that God's special favour is bestowed on those youth who early form good habits, and that the early formation of good habits is essential to the highest kinds of usefulness, and the highest types of excellence.

C. M. C.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

### THE THREE LIGHTS.

THE first creation of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense (Gen. i. 3); the last was the light of reason (Gen. ii. 7.); and His Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of His Spirit (2 Cor. iv. 6.) First, He breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos; then He breathed light into the face of man; and still He breatheth and inspireth light into the face of His chosen.—*Bacon.*

### A LITTLE MISSIONARY GIFT.

AT home, dear little readers, I have no doubt you count your Sabbath days, of all days, the happiest and the best. The saint-like charm about them, the tender watchfulness over you, the light that falls on you from every face and eye, and especially the holy light that comes down from the face of Jesus, on the heads of all His true child disciples—you feel how precious these make your Sabbath-days, and that, week after week, they draw so many sweet associations round you, that the little heart, when it goes back on them all in prayer, becomes full to overflowing, and the little eyes are dimmed with their tears of gladness.



One thing there is, especially, the Sabbath always brings with it—the quiet evening with its bright hearth, its little group of brothers and sisters, laying heads so happily together, and its circle made round the open book, with the fair and winning page lying on a mother's knee. You will, long long after this, look back on these Sabbath evenings, and remember the half-breathless interest, the touching story, the mother's brow stooping above you, the gentle upraised hand, the gospel words of Him who spake as never man spake. There is nothing so beautiful in the present, nothing you will count so precious in the past.

Now, sometimes you must think within yourselves about the Sabbath-day in those far-off lands, where you hear of missionaries being sent, where the books you read are unknown, where there are no evenings of still and hallowed love, no gathering round family altars, and no child faces turned up in the hushed reverence Christ so loves. You cannot but think sometimes of the sad dreary hearts that are beating in these far-off lands, compared with yours—knowing nothing of the sacred words and thoughts that are treasured up in yours—nothing of the thrice precious Name that lies on yours, with its radiance soft and pure as the light of heaven. To *you*, how holy has the Sabbath evening been made in its peace and love—to *them*, how nameless, unbefriending, and forlorn!

If, then, you wish to send away a share of your Sabbath blessings, that they may light down on the heads of some of these your sisters and brothers, whose faces you have never seen, but into whose eyes and hearts Christ looks not less than into yours, we think there is one way in which you can immediately set about the work. Indeed, dear readers, there is no one can do this work half so well, or so appropriately as you. At this moment, in Calcutta, there is what is called an Orphanage for poor Hindoo children, maintained by the Scottish Ladies' Association, whose members, through their pious and unwearied efforts, have, as many of you may know, for a long time supported, very successfully, both schools and mission-houses in the three great Indian cities. At the Calcutta Orphanage, just now, there are about sixty children, gathered in from poor outcast homes, or even from the open streets, and without earthly friend or parent to care for them, till our missionaries found and took them up. They are now being taught the words of Jesus, and on their young lives and thoughts are feeling the dews of His grace descend. Who knows what deep fountains of love, and happiness,

and praise, that would have been locked up and sealed for ever, are now being thus opened in the warm gushing depths of their hearts! But while there is all this to rejoice in, there is one want still these poor children might have supplied. In Canada, through the medium of a little magazine such as this, called the *Juvenile Presbyterian*, an appeal has been made to all the Sabbath schools in connexion with our Church and missions throughout that country, asking them to raise a sum that may be sufficient to assist in purchasing a Sabbath school library for the Calcutta orphanage. This is the want still to be supplied—the work that may be immediately set about—and, in aid of the efforts that are being so earnestly made by your brother and sister scholars in Canada, we now appeal to you, dear readers, that you may give your little contributions. Should an interesting Sunday library be purchased in this way, and sent out to the children in Calcutta, it will carry with it part of your Sabbath blessings for them—and the thoughts and stories so well known and so dear to you, it will unfold, thousands of miles away, to cheer and gladden them. We doubt not but the little gatherings of our Sabbath schools will, in a few months hence, supply the sum needed for this object.

We have spoken about the place where they live and are educated, as an Orphanage, and the name instantly suggests the thought of their lonely orphan life, the young brow unshaded by a father's hand, the path they are about to enter on in the world unguarded by a mother's prayer. Yet we are wrong to think of them as orphans unwatched over and unloved. The good Shepherd, who never slumbers and never sleeps, is bending over the little flock—He is shielding them, guiding them, and loving them with a closer arm, and a stronger love than ever earthly father could have passed around them, and shining on them with a depth of tenderness warmer and brighter far than ever could have fallen over them from an earthly mother's face. When you think of these little orphans kneeling down, clasping their hands over the Bible page, turning their meek faces up to heaven, and murmuring out, "Our Father!" you call them orphans no more, but children, as you yourselves are, of Him who has arms great enough to clasp the whole world, and yet tender enough to take up

\* The contributions may be sent to John Wright, Esq., W.S., Secretary to the Scottish Ladies' Association for Female Education in India, 28 Forth Street, Edinburgh; or to Mr. Niven, our Treasurer, 33 Scotland Street.

the feeblest lamb of His fold, and lay it on what is love itself—His own eternal heart. So that, in helping to send out a Sunday library for them, you will just be sending them proof that you know and believe this. Every book, as they turn its leaves, and read its story, and glance over the inscription on its title-page, will be a token to them of the ties that bind them, far across the sea, to brothers and sisters in this distant country, and, still more, of the one great common tie, that, through the cross of Jesus, binds you and them alike to the hands and love of your Father in heaven. The chill thought of a friendless orphaned state, will then pass away—the tears of gratitude will fall over the memorials of every little page. Every Sabbath evening, each little book will pass from hand to hand, linked with the murmur of your names—and the deed you may do, with so small an effort, will be heard often and again, through heaven, in the still whisper of many an orphan's prayer.

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### **"KEEP CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR."**

"KEEP close to the Saviour, Mary," tenderly whispered the aged father, as he took the hand of his dying child. After a long and painful sickness, the sufferer seemed about to be released. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, gathered in deep sorrow around the bedside, to see their loved one in the fearful conflict with the king of terrors. At times she seemed almost to fear taking the dread plunge into the unseen world; then, re-assured by the cheering words of her father, the dying one, with renewed faith, would cling the more closely to Him who alone can save—Unbelieving parent! to whom can you point your child at such an hour! Seek Him as your friend now, not only that you may point your dying children to Christ, but may, yourself, when in the valley and shadow of death, "keep close to the Saviour."—*Christian Treasury*.

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### **FLOATING ON A GREAT RIVER.**

**A**S some of our readers are old enough to know, there is, far away south from this country, across miles of ocean, a vast continent, stretched out under a hot sky, and inhabited by races, strange, dark, and savage in their life and aspect. A terrible mystery seems to hang over them and their land. Whole tracts have never yet been visited by a white man. In other parts



where white men have penetrated, they have come sometimes on what seemed the very homes of desolation, and again on scenes lovely and radiant as the fairest this earth can shew. Only think what the history of Africa has been! In one corner, among the ruins of Egypt, the foot-marks of one of the oldest and grandest races the world has seen—in other corners a veil of gloom flung over great regions, so thick and rayless, that, now travellers are a little raising it up, we can but feebly guess at the horrors and long long solitude of the past. Some believed that, after leaving the ocean shore and going inland, there was nothing but a wide sandy waste, glaring under a fierce and copper sun—others pictured howling forests, shaken by the roar of wild beasts—others told of far-spread marshes, sending up black heavy mists that poisoned the air with disease and death. Traders in human blood, too, made the coasts and river-banks of the land desolate. Slaves, poor helpless beings, torn from their desert homes, filled every ship, and were carried over every sea. For a long time their dreadful wrongs cried to God. Then you have read the story of perils and escapes through which travellers have passed in exploring a way

to the sources of the great African rivers—of the sad deaths so many have met—of the wild scenes of savage life of which others tell us—of the trackless places where the missionary's foot has never been—and of the millions of souls who have never heard the name of Christ, and to whom all you learn and love in your Bibles is shut up and sealed. Mungo Park's adventures on the Niger, and his melancholy fate at last, every young reader knows well—and scarcely less interest has been thrown round the distresses, the lonely journeys, the dangers escaped, and the triumph won by the heroic Landers, on the banks of the same mighty stream. We may well say, then, that Africa is a land of terrible mystery and sorrow.

But noble as have been the lives laid down on its pestilential coasts, or lost in the gloom of its desert graves, the toil and sacrifices have not been in vain. It was said, you know, in early times, when the saints of Christ were suffering great persecution, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church. And so the blood of devoted men on the banks of African waters and in the sands of African deserts, is likely to be the seed of toil yet more devoted, and sacrifices yet more pure and glorious in their love. Paths are being opened up, wide and far, also in the interests of commerce and science; and in their track missionaries of the cross will follow. For all these perishing souls in the wilderness depths, there are the glad tidings of a Saviour, so tender and unforgetting in His love, that He will make their very sorrows and their outcast state the means of drawing towards them the prayers, the interest, and the help of far off Christian hearts. He will yet prepare the way, and scatter abroad the seed, and shed down the dews of heaven, so that the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Meantime, from the records of a late expedition up the Niger, take the following singular picture of savage life, such as eyes of white men never before had witnessed:—

"We entered," (says Dr. Baikie, the writer of the narrative,) "a creek on the north side of the river, and shortly afterwards sighted a village, at which we soon arrived. To our astonishment, the first thing which brought us up was our running the bow of the boat against a hut; and, on looking around, we found the whole place was flooded. We advanced right into the middle of the village, and found no resting-place; right and left, before and behind, all was water. People came out of the huts to gaze at the

apparition, and, standing at the doors of their abodes, were, without the smallest exaggeration, immersed nearly to their knees, and one child I particularly observed up to its waist. How the interiors of the huts of these amphibious people were constructed I cannot conjecture; but we saw dwellings from which, if inhabited, the natives must have dived like beavers to get outside. We pulled in speechless amazement through this city of waters, wondering greatly that human beings could exist under such conditions. We had heard of wild tribes living in caverns and among rocks, we had read of races in Hindostan roosting in trees, of whole families in China spending their lives on rafts and in boats in their rivers and canals; we knew, too, of Tuarik and Shanbali roaming over vast sandy deserts, and of Esquimaux burrowing in snow retreats, but never had we witnessed or even dreamt of such a spectacle as that of beings, endowed like ourselves, living by choice like a colony of beavers, or after the fashion of the hippopotami and crocodiles of the neighbouring swamps."

### PARTING HYMN.

Here, with those we dearly love,  
We but meet to part again;  
But in our happy home above  
We ne'er shall know a parting pain.  
Oh! the hope, the hope is sweet,  
That we all in heaven shall meet!  
There we all shall happy be,  
Happy, happy, happy we!

Here, our joys are marred by sin.  
Pains and sorrows never cease;  
But once the golden gates within,  
We'll reign with Christ in endless bliss  
Oh! the hope, the hope is sweet, &c.

Here, we oft together sing  
To the praise of saving love,  
With hearts impure and cold within;  
But there are no cold hearts above.  
Oh! the hope, the hope is sweet, &c.

### OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

#### THIRD MONTH.

##### LIFE OF CHRIST.

##### I. IN CANA—CAPERNAUM—JERUSALEM.

(Read John ii. 1—end.)

CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE. Character of His ministry—  
contrast with John's. What He said to His mother—

"*mine hour*"—explain. *His glory* manifested. "*His disciples believed.*" Circumstances and lesson of the miracle.

NEXT STEP IN CHRIST'S MINISTRY. "*Not many days*"—why? Circumstances in the temple—describe—explain. What the disciples remembered—its meaning. CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE. What temple Christ meant—His earthly body or His Church? Effects produced—"believed in *His name*"—meaning of the phrase.

## II. CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

(*Read John iii. 1—21.*)

THE NEW BIRTH. Describe the scene *by night*. Nicodemus' question—Christ's reply—"born again"—"*see*" "*kingdom of God*"—"born of water and of the Spirit"—explain.

CHRIST'S ILLUSTRATIONS. The wind—how compared with the Spirit's operation. The earthly side and heavenly side of His doctrine. "*Which is in heaven*"—how spoken of Christ. The lifted-up serpent a type of the lifted-up Son of Man—how?

GOD'S LOVE IN SALVATION. The love—the gift—the life—Christ's work—what? State of believers—of unbelievers. "*Wrought in God*"—force of this.

## III. THE BAPTIST AND THE JEWS—CHRIST BY THE WELL.

(*Read John iii. 22—36; iv. 1—12.*)

JOHN'S RELATION TO CHRIST. The question that arose—John's reply—what He claimed for himself—how related to Christ—in what His "*joy fulfilled.*"

CHRIST ALL IN ALL. Farther contrast between John and Christ. Who reveals all God's words? The Spirit given to Christ—"all things" in His hand—is this literal? "*Life*"—"wrath of God"—"*abideth*"—explain these phrases.

CHRIST AT THE WELL. Circumstances—Jews and Samaritans—explain the references. *Gift of God*—what? "*Living water*"—is this *the gift*, or Christ himself?

## IV. CHRIST'S REVELATION OF HIMSELF AT THE WELL.

(*Read John iv. 13—42.*)

HOW CHRIST REVEALED HIMSELF. The water Christ gives—how it springs up. His knowing every heart and history. The worship He described—"God is a

*spirit*"—does this describe His personality or His essence? Christ the Messiah.

HOW SAMARIA RECEIVED THE NEWS. The woman's words—then "*His own word*"—the city came—what conception they at last formed of Christ.

THE GREAT HARVEST. Christ's meat—God's "*will*" and "*work*"—what? What *fields white to harvest*? The reaper and sower—their work—end—and reward. Who the one great Sower and Reaper.

### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

#### TURKEY—PATIENT LABOURING.

For long seasons, and through a thousand difficulties, the missionary of the cross must wait with patient longing, even for the first fruits from the field that to him may seem so white unto harvest. His success is often like the advance of the tide upon the beach—now coming up with a long, far-reaching swell, and again checked for a while, and appearing to flow away back into its ocean bed. But this is only that it may gather new strength—for a time returning to its great ocean springs, that it may get a new impulse, and pour its waves higher up than ever. So the kingdom of Jesus often seems to retire or be staid for a season; but it is only that it may go back to Him, its deep ocean fountain, and, receiving out of His fulness a new throb of grace and love, come up again with grander and more resistless sway. Meantime, the missionary labours on in meek and patient faith.

In Salonica, at present, our mission forcibly illustrates this. There seems to be a little season of check and discouragement. About twenty-nine Jewish families, we are told, have been interested in the gospel message—but of these the Chief Rabbi in the city has publicly excommunicated several. To a Jew, this is the sentence of a terrible curse. When pronouncing it the Chief Rabbi burst into tears—if a Jew becomes a Roman Catholic or a Mohammedan they have hope of his return to his father's faith, if he becomes a Protestant they have none. For the time, therefore, communication between the inquirers and the mission-house has been much broken off—yet in fours and fives these poor awakened people are found stealing under the shadows of night to the missionaries' dwelling, that their souls may in secret eat the bread and drink the water of life.

In Cassandra, again, Mr. Rosenberg has succeeded in



getting around him about forty who have left the pale of the Greek Church. The mission has also been greatly strengthened by the arrival of Dr. Wolfe, a new medical missionary, in Salonica, about the middle of December last. Persecution will beset the steps of these men, but greater is He that is for them than he that is against them!

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND—AN AGED SERVANT.

A touching story is told by Mr. Mackay, one of our missionaries in this beautiful island, of an aged minister, (Mr. M'Donald,) who for many years has laboured there, without, it appears, church, or friend, or assistant, to cheer him on. He visits no less than eleven churches in different places, far scattered; he is in his seventy-ninth year, yet he has not abated in his pious zeal; sometimes he preaches in one or other of these churches, sometimes in lonely spots among the wild island retreats, where but a few sprinkled houses dot hill and plain; he has no dwelling of his own, but like the early apostles, he journeys with his staff and scrip, and sleeps in lowly homes, and eats of any humble fare that may be offered by the way. His life is simply and purely devoted to the preaching of the cross, and apart under the shadow of His Master's hand, he has lived and laboured on, till now his eyes are waxing dim, and his silvery hair tells of the head ripening for its crown. He loves our Church, and wishes to leave all the fruits of his labours in her hands. May he breathe Simeon's prayer at last!

MADRAS—BAPTISMS.

In the course of the last year, many inquirers have been received at the mission, but as is usually the case, they have to seek for the truth at the risk of undergoing the heavy displeasure of friends and relatives. One young man, we are told, was last year admitted for baptism, but having gone to visit his family for a few weeks, they forcibly prevented his return, and though he has made a fresh application at the mission since, he has not yet been again received. The whole number of baptisms in the past year has been seven. Four were those of female converts, one of them being a girl of ten years of age, named Rebecca, now cast off from her heathen parents, but united to Him whose sheep hear and know His voice and follow Him. The other three baptisms have been those of infants, children of Christian parents. Do not be disappointed with these apparently small results. Read and ponder over Zech. iv. 9, 10.



## STORIES OF OLD MISSIONARY ADVENTURE.

### CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER season passed drearily away, and meantime the store of provisions at the little colony began to fail. By their friends in Germany the Missionaries in their sad exile seemed to be forgotten: for two long years not a kind message reached them; one resource after another was exhausted; and, in the end, famine and death, coming arrayed in their wild howling winter, stared them in the face. They essayed to make fishing voyages out on the cold stormy seas around them, but they lacked the skill of the natives in seal-hunting; and, after weary perilous voyages, driven hither and thither among the dark lonely islands, they often returned to their huts, faint, numbed, and despairing. Rarely did they meet with an act of kindness from the roving parties who passed to and fro in their savage restless life—indeed, they met often with cruel taunts and scorn instead—and as month after month thus wore away, their strength and spirits sunk, and to all

appearance their mission was cut off and abandoned by all the world, to perish, like many other noble relics, in that bleak ocean grave.

It was marvellous, in this season of gloom and want, how a feeble touch of hope raised and cheered them. One little incident is especially told, of their having heard, by merest accident, of a vessel lying a fortnight's journey south from their hamlet, and containing, as it was reported, letters and a present from their European friends. To reach this messenger of blessing, they set out in their old crazy boat, unpiloted, except by Him who holds the waves in the hollow of His hand. For several days they journeyed on, battling with the heavy surges night and day, setting their faces to meet the bitter blast, and toiling with their feeble efforts, but yet resolutely, at the oars. You can imagine the "tears, the torture, and the touch of joy,"—their standing at last on the good ship's deck—their grasping the hands and gazing in the faces of friends from the old European home—the sad history written in their wasted frames and tattered dress—and their trembling eagerness over the tender words and little memorials that had thus reached them, where no such tokens had ever reached before. They spent one day on board, and then, with revived strength and spirits, they set their faces again towards the hidden spot they had chosen in that dark wilderness of rock, and ice, and sea. As, plying the oars of their little boat, they came once more gliding past the barren shore, listening to the lone clanging of the sea-fowl, or the iron dash of the long billows, and catching the first glimpse of their rude cabins, rising black and smokeless amongst the snow, they must have felt that, after all, they loved this solitude as their *home*. It was becoming dear to them for their work's sake, and for the sake of all their associations of suffering, prayer, and long heart trials, that had now been gathered round it. How cheering to believe that, even in this their desert, the Good Shepherd had not forgotten them—that over that forlorn home, wide as the wintry sky that stretched above it, and more solemn still, there was the shelter of *His* hand spread out, higher far than darkness, sea, and storm, and hiding them in reality, day and night, safe beneath its shadow!

A short while after this, Hans Egede, who had now laboured fifteen years in Greenland, bade them farewell. His wife had died in the previous winter, and, now that his eye was growing dim and his strength abating, he laid down his task and returned to his native land. Parting

with the good old missionary on that desolate coast may have reminded the little group of brethren of the parting of Paul with the disciples of Ephesus, when they wept sore, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words he spake, that they should see his face no more. It remained yet to be seen, after so many years of toil, whether the seed this good man had planted was ever to send up even a feeble shoot in that hard ice-bound soil. But his work had not been in vain. The image of his saint-like presence still haunted the missionary home, and the prayers he had breathed year after year still lingered over the traces of his self-sacrifice and toil.

Meantime the colony was increased by the arrival of Matthew Stach's mother and her two daughters, one a girl of only twelve years of age. The sisters speedily learned great fluency in the Greenland tongue; and while there was now female superintendence within the household, the brethren were able to join the natives in their fishing parties, and visit their rude dwellings in the islands that were frequented by their wandering tribes. They suffered in these voyages every form of hardship—sometimes they were driven away in scorn—sometimes they were robbed of their little property—sometimes they were left almost to die of hunger—and, on one occasion, the Greenlanders assembled round the hut where they had taken refuge, and, armed with long knives, threatened to put them to death. No heart seemed to be touched, except by what proved a mere passing gleam—their teaching was turned to ridicule—and, in the face of all they spoke and suffered, for a long time the darkness round them only appeared to deepen.

At last a memorable incident opened up a shoot of hope through the long night. One day, seated by the dim embers on his hearth, John Beck, one of their number, was busily engaged in writing out a translation of the gospels, when several of the natives, moved by curiosity, asked what was contained in the book over which he so deeply pored. He first read a little portion, and then, catching their interest, turned and asked whether they knew they had souls within them that should never die? They answered, Yes. He then taught them very simply how precious in God's sight these souls were—how ruined by sin—how saved in the blood of the cross. After dwelling with tearful earnestness on the sufferings and death of the Lamb of God, he read out of the gospel the scene of the great agony in the garden, and the words of strong crying

and tears Jesus uttered on the night in which He was betrayed. One of the listeners to this simple story, named Kaiarnack, suddenly stepped forward. "How was that?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Tell me that once more: for I would fain be saved too." "These words," said Beek, in relating this first moving of the Spirit of God amongst them, "the like of which I had never heard from a Greenlander before, thrilled through my inmost soul, and kindled such an ardour, that I gave a general account of our Saviour's life and death, with the whole counsel of God for our salvation, while the tears ran down my cheeks." At the touch of God's own finger, the strong floodgates were thus at length unbarred, and the streams of life began to flow forth. You will notice how it was done, simply through telling the story of the Lamb that died to take away the sin of the world.

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### STRIKING TESTIMONY.

THE uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible live on the ear like music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things, rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his SACRED THING, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.—*Newman.*

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### THE CEDAR HILL.

LEBANON has winter on his head, spring upon his shoulders, and autumn in his bosom, while summer lies sleeping at his feet.—*Arabian Poet.*

## ON THE EARLY FORMATION OF GOOD HABITS.

*(Continued from page 27.)*

3. *Your future well-being depends upon the early formation of good habits.* Habit has often been called a second nature. When some one remarked to Wellington that habit was twice nature: "Ay," replied the Duke, "it is seven times nature." That great military chief himself formed early those habits of promptitude, punctuality, self-command, and readiness of resource, which conducted him to his height of renown, and the unsurpassed successes of his splendid career.

Indeed, think of it. Have you ever seen any person, whose youth was ill-spent, improve as he advanced in age? Yes: there are examples of such, for God would not have even the most degraded shut out from every light of hope. But it is not usual; it is not frequent; it is not God's ordinary way to save those who give the purity of their youth to sin. Such cases are exceptions, intended to admonish, not to encourage, youthful levity. They are not lights to lure us on, but beacons to warn us off the rocks, where else, in all probability, we would make shipwreck of all our hopes and honours. Note well the history of your youthful compeers, and you will find that those who make a mock of sin reap great dishonour ere long, and probably do not live out half their days.

Young people, remember you are plants planted in God's garden; and unless trained young, you grow straggling and wild. Go into a well-kept garden, and you are struck with the grace that reigns everywhere, the beauty of the trees, and the orderly arrangement of every bough. Each branch is laid admirably so as best to please the eye and secure the finest fruitage. And wonderful it is, too, that all this gracefulness and beauty is not a pain to them. They are so *easy* under their innumerable graces, that evidently it would be a pain to them, and would do them immense violence, to be otherwise. The reason is, they were taken young. The gardener watched the first sprouts and trained them when they were flexible and yielding: and now you see that when old they depart not from their first bent, but, to the great delight of every looker on, bring forth the rich fruits of their early training.

Now God would have us deal with you, as the gardener deals with these young shoots. Your young thoughts must be taken and trained, or else they will grow straggling and wild. Your passions must all, as it were, be pruned and

nailed up, and directed to pure and honourable objects, while, as yet, they can be easily managed and fashioned to noble ends. Your imaginations must be called in from their ideal worlds and tamed and chastened, ere they obtain the mastery and get too stiff and inflexible to be bent to any useful purpose.

We may accept it as a well ascertained truth, one of the surest laws of life, that the habits of our youth are the foundation of the character of our riper years, in other words, that as are our childhood and youth, so will be our manhood and age.

"The boy's the father of the man."

The man is just the ripe development of the boy; and if *good* habits are not formed in our early years, by the very nature of things *bad* habits must, and our age must be the full and offensive development of all these. For "man," according to the old proverbial saying, "is but a bundle of habits." Into a bundle of habits we cannot but form as we advance in life: for our life glides on like a river, rising in weakness, but gathering strength continuously, and flowing on at last with an irresistible flood.

Now good habits do not form naturally of themselves, though bad habits do. You have but to leave your tempers, your thoughts, your passions, to themselves, without the tempering restraints of self-denial, to have bad habits formed without effort, though in the end full of misery to yourselves and others. Evil habits rapidly strengthen in the absence of self-command, and under the repetitions of little indulgences. It has been well said that ill habits begin with silken threads, but end with iron chains. Hence the indispensableness of early good habits to the wellbeing of your riper years. Ill habits are a bondage and a continual pain: good habits are the prerogative of freedom and a perpetual joy.

4. *Good habits can be easily formed if begun early.* Nothing is more evident when you consider how a habit is formed. It is just by the repetition of the same act. As a powerful cable is formed by so many separate threads, each thread small and unimportant enough as viewed apart, but of vast importance in combination with the rest: so each separate act, however insignificant in itself, contributes its formative force to the habit which is to make you a bondsman for life, or the chiefest of free agents in the noblest scenes of human action and honourable effort.

But may not good habits be formed late in life as well?

No, for this reason ; late in life you can commence a good habit only by getting rid of a bad. We are creatures of habit. Were you to live fifty years without having formed and practised a certain *good* habit, you must of necessity live these fifty years in the practice of a *bad*. Take, for examples, the habits of attention, of strict veracity, of modesty, of speech, of early rising. To leave the formation of these till late in life implies a long habit of their opposite vices ; and to settle to have them commenced at an advanced age is to determine for yourselves a sore strife with evil before you can reach the coveted good. And, moreover, you have nursed and cherished these foes so long, that when you at last wage war against them, they prove too strong and too many for you, and so the envied good is hopelessly beyond your reach.

Begin early enough, and you have no foes to fight first, and no obstacles first to clear away. Your strength is not wasted in fruitless strivings. Good grows up with you, and a habit of good action comes as naturally as do the habits of talking with the lips, of seeing with the eyes, and of hearing with the ears. God has made your life at its early opening very tender, that it may be trained then easily and irresistibly to good.

C. M. C.

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### ONE HEART SIN.

Lord! with what care hast Thou begirt us round!  
Parents first season us. Then schoolmasters  
Deliver us to laws. They send us bound  
To rules of reason. Holy messengers;  
Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow dogging sin;  
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;  
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;  
Bibles laid open; millions of surprises;  
Blessings beforehand; ties of gratefulness;  
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;  
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;  
Angels and grace; eternal hopes and fears;  
Yet all these fences, and their whole array,  
One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

*Herbert's Temple.*



### A CHRISTIAN HERO.

IN 1840, a youth, the now celebrated Dr. Livingstone, who had spent his earliest years as a piecer in a cotton-mill, might be seen wending his way from his home in the vicinity of Glasgow to the university in that city. Nothing particular was then known of him, except that he was noted among his companions for early rising, and prosecuted his literary studies with unwonted zeal and assiduity. On completing his course, he went to South Africa as an agent of the London Missionary Society, and, three years afterwards, married a daughter of the eminent missionary Moffat, then stationed at Kolobeng. His taste for adventure developing itself, he took up his position 200 miles farther north, making that the base of future advances into the interior of the country. His first effort to penetrate South Africa was in June 1849. Others had tried and failed; but, nothing daunted by their failure, he made a vigorous attempt, which was speedily crowned with partial success, for, after travelling 300 miles, he struck upon Zanga river, and following its course for a month, he came upon the native settlement of Bakalhari, on the lake Ngami. The discovery of this lake brought him under the notice of the Geographical Society, which awarded him their medal; and in presenting it, the president mentioned that the discovery of this inland water, the outpouring of some large rivers from the north, seemed to point the way to a vast and entirely fresh region. In 1850 he prosecuted another journey, and pushing onwards, ascertained the existence of another large lake, about 200 miles north-west of Ngami. Three years afterwards he resumed his travels, and on this occasion encountered hardships and overcame difficulties which tested the character of the man. "You will understand the nature of our struggle," he says, "when I mention that a horrid sort of grass, about six feet high, and having scratched edges, wore my buskins through the knees and my shoes through the toes. We were continually wet during the day; yet so rapidly did we travel, that we perfectly surprised the people. In their figurative language, they said I had fallen upon them as if from a cloud, and yet came riding on a hippopotamus." Gathering together a company of 150 men, he visited the whole country from the Barossa, and surveyed the great Zambese river. The native tribes at first menaced them; but being told they all belonged to the Great Father, they accepted presents, and welcomed them as friends. When Living-

stone reached Loanda, he had parted with every article of clothing he could spare, the natives comforting him and themselves with the remark that they might as well have the clothes as the lions, which would be sure to destroy him next day; and, resolving to risk life rather than be baffled in his object, he had made up his mind to part with his remaining blanket and coat in order to get a passage across the river, when the appearance of a Portuguese traveller relieved him from all further difficulty; and, after travelling twelve months through a wilderness, he arrived safely at the house of the Portuguese consul. In February, 1850, he left this hospitable shelter, and arrived, ill and exhausted, at Quillemane, on the Mozambique Channel, in the early part of the year just closed, having crossed the continent from east to west in a journey of 11,000 miles previously untrodden by the feet of a European. We have mentioned some of the privations and perils of the way, others might easily be cited; and the effect of his daring (a broken arm, partly useless) he will carry with him to his grave. The casualty arose in an adventure with "the king of the forest." During one of his journeys, a herd of lions broke into their camp at night, and carried off some of their cattle. The natives, in their alarm, believed that a neighbouring tribe had bewitched them. Livingstone taunted them with suffering their losses through cowardice, and they then turned out to face and hunt down the enemy. The doctor shot a lion, which dropped wounded. It afterwards sprang on him and caught him by the arm, which it broke and tore savagely, and after wounding two natives who drew it off him, fell down dead.

Livingstone, however, was wise as well as courageous. His toil has not been futile and fruitless. Science, including ethnology, natural history, philology, and geology, owes much to his patient and laborious investigations. He has produced a map of the interior of Africa, which Sir Roderick Murchison assures us is of inestimable value to future travellers and explorers; and commerce surely is deeply indebted to the zealous self-denying missionary, for he has opened up a continent which produces nearly all the raw materials of British manufactures to the capital and enterprise of British traders and merchants.

We have not referred to Dr Livingstone's services and sacrifices in his own proper sphere—that of Christian evangelist and teacher. Some of the facts which he discloses relative to the aborigines are new and strange. They appear to be generous; for when on one occasion he and his

party lost all their cattle, a chief volunteered to repair the loss; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that the farther he travelled, the more civilised and numerous he found the inhabitants—they were less ferocious in their habits, and had better and more settled forms of government, and more wants incident to civilisation than the tribes living near the coast. Medical men will be surprised to learn that far in the interior of South Africa inoculation is practised, and the medicinal virtues of some drugs in common use in Europe are understood; and all will rejoice to know, that among these distant and degraded races, the belief in an existence after death is retained, although mingled with foul and detestable superstitions. A tradition of Noah's deluge seems also to linger among the Bechuana tribes. No doubt, with the extension of commerce, the slave-traders' marts will gradually diminish, and a purer and more perfect form of religion will be introduced. Men like Livingstone, (who returns to his adopted country) are the heralds and harbingers of the mental and moral brightness which may yet arise upon benighted Africa.—*English Newspaper.*

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### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

#### SALONICA.—THE SEED SOWN.

SOME features in the progress of the mission at this place will be cherished with the deepest interest. We are told, for instance, that, at the mission school lately opened, there is an attendance of twelve pupils. Some of these are children of Greek or English parents, others the children of Jewish proselytes; and, at first sight, it might seem as if this were indeed the day of small things. But you are to bear in mind, that, in this school, there is formed a little centre, that may, by and by, with tender but very certain influence, draw towards it the children of other Jewish families, so soon as the lovely fruits of gospel teaching begin to appear. Nowhere are these so winning in their light and beauty as on the open brow and happy trustful face of childhood. When Christ was hated and denied by all, children sang hosannas to Him in the temple!

Then the medical missionary, Dr. Wolfe, of whom we have already told you, carries on his labours with every promise of success. He has visited many sick-beds, and found his way as a physician into outcast places, where the steps of no missionary had reached before. He comes

to the poor, the sick, and the diseased, healing and soothing the afflictions of the body; and this opens up a ready channel, through which he can drop the words of peace and consolation from the Great Physician, who alone can heal the diseases of the soul. Wherever he goes, he appears to be followed by gratitude and blessing. The seed, thus sown in tears, must one day have its fruit reaped in joy.

#### BOMBAY.—ONE WHO HAS LEFT ALL.

Mr. Sheriff tells a touching story of a Hindoo youth, named Damodhur, who has just been received and baptised. He is a member of one of the wealthy castes; and when, after a period of much mental anxiety, he determined to abandon the creed of his fathers, he was well nigh driven from his purpose by the storm of wrath and opposition raised among his friends. He took refuge in the mission house; and though every influence, pleading and threatening alike, was used to draw him away, all was in vain. After a day of great trial of this kind, it is added:—

“On the following morning his foster-mother came—the wife of his father. She brought a letter, containing many most alluring offers, and solemnly attested by his friends collectively. He was offered a very considerable sum of money—all his wishes were to be complied with—and he was not to be interfered with in his religion. These promises producing no effect, an unspeakably distressful scene took place. During almost two hours the mother lavished upon him all the endearments which affection could suggest. Sometimes she stroked his head and face, slowly and sadly murmuring her love and sorrow; sometimes she was straining him to her bosom, with most passionate energy, as if the grasp of the executioner was upon him, tearing him from her for ever; and sometimes she was kneeling at his feet, clasping his knees, and imploring him to have mercy upon her and go with her. What a cross the young Hindoo has to take up, when he resolves to follow Christ! To me it was torture to see the tenderness and the anguish of that loving and deeply stricken heart; what must it have been to him! Nothing could have induced me to witness such a scene, except the conviction that, if he had no sympathizing eye to meet his, he would again be overpowered. Firmly, though affectionately, he resisted all her entreaties, and she was compelled to quit him. So great had been his excitement, so terrible the inward struggle, that, after her departure, I feared he was going to become seriously ill.”

#### CALCUTTA.—ITS ORPHANAGE.

Last month we had occasion to make an appeal to our young readers, on the subject of a little Sabbath School Library for the Calcutta Orphanage. After what we said,

it may now be heard, with all the deeper interest and sorrow, that this orphan's home has been lately visited by a severe attack of small-pox. Three little girls have died under the scourge. There is great mystery in a child's death—the heart pain writing its lines upon the tender brow, the sadness of the last bed, and the clear lustre of the eye, ere it is blotted out for ever; but the mystery will be cleared away when the veil of the grave shall be lifted up, and the redeemed forms shall be seen walking, white and glorious, around the Good Shepherd, their home at last among the eternal pastures, and beside the still waters.

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### JESUS! THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are,—my glorious dress :  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea :  
"Jesus hath lived—hath died for me!"

Bold shall I stand in that great day;  
For who ought to my charge shall lay,  
If through Thy blood absolved I am,  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?

This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruined nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its glorious hue;  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

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### TO SABBATH SCHOLARS.

THE Outlines of Lessons with which we have supplied the *Record* for the last three months, will be resumed in next number. We make this one month's interval, because we think it very desirable that, at the close of each month, there should be a revisal of its lessons; and this pause will enable all who are adopting the plan we have sketched out, to bring up their study of our subject, so that we may start in the May number with a fresh section.



### THE SEED; ITS GROWTH AND HARVEST.

MARK iv. 26—29.

**T**HE parable contained in these verses is short, and only recorded in St. Mark's Gospel. But it is one that ought to be deeply interesting to all who have reason to hope that they are true Christians. It sets before us the history of the work of grace in an individual soul. It summons us to an examination of our own experience in divine things.

There are some expressions in the parable which we must not press too far. Such are the "sleeping and rising" of the husbandman, and the "night and day." In this, as in many of our Lord's parables, we must keep in view the main scope and object of the whole story, and not lay too much stress on lesser points. In the case before us the main thing taught is the close resemblance between some familiar operations in the culture of corn, and the work of grace in the heart. To this let us rigidly confine our attention.

We are taught, firstly, that, as in the growth of corn, so in the work of grace, *there must be a sower.*

The earth, as we all know, never brings forth corn of itself. It is a mother of weeds, but not of wheat. The hand of man must plough it, and scatter the seed, or else there would never be a harvest.

The heart of man, in like manner, will never of itself turn to God, repent, believe, and obey. It is utterly barren of grace. It is entirely dead towards God, and unable to give itself spiritual life. The Son of Man must break it up by His Spirit, and give it a new nature. He must scatter over it, by the hand of His labouring ministers, the good seed of the word.

Let us mark this truth well. Grace in the heart of man is an exotic. It is a new principle from without, sent down from heaven and implanted in his soul. Left to himself, no man living would ever seek God. And yet in communicating grace, God ordinarily works by means. To despise the instrumentality of teachers and preachers, is to expect corn where no seed has been sown.

We are taught, secondly, that, as in the growth of corn, so in the work of grace, *there is much that is beyond man's comprehension and control.*

The wisest farmer on earth can never explain all that takes place in a grain of wheat, when he has sown it. He knows the broad fact, that unless he puts it into the land, and covers it up, there will not be an ear of corn in time of harvest. But he cannot command the prosperity of each grain. He cannot explain why some grains come up and others die. He cannot specify the hour or the minute when life shall begin to shew itself. He cannot define what that life is. These are matters he must leave alone. He sows his seed, and leaves the growth to God. "God giveth the increase." (1 Cor. iii. 7.)

The workings of grace in the heart, in like manner, are utterly mysterious and unsearchable. We cannot explain why the word produces effects on one person in a congregation, and not upon another. We cannot explain why, in some cases,—with every possible advantage, and in spite of every entreaty,—people reject the word, and continue dead in trespasses and sins. We cannot explain why in other cases,—with every possible difficulty, and with no encouragement,—people are born again, and become decided Christians. We cannot define the manner in which the Spirit of God conveys life to a soul, and the exact process by which a believer receives a new nature. All these are hidden things to us. We see certain results, but we can go no farther. "The wind bloweth where it listeth,

and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii. 10.)

Let us mark this truth also, for it is deeply instructive. It is humbling, no doubt, to ministers and teachers of others. The highest abilities, the most powerful preaching, the most diligent working, cannot command success. God alone can give life. But it is a truth at the same time which supplies an admirable antidote to over-carefulness and despondency. Our principal work is to sow the seed. That done, we may wait with faith and patience for the result. "We may sleep, and rise night and day," and leave our work with the Lord. He alone can, and, if He thinks fit, He will give success.

We are taught, thirdly, that, as in the growth of corn, so in the work of grace, *life manifests itself gradually*.

There is a true proverb, which says, "Nature does nothing at a bound." The ripe ear of wheat does not appear at once, as soon as the seed bursts forth into life. The plant goes through many stages, before it arrives at perfection,—*"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."* But in all these stages one great thing is true about it,—even at its weakest, it is a living plant.

The work of grace, in like manner, goes on in the heart by degrees. The children of God are not born perfect in faith, or hope, or knowledge, or experience. Their beginning is generally "a day of small things." They see in part their own sinfulness, and Christ's fulness, and the beauty of holiness. But for all that, the weakest child in God's family is a true child of God. With all his weakness and infirmity he is alive. The seed of grace has come up in his heart, though at present it be only in the blade. He is "alive from the dead." And the wise man says, "a living dog is better than a dead lion." (Eccles. ix. 4.)

Let us mark this truth also, for it is full of consolation. Let us not despise grace, because it is weak, or think people are not converted, because they are not yet as strong in the faith as St. Paul. Let us remember that grace, like everything else, must have a beginning. The mightiest oak was once an acorn. The strongest man was once a babe. Better a thousand times have grace in the blade than no grace at all.

We are taught, lastly, that, as in the growth of corn, so in the work of grace, *there is no harvest till the seed is ripe*.

No farmer thinks of cutting his wheat when it is green. He waits till the sun, and rain, and heat, and cold, have



done their appointed work, and the golden ears hang down. Then, and not till then, he puts in the sickle, and gathers the wheat into his barn.

God deals with His work of grace exactly in the same way. He never removes His people from this world till they are ripe and ready. He never takes them away till their work is done. They never die at the wrong time, however mysterious their deaths appear sometimes to man. Josiah, and James the brother of John, were both cut off in the midst of usefulness. Our own King Edward the Sixth was not allowed to reach man's estate. But we shall see in the resurrection morning that there was a needs-be. All was done well about their deaths, as well as about their births. The Great Husbandman never cuts his corn till it is ripe.

Let us leave the parable with this truth on our minds, and take comfort about the death of every believer. Let us rest satisfied, that there is no chance, no accident, no mistake about the decease of any of God's children. They are all "God's husbandry," and God knows best when they are ready for the harvest.—*Ryle's Expository Thoughts.*

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### CHRIST EXPOUNDING NATURE.

OUR Saviour borroweth his comparisons from easy and familiar things, such as the sower, the seed, the ground, the growth, the withering, the answering or failing of the sower's expectations, all of them things well known, and by all these would teach us some spiritual instruction. For there is no earthly thing, which is not fitted to put us in mind of some heavenly. Christ cannot look upon the sun, the wind, fire, water, a hen, a little grain of mustard seed,—nor upon ordinary occasions, as the penny given for the day's work, the wedding garment and ceremonies of the Jews about it, nor the waiting of servants at their master's table, or children asking bread and fish at their father's table, but he applies all to some special use of edification in grace.

Earthly things must remind us of heavenly. We must translate the book of nature into the book of grace.—*Thomas Taylor.*

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### SACRED WATERS.

THE sea of Galilee, or Tiberias, is an inland lake, through which the river Jordan flows, about fifteen miles long

and six broad. It lies in a deep valley, much depressed below the level of the sea,—its surface being 652 feet below that of the Mediterranean,—and is surrounded on most sides by steep hills. Owing to these last circumstances, sudden squalls or storms are reported by all travellers to be very common on the lake.

The sea of Galilee and the country surrounding it, were favoured with more of our blessed Lord's presence, during His earthly ministry; than any other part of Palestine. Capernaum, Tiberias, Bethsaida, and the country of the Gergesenes, were all on its shores, or in the immediate neighbourhood of this lake. It was on the sea of Galilee that our Lord walked. It was on its shore that He appeared to His disciples after His resurrection. Sitting in a boat on its waters and in a house hard by, He delivered the seven parables recorded in the 13th chapter of St. Matthew. On its banks, He called Peter and Andrew, James and John. From it, He commanded His disciples to draw the miraculous draught of fishes. Within sight of it, He twice fed the multitude with a few loaves and fishes. On its shore, He healed the man possessed with devils; and into it the two thousand swine plunged headlong after that miracle had been wrought.

Few localities in the Holy Land were so immediately connected with our Lord's ministry as the sea of Galilee and the country round it.—*Ryle*.

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### THE GREAT BOOK.

I do not know how to express it, but I have several times had a transient consciousness of mere ordinary incidents then occurring, having somehow or other happened before, accompanied by a vanishing idea of being able to predict the sequence. I once mentioned this to a man of powerful intellect, and he said, "So have I." Again, it may be that there is more of truth than one suspects in the assertion, which I met with in a work of De Quincey's, that *forgetting*—absolute forgetting, is a thing not possible to the human mind. Some evidence of this may be derived from the fact of long missed incidents and states of feeling suddenly being reproduced, and without any perceptible train of association. Were this to be so, the idea is very awful; and it has been suggested by a great thinker, that merely perfect memory of everything, may constitute the *great book* which shall be opened in the last day, on which man has

been distinctly told, that the secrets of all hearts shall be made known; for *all things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.*—S. Warren.

### SPOTS IN THE OLD LAND.

AMONG the mass of the people I at first found few to whom the Word of God could be given with any prospect of benefit, since the bulk of them could not read. I felt, therefore, from the beginning, that my chief duty was to open schools at divers places according to the opportunities and means which might present themselves to me. I began with one in Jerusalem, in the month of November, 1847, consisting at first of nine children, chiefly children of Jewish proselytes. By degrees this school increased; in the year 1852, I was obliged to divide it into two parts, separating the boys from the girls. The increase went on steadily until a year ago, when the number of boys was fifty-one, and the number of girls about the same. Since that time, in consequence of the efforts both of the nominal Christian hierarchy, and of the otherwise well-conducted Jews who have visited Jerusalem, it has slightly decreased, but I trust that the eye of the Lord will be upon those schools, and will bless the children therein.

In the following year I opened a school at Nablous. From the very commencement the Greek hierarchy sent forth a terrible excommunication against the people who should send their children to that school; but, nevertheless, in the midst of much opposition it went on increasing, and it had continued to increase up to the time when I visited it about two months ago, so that I then found sixty-five children in it:—Mohammedans, Protestants, Greeks, Samaritans, and Jews.

About the same time, another school was begun at Nazareth, which I also visited about two months since. When within half-a-mile of the place, I was much surprised to see a number of people who had come out to meet me. Among them I observed thirty-one children standing near a well, and on approaching them they began to sing an Arabic hymn to one of those beautiful German tunes which are so universally known.

At Jaffa, there is a school for boys and one for girls; and there is also a school at Bethlehem. The number of children in the several schools, amounts to about three hundred, including sixty children of unconverted Jews,

and about fifty children of Mohammedans, whilst the rest are nominal Christians, either Protestants, Greeks, or Latins. All the children are taught the pure Word of God, including its historical, doctrinal, and practical portions; and some of the schools have been led and directed by masters who so love the Word of God, and so delight in teaching it, that I should not be afraid to compare them with the teachers of any of the primary schools in this country. How far the Word of God has affected the hearts of the children, it is not for me to say, but I know that the seed of that Word has been sown in them, and I trust that in due season it will not fail to produce good fruit. God grant that it may be a hundred-fold!—*Bishop Gobat.*

## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### FOURTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### I.—CHRIST AGAIN IN GALILEE.

(*Read John iv. 43—end; Luke iv. 14—30.*)

**HEALING THE RULER'S SON.**—Next step in Christ's journey. Difference between how the Galileans received Him, and how the Samaritans had believed. Scene of the next miracle—point out the imperfect thoughts of the ruler's faith—how was this faith purified and elevated by Jesus' answer—the spiritual miracle and the material—which greater? What followed? Compare this case with that of the centurion in Matt. viii., and shew the different features in Christ's modes of dealing.

**IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT NAZARETH.**—His teaching in the synagogues—explain the custom. "*Found the place*"—significance of this—three great divisions of Isaiah—that from which the passage read by Christ is taken (chaps. 49 to 56.)—what described in this division—and what implied in Christ's quoting from its middle. Go over the features of Christ's mission.

**CHRIST'S TEACHING AN OFFENCE.**—Full meaning of "*Physician, heal thyself!*"—on what occasion afterwards a similar reproach uttered against Christ—instances of healing quoted from the Old Testament—how these, done by the two prophets, applied in Christ's case.

## II.—IN CAPERNAUM—FIRST CIRCUIT THENCE.

(Read Matt. iv. 12—end; Mark i. 14—39;  
Luke iv. 33—end.)

**FOLLOWING JESUS.** The prophecy fulfilled. "*Gospel of the kingdom of God*"—repent and believe—was this the sum of Christ's preaching? Were not the disciples called before? Their occupation—Christ's call—explain it—name the disciples—what did their *following* Christ imply?

**HEALING DISEASES.** "*Jesus of Nazareth*" and "*Holy One of God*"—strong contrast of the two terms—point it out—and is this noticeable in other passages? Why did Jesus say "*Hold thy peace?*"—who alone was to be His witness on earth? Christ's word—authority—and power—dwell on these. His cure of Simon's wife's mother—circumstances. *The sun setting—all the city gathered—He laid His hands on them*—what great prophecy fulfilled in all this—and in what sense?

**PREACHING AND TEACHING.** Christ's solitariness—His praying apart—what it revealed—His plenitude of power towards man, His dependence towards God—His preaching the great end of His being sent—what He preached and taught—His mighty aims.

## III.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

(Read Matt. v. 1—26.)

**THE BENEDICTIONS.**—Christ sitting on a mountain—contrast this with God speaking from a mountain in Old Testament times. Explain briefly the terms in each benediction—first the character described—then the blessing promised. In what sense is *reward* to be taken?

**THE DISCIPLE DESCRIBED BY THE MASTER.**—"*Salt of the earth*,"—property of salt—what its uses in old sacrifices—*its savour lost*—how? Shew how all this is applied to Christ's people. Shew, also, the application of "*light of the world*"—difference between *earth* and *world* here—is not Christ alone the True Light—how are His disciples, then, *light*? *The city set—the candle*—do these illustrations refer to the Church of God, or equally to individual lives? Apply them.

**CHRIST FULFILLING THE LAW.**—What is meant here by *the law*—what by *the prophets*—why “the law or the prophets?” In what sense He *fulfilled*—His sole mission. Explain the peculiar terms in verse 18. Degrees in “*the kingdom of heaven*.” “*The righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees*,”—what?

#### IV.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*Continued.*)

(*Read Matt. v. 21—26 and 33—end.*)

**FIRST EXAMPLE.** Does Christ here *oppose* His teaching to the law of Moses? “*In danger of the judgment*,”—explain this and the terms that follow. Meaning of to “*be reconciled to thy brother*.” Shew how in this example Christ fulfilled the law.

**FOURTH EXAMPLE.** What meant by performing oaths “*unto the Lord*” only—Christ’s command—does it apply to *all* oaths—large terms Christ uses—a state so holy implied as that in it no oaths should be needed. Forms of profane swearing—how it all *really* takes God’s name in vain—simplicity and purity of truthful thoughts and words.

**FIFTH EXAMPLE.** The old law of retaliation—was it meant to lead to *revenge*?—Christ’s expositions—His illustrations—are we to take His command literally?—if not, shew in what sense, and why—largeness of a wise and generous spirit.

**SIXTH EXAMPLE.** Is the old law of love and hatred rightly stated here? Christ now unfolding the true brotherhood of men—no longer individual or national separations—separations now only between the good and the evil—“*children of your Father which is in Heaven*”—is this in *adoption* only, or in *likeness* also and chiefly? The Father’s all-embracing love—*perfect* as God is perfect—in what sense?

#### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

##### PUNJAB.—A FAR-OFF FIELD.

MR Hunter, whom we mentioned in January as having left Bombay for this distant quarter, has written a long and interesting letter, giving an account of his arrival there, accompanied by the convert Mahomet Ismail. They travelled constantly for about three months, and in that

time passed over a distance from Bombay of nearly 1800 miles. Their way led them through wild perilous retreats, dark jungle forest, great solitudes of nature, and scenes wondrous in their beauty, but haunted by the shadows of idol-worship. In the wide wilderness of the north-west they are now settled at a station called Sealkote, which is to become the centre of their missionary efforts. Three American missionaries, they found, had arrived on the scene before them. The field is described as encompassed on every side by the greatest difficulties—but He who spread the great desert banquet, feeding the multitude with five loaves and two fishes, (Matth. xiv. 15—21) can unfold His grace again, so that the perishing souls around that little missionary table in the far north-west, may all eat and be filled! We shall tell our readers farther particulars as they are received.

AHMEDNUGGEE—PART OF A MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

The favour has been done us, by two kind little girls, of allowing us to print the following extract from a letter which has been written to them from Bombay. They are nieces of the writer. After sketching briefly what the history of the last twenty years has been at the place called Ahmednuggee, and which he had visited in the course of very arduous missionary duties, to which he was very ably and zealously devoted himself, he says:—

“When I was there, I found *two hundred people* converted to God—and their children are so piously brought up at the Missionary School, and it was so sweet to me to hear them singing hymns to God and Christ. They are very holy and happy children, and they look so bright and joyful, that I could tell a Christian child from a heathen by its face.

“Sometimes heathen children come to the Missionary School—and I will tell you one story which the missionaries told me, to shew you how much even the youngest child may do for Christ, if that child really loves Him. Just before I went there, a poor heathen father called on the missionaries to speak about Christianity. The missionary was beginning to tell him about Christ, as he had often done before to others, but the man said, ‘O, I know all these things already. My little daughter, who attends your School, has told me all about Jesus, and I feel sure that Christianity is true—I believe the Gospel.’ How old do you think that little girl was who led her father to the feet of Jesus? she was only between five and six. Think of that.

“An old nurse died here lately. She was peaceful and happy, when that awful thing death came to take her away. Why was that? she

was trusting in Christ—and the person who brought her to Him, was a little Christian girl whom she used to nurse, and who, when only six years old, was in the habit of reading to her the Bible. This nurse had been often spoken to by other people about the Saviour, but she did not mind what *they* said; but she could not resist the simple words of the little child, and she blessed God to her dying day, and I have no doubt is blessing Him now, and will bless Him for ever,—that He placed her in His Providence in that family, among whose members was this little Christian child."

#### SMYRNA—A NEW LABOURER.

A scene of great interest in this city is about to be entered upon by one of our licentiates (Mr. Coull), who is already far on his way to his place of sojourn and labour. He has prepared himself by anxious and earnest study of eastern languages for his task, and, on a coast that is embraced by a thousand old hallowed associations, he is on the eve of dedicating himself where the feet of apostles walked, and the candles of the early churches burned with a pure and holy ray. Let our readers try if they can mark out his destination on the map, and trace the Scripture paths and references that surround the spot.

#### SALONICA—A BAPTISM.

From this place, Mr. Marcussohn reports in an interesting letter, that the first adult convert from the Jews has been received into the Church through baptism. The scene is well described:—

"The occasion—the audience—the services, were all of intense interest. Here, where once the apostle Paul preached Christ and Him crucified, but where, for many centuries, impenetrable darkness has brooded, now again has the precious seed of the pure Gospel been sown and taken root, and we have been permitted to gather in its first fruits. Jews and Greeks alike were roused from their stupor by hearing that a Jew was indeed to be baptized, (for this is the first Protestant baptism of an adult which Salonica ever witnessed,) and the audience which consisted of Jews, Greeks, and English, strikingly coincided with the chapter read, (Galatians iii.): "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." And when the grey-headed man bent at the foot of the cross, to become a little child in Christ Jesus, our hearts were moved with inexpressible emotions. One sinner converted! one immortal soul saved! what unutterable triumph! The Lord grant this may be only the first sheaf of a great harvest soon to be gathered in, through the preaching of the same Gospel, and the working of the same Spirit."



## ONE TO-DAY.

MAKE use of Time, if thou lovest Eternity; know yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured; to-day is only thine, which if thou procrastinate thou lovest—which lost, is lost for ever. *One to-day is worth two to-morrows.—Quarles.*

## HYMN.

“O LAMB OF GOD, I COME!” \*

Just as I am,—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd’st me come to Thee,—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—though toss’d about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within and wars without—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

\* The metre of this most beautiful hymn is one with which few are acquainted. It may, however, be sung to a long measure tune, by repeating the words, “I come,” in the fourth line of each verse. The tune “Duke Street” will be found well suited to it.



### AN EASTERN CITY.

**M**ADRAS is very unlike a European city, or indeed a city at all. It extends over nearly ten miles, and you imagine you are in the country in some of its broad roads, crowded with natives, with hedges of prickly pear and bamboo, and perhaps rows of the banian-tree, with its long fibrous arms creeping down into the ground again, and its branches alive with squirrels and crows. Blacktown, where we live, is the only part that looks like town. The Fort, where the soldiery are, and an old church, in which the Missionary — and Bishop Corrie are buried, the Government offices, indeed all business offices, all the Missionary establishments, including our own, Roman Catholic chapels in plenty, Armenian, Mohammedan, Hindu, places of worship, are all crowded together in Blacktown. A sad long list of the latter can be pointed out from our roof or verandahs, enough to make one's heart sink. The space in between is filled up with native dwellings, which look low and miserable, too like the gene-

rality of their inhabitants. The streets are thronged with natives, either on foot, or in their comical-looking bandies, of which I mean to send a sketch home some day. There is a kind of verandah in front of the houses or huts, in which the seller sits, amidst little heaps of grain, or plantains, or cocoa-nuts, or chatties, i.e., earthenware vessels, or curry stuffs, as the case may be. There is sometimes a little niche, in which is a god, the one the family worship; sometimes a string of sacred leaves, to scare away evil spirits. Then every here and there is a lighted pagoda, with its frightful looking images, and perhaps an idle, proud Brahmin, sitting by himself eating his rice outside. The children are rolling about in all directions, most of the little boys with scarcely any clothing; but of all the pitiable objects (for children here, as everywhere, look so merry, that you only pity them in contemplating their sad future), the old people, and especially the old women, look the most abject and deplorable. They seem as if every fountain of thought and feeling were dried up, and their neglected persons and wrinkled faces altogether make one's heart ache.

This is not a description of one street, or two or three, but a mass of streets, which are collectively called "The Bazaar." In other parts of Blacktown are the Burning-grounds, where the bodies of the poor natives are consumed; there is something peculiarly painful in seeing the funeral processions wending their way to them, with the strange discordant native music used on those occasions.

But you will like a pleasanter view of Madras; so you ought either to ride over the pretty bridges along the Mount Road, and enjoy the broad, park-like land on either side, which makes one almost fancy oneself in Regent's Park, or else to drive along the sea-beach, and see the vessels at anchor, listen to the band that plays in the afternoon, and watch the masula boats struggling over the surf. Or you might pay me a call here, and see the palace-like house, with its innumerable columns and marble-paved verandahs, and the black servants at every turn. Then if you will walk in, you will think you are in a gigantic cage, for instead of being shown into our room, you will see the whole space of the house is one apartment, each space separated from the other by screens, or low doors; then you will see long *punkas*, extending the length of the room; they consist of a long frame, filled in with wood, &c., according to taste, with a broad frill hanging from it, and ropes attached to it, which are pulled by a man in the verandah or on the staircase. Besides this novelty, you

will notice that the walls are of showy whiteness, composed of a native substance called chuman; and you will be astonished at the number of doors and windows. Also, there is generally no carpet, nothing but matting on the floors; and no chimney-piece. This is far too grand a description for our mission-house, but everything is much the same, only on a smaller scale.—*Letter of a Missionary's Sister.*

### THE SILENT PREACHER.

AN incident has been recently related in connection with the Karen Mission, so singularly beautiful and encouraging, that we cannot do better than repeat it here. A Burman priest, in the district of Pantanau, at a place which probably no missionary had ever visited at the time, came providentially into possession of a tract, which had been given to his younger brother by "the white book-teacher," at some mission station, or on some missionary journey. It was a tract called *The Way to Heaven*, written by Mr Comstock, of Arracan—a missionary who had laboured and died among the heathen, with little visible fruit of his toils to cheer or reward him here below. While the Burman priest was reading the tract aloud, as is the custom of readers there, a Karen passed by, and paused to listen, with interest deepening to the close, when he begged the priest to go with it to his village. The latter consented, probably with no other design than to receive some present from the Karens for his trouble; and on his reaching the place, whither his first auditor had preceded him, the whole village came together to hear the reading of the "white book." The houses were completely deserted, and all the inhabitants sat listening with the strictest attention, until the reader came to a passage in which Jesus Christ was spoken of as dying on the cross for sinners; when the hearts of these susceptible children of nature melted, and tears began to roll down their cheeks. Such was the account given by the intelligent but unconverted mouth-piece of the silent teacher, when he afterwards visited the mission; but he knew little what treasures of salvation he may have been instrumental in conveying to souls in that unknown and distant little village. And no man can know, until the great day: but it is a precious proof that God's Providence cares for His word, and his Spirit accompanies it, though sown by the heedless wind, like a withered leaf on the heathen waste.—*Christian Treasury.*

**PALESTINE SCHOOLS.**

I WILL not detain you with many anecdotes of what happened among the children in those schools, in order to show that they have experienced both the power of God and the love of God in their hearts. I must, however, mention one case; it is that of a Jewish boy, who was cast off by the Jews when he was about eight or nine years of age. At first this boy supported himself by begging, but when he was grown a little bigger, no one would give him alms, and he then took to thieving, and soon became an accomplished thief. It was then (he was now about twelve or thirteen years of age) that the missionaries became acquainted with him. Hearing that no one else would take any care of him, we resolved to do so. We had not courage to take him into the school, lest he should spoil the other children. We therefore placed him in a house kept by some German people, decided Christians, who had been sent by a small Society at Basle to preach the Gospel, partly by showing how a man ought, by labouring with his hands, to adorn the Gospel of Christ. He remained with them about a fortnight, stole something, and at last escaped; and so tired were they of him, so devoid of all hope of his amendment, that they would not receive him any more. All other resources having failed, after commending the case to God, I resolved upon receiving this boy into our school, in the name of Him who received sinners.

It was with trembling that this step was taken; but I now say, with joy and thankfulness to God, that during the past year he has been the most orderly boy in the school: so that when, previous to my leaving Jerusalem, I inquired about him of the master, and also of the steward, who has charge of the feeding of the poor orphans, I was told that during the last year they had not been obliged to administer any punishment to him. Some of the English travellers who passed through Jerusalem about Easter, were struck with the mild and gentle physiognomy of this boy, and felt sufficiently interested in him to ask whose son he was.

I will state another fact relating to a girl who began to attend the girls' school two or three years ago, when she was about seven years of age. Her father was a poor Jew, who lived partly on the alms which he received, in common with the other poor Jews, from the rabbis. When he first sent his daughter to the school, the rabbis threatened to discontinue his alms, unless he removed her. He

determined to lose the alms rather than withdraw his child. Although he had no trade, he asked for no help for about two years. At length his health completely failed, and when I at last heard of his position, and endeavoured to relieve him, it proved to be too late. His health went on declining; and it soon became evident to every one that he could not live much longer. For six months previous to his death, he was observed to shut himself up every day for an hour or more with his little girl, after she returned from school. It was not known at the time for what purpose this was done, but it afterwards turned out that on these occasions the child used to read to him the Scriptures. About two or three months ago he died. On his deathbed he called some rabbis and some Christian men around him, and, raising himself in his bed by a last effort, he said to them, "I have called you, Jews and Christians, around me, to hear my last testimony, that I die in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth."—*Bishop Gobat.*

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#### THE VASE OF WATER.

A TRAVELLER in Asia Minor, in a time of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shed by the roadside, for the refreshment of the weary traveller. A man in the neighbourhood was in the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, and filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He could have had no motive for doing this, but a kind regard to the comfort of weary travellers; for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money. This was benevolence.—*Australian Band of Hope Review.*

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#### STORIES OF OLD MISSIONARY ADVENTURE.

##### CHAPTER IV.

KAIARNACK, who had been so deeply smitten by the simple record of Christ's love, sufferings, and death, became very soon an attached member of the mission settlement. He seemed to lay aside all the features of savage character and life, and with the simplicity and meekness of a child to sit at the feet of Jesus, that he might be taught more of the mysteries of His kingdom. His own family, nine in number, and other large families of natives from the south, were drawn round the same centre. Pitching their tents

near the mission houses, they waited to hear farther the tale of wondrous beauty and sorrow, whose first telling had so fallen with power on their rugged hearts. The preachers often found it difficult to put in words the swelling overflowing thoughts they wished in their eagerness to express, and it was then that Kaiarnack, seizing up the story, drew forth new words of deep stirring power, even from his poor native tongue, and clothed in vivid fervid utterances what even his teachers were sometimes at a loss to explain. When his relatives, and indeed all in the neighbourhood, went away to the reindeer hunt, he still clung stedfastly to his place in the settlement. He feared the temptations of their wild roving life. He now loved supremely the quiet gospel retreat where he dwelt, and neither scoffs, nor ridicule, nor bribes, had power to move him. At the return of winter many of his relatives appeared again, and throughout the long dark dreary months the missionaries then established amongst them daily catechising and preaching. The first little Sunday School was in this way formed, and in its class five scholars were enrolled. Very slowly did the seed so planted seem to take root,—it was watered by many tears and prayers,—and over it every day was expended the nurture of much careful and persevering effort; so that at last the children began to read a little, and the way seemed broken down for them into the glorious discoveries of God's word.

Much there was, however, still to dishearten and sadden these true servants of the Cross. Often, after a little season of attention, their congregation would suddenly desert them, and in the secrecy of night betake themselves again to their old barbarous feasts and excesses. John Beck, accompanied by Kaiarnack, followed many of them through great peril and hardship in their fishing voyages, and sometimes on the wide gloomy sea—sometimes on the cold craggy shore—sometimes in the wild shelter of their ice retreats—they seized the occasion of again and again preaching the gospel tidings. One thing gained was, that there now seemed called forth a deeper and more seriously attentive spirit; and abroad amongst the wandering tribes there went ever and again an eager questioning from mouth to mouth as to the things of which these patient, gentle, heroic strangers spoke.

After the lapse of another winter, a scene of long-remembered and very peculiar interest was witnessed at the settlement. Kaiarnack and his family, the first-fruits of these many years of toil and waiting, were admitted by bap-

tism into the church. In that desolate secluded home, the snow-robed mountains around it ranging down to the dark shore and the dark sea, was gathered an assembly of silent deeply moved spectators. In the midst of them was made the first solemn dedication on Greenland soil of converted souls to God. They were asked, as they knelt in a little circle, the grounds of their faith and hope, and these they related with touching simplicity and truth. One of the missionaries then stood over them with hands and face raised to Heaven; and his lonely solemn voice rising in the hushed expanse, he set them apart, through prayer, to the service of the Cross. They were baptised in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Kaiarnack received the christian name Samuel; his wife, Anna; his son, Matthew; and his daughter, Ann. Many of the strong heathen hearts seemed touched and melted as the simple words were spoken, and the simple rite administered.

It was shortly after this, however, that all the good hope and promise thus nourished into being seemed suddenly cast down. Samuel's brother-in-law was barbarously murdered by a party of a hostile tribe from the distant north. Assaulting him while out at sea, they struck a harpoon through his body, and though he managed to escape to shore, wounded and bleeding though he was, they followed savagely on his track, and piercing him with repeated wounds, threw him at last from a frightful rock. This deed of blood spread terror through all the colony. The murderers were afterwards seized and punished; but Kaiarnack grew restless and unhappy under the recollection of their crime. He feared for other members of his family, whose lives were threatened; and at length he resolved to journey with his friends and children far to the south, where, in unknown places, they might be safe. His teachers pled long and earnestly with him that he would not abandon their home, and for a time he appeared moved by their entreaties; but though he wept sore at parting, he finally clung to his resolution, and bidding them farewell, and giving them many promises, he set forth on his journey. This to the missionaries, at first, was like a blighting of their best and most cherished thoughts. It seemed as if again they had to begin anew, their whole work being suddenly undone. Still there was no halting in their faith or efforts. They adhered with trust and patience day after day to their little class, and, as we shall see, they at length were privileged to reap a rich and joyful harvest.



## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS. FIFTH MONTH.

### LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### I.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*Continued.*)

(*Read Matt. vi. 1—end.*)

**ALMSGIVING.**—Secrecy of true alms. The Father seeing in secret. His reward open—how?

**PRAYER.**—“*Enter into thy closet,*”—what implied? “*Vain repetitions*”—what? God’s foreknowledge of our wants. Go over the several petitions of the Lord’s Prayer.

**FASTING.**—Fasting unto the Father. The three departments of spiritual life now unfolded.

**DEDICATION TO GOD.**—Earthly treasures— heavenly treasures. The eye of the body—the eye of the soul. Earthly service, and service of God. Simple dependence on God—go over Christ’s illustrations. Wisdom of pure child-like trust in our Father in heaven.

#### II.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*Concluded.*)

(*Read Matt. viii. 1—end.*)

**OUR CONDUCT TOWARDS OTHERS.**—Explain verse 6. God’s dealings towards us. Three steps—“*ask*”—“*seek*”—“*knock.*” Appeal to a principle in human affection—God thus seen through the eye of true humanity.

**THE END.**—“*The strait gate*”—the many that go in the broad road.

**THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.**—The fruit of the good—the fruit of the corrupt—unchangeable law. Fate of the false. Fruits the evidence of character and state—how?

**THE JUDGMENT.**—“*That day.*” Law by which Christ shall judge. The many who shall plead excuse. “*I never knew you*”—awful force of these words. What it is to depart from Christ. “*Workers of iniquity*”—to whom applied? The house of the wise man—the house of the foolish. The authority of Jesus’ words—living truth—truth out of God’s mind—power of what is true, deep, and earnest.

#### III.—JESUS ON THE SEA—AND IN THE CITY.

(*Read Luke v. 1—16; Matth. viii. 1—4; Mark i. 40—45.*)

**IN THE SHIP.**—Describe the scene by the seashore—into

what ship Jesus entered—and how “*He taught the people.*”

**THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.**—What Jesus said to Simon—The result—why should Simon have prayed Him to depart? “*They forsook all, and followed Him.*” Compare this miracle with the miracle in John xxi. chap. His charge to Peter in the two cases—the net broken in the one case, *not* broken in the other.

**HEALING A LEPER.**—A solemn train of miracles confirming the words on the mount. The man “*full of leprosy*”—typical of one dead in sin. Jesus “*touched him*”—all that is involved in this simple act—what charge Jesus gave the man.

#### IV.—AGAIN IN CAPERNAUM.

(*Read Matth, ix. 2—9; Mark ii. 1—22; Luke v. 17—39.*)

**JESUS IN THE HOUSE.**—“*The power of the Lord was present to heal them*”—was it Christ's own power, or God's manifested in him?

**THE SICK OF THE PALSY.**—Eagerness to reach Christ on the part of him who was sick—his sins and his suffering deeply linked in his own thoughts. Christ's strong reasoning—easier to forgive the soul's sins or to heal the body's disease? The one not of visible effect—the other visible—and a sign on the surface of the deeper current of God's grace in the soul. Jesus “*the Son of man*”—force of the title. The “*power given unto men*”—explain.

**MATTHEW CALLED.**—Matthew's occupation—held in what repute—his ready obedience and sacrifice.

**THE FEAST IN LEVI'S HOUSE.**—Who sat at meat with Jesus? The universality and depth of His sympathies. His answer to the Scribes and Pharisees—its great wisdom—its divine tenderness—key, to His life and work. Question as to *fasting*—Jesus' parable.

#### EVERYDAY MISSIONARY LIFE.

WE have a little glimpse given us, in a Madras paper, of the simple life and devotedness marking the daily labours of a little band of English missionaries, settled in North Tinnevely. “They all rise at day dawn, and after a word

of prayer together, go in four different directions to as many villages in the neighbourhood. Returning about half-past seven, after uniting in prayer, they bathe, dress, meet their servants and others for prayer and reading the Scriptures, and then breakfast; after which each retires to a corner of the common room for private reading, meditation, and prayer. After dinner, at half-past two, an hour or two is spent over some portion of the Bible, each reading a verse and making remarks. Then all go out in different directions, as in the morning, and return a little after dark. They are well, exceedingly happy and cheerful, and God is blessing their labours. How simple-hearted and earnest they are. They have each a tent, and a large room in common. They seldom see strangers. Their expenses do not exceed sixty or eighty rupees per month—travelling, food, servants, everything included. As an instance of their simplicity of life, they had not heard the news of important public events several weeks old. Yet they are all highly educated men, one being a Fellow of Cambridge, for which he receives £300 a-year. Every farthing of this sum he appropriates yearly to God's service. But the best is untold. They are the most truly dedicated simple-hearted Christians you ever saw. Blessed Saviour, Lord of the harvest, send more such, and make us such!"

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### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

#### BOMBAY—TWO YOUNG DISCIPLES.

ON the morning of last Sunday, March 1st, I had the happiness of admitting two young men into the visible Church of the Redeemer, by baptism. Damodhur Baboolza was one of these, and the other was the Mussulman whom I have alluded to in my late letters. His name is Abdoollah; he is a native of Khandeish. Six months ago he came to us, desiring to receive instruction. As I was then in need of a servant, I took him into my service. During the period he has been with us, he has been diligently engaged in the study of the Word of God, receiving what direction and assistance we could give him. On the occasion of the baptism we had a tolerably large and very attentive congregation. After the usual questions regarding their knowledge of Christian truth, their belief in Christ and His doctrines, and their motives and resolutions, had been put to the candidates, before the holy ordinance was dispensed, Damodhur read a statement, a copy of which I have

enclosed. May these young disciples be received of the Great Head of the Church; and may their names be written in the Book of Life. It is not necessary for me to beg that they may be remembered in your prayers.—*Rev. James Sheriff.*

#### NOVA SCOTIA—HISTORY OF PROGRESS.

In 1852 we are told that in this island there were but two ministers in connexion with the Church of Scotland, and sixteen congregations. In a country one hundred miles long by thirty broad, and having about twelve thousand adherents of the Established Church, there were thus fourteen vacant charges. From year to year the little staff of ministers has been increased, till now it numbers seven. They make frequent journeys from place to place, visiting their scattered flocks in every corner, and diligently breaking the bread of life. A society, established for the raising up of a native ministry, and called the "Young Men's Scheme," has collected in a short period £700 currency. Four young men, assisted by this fund, are under training in Glasgow, and two in Canada. A Home Mission fund, within one year, has also realized as much as between £70 and £80. While, it is added, that since 1853 four new churches have been erected, and three are now in course of erection. They are built with great simplicity and beauty, and the cost of the whole will be more than £7000 currency. On every side the deepest interest and vitality seem to be awakened in the Redeemer's cause.

#### IRELAND—SCRIPTURAL SCHOOLS.

Our young readers are warmly thanked for their contributions of last year towards the support of these schools. From the Report of the Ladies' Association, the following passage is taken :—

"When the Mission Schools were opened in the first years of the famine, a visitor's eye rested upon a confused heap of wild or vacant emaciated faces, and bundles of dirty rags, packed into miserable cabins; few could speak English, and everything had to be begun from the beginning. Since that time gradually and pleasantly have these scenes been changing—truly old things have passed away, and, to a large extent, all things have become new. The visitor now sees substantial, well appointed schoolhouses, filled with intelligent, tidy, happy scholars. And, as evidences of the value of the instructions there given, many can be pointed to, who, after a few years spent in these schools, are now being put to the proof amidst the business and temptations of active life."

## SEALKOTE—BEGINNINGS.

Our readers will remember that in this distant quarter of India, Mr. Hunter, with the companions of his journey and toils, had just arrived. He writes another letter, dated at the end of February last, in which he gives an outline of the scene in which he finds himself placed, and the good work he has now begun. As yet it is on a humble scale. A school was first established for girls—they apparently being sunk in the lowest degree of sadness and neglect. All in and round Sealkote there was not the slightest trace discovered of any, even native school, having ever existed for this forgotten class. Mr. H. began with five pupils. He found them miserably degraded in mind, but by degrees he hopes to win these and others to a truer, higher life. A school has also been opened for boys. In these schools the instruction is carried on at once in the Hindustani language, so that the name and Gospel of Jesus may almost at the first moment be impressed on their young hearts. Besides the care of these schools, Mr. H. daily instructs the young convert, Mahomet Ismael, whom he describes as making rapid progress in a knowledge of divine things. Every Sunday morning, also, regular service is conducted amongst the Presbyterians in the neighbourhood.

## HYMN.

JESUS our Lord! to Thee we call,  
Thou art our life, our hope, our all;  
And we have nowhere else to flee,  
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

Whatever foes or fears betide,  
In Thy dear presence let us hide;  
And while we rest our souls on Thee,  
Do Thou our sanctuary be.

Quickly the day of light draws nigh,  
Or we may bow our heads and die;  
But, oh! what joy this witness gives!  
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.

He from the grave our dust will raise,  
We in the heavens shall sing His praise;  
And when in glory we appear,  
He'll be our sanctuary there.

### THE GREAT OWNER.

My Lambs! Christ's "*my*" is their true safe-conduct through the numerous hostile powers of the world—the surest sanctuary in all moments of danger—the truest talisman to bring around them, in time of need, troops of powerful guardians. Once they are embraced within the relationship implied in "*my*," and they have angels to keep watch and ward for their weal: in heaven their angels do always behold the face of God. The highest angels—those nearest God, and able to gaze upon the cloudless glory of His face—hasten to encamp round about these "little ones" of Christ, and to deliver them in time of trouble. Parents need not therefore be greatly cast down as they gaze onward to the dismal array of evils which are coming on, like armed men, to attack their children—the sicknesses which lie in wait for them at each step, the snares, the pitfalls, the precipices, and all the baneful scenes through which their young fresh life at such infinite hazard must pass on. This little word "*my*," which Christ has uttered, protects them. It would bring around them twelve legions of angels, rather than that a hair of their head should perish.

Besides, it makes them citizens of no mean city. Here on earth, it is true, they are strangers, but they possess the rights of heavenly citizenship; and these hedge them about with so divine a guard, that at whatever distance from their own country, they walk in safety. Let but any one do them a wrong, and all heaven is stirred. An injury to them is a sacrilegious insult to the holy majesty of heaven. A citizen of our own country may travel unnoticed in distant lands; in outward appearance he may seem deserving of no consideration; if let alone, nothing occurs to disturb the even current of events; but let once a wrong be done to him—let his liberty be violated, his person seized, his honour injured—and then will be seen what a force he is armed with, and wherein his great strength lies. Not his own voice, not his own feeble arm, could ever have reached his oppressor, or broken the fetters of his captivity. But the wrong in his person insults the majesty of his country. It sends an electric shock to wake the slumbering might of England; and though his own voice is not strong enough to be heard outside his cell, a voice of thunder is lifted in his defence, at the sound of which the captive's fetters fall from his arms, and his wrongs are all redressed. As our country

thus, as it were, stirs her mighty strength in defence even of the weakest and meanest of her children, and sends her terrible messengers of wrath across the deep, if but a hair of their head is injured ; so, to compare great things with small, heaven holds all its infinite forces in readiness to protect these lambs of Christ. Let but an enemy threaten them with insult, let but a danger loom in the distance, and the quicker sympathies of heaven and its mightier forces are at hand, to fence and shelter them from the touch of evil.

Had we faith thus to accept them from Christ's hand, and to recognise, in the common habit of our domestic and Sabbath-school activities, their dear relationship to the Saviour, what a consecration would it impart to our labours ! What an elevation of purpose would then characterise our teachings ! What an energy and confidence our intercessions in their behalf ! With what a holy readiness would we all respond to the Chief Shepherd's charge, "FEED MY LAMBS!"—REV. C. M'COLLOCH'S *Christ and His Lambs*.\*

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### SEEING JESUS.

HAD I been in the streets of Jericho, I think I should have jostled with Zaccheus for the sycamore-tree to see Jesus, and should have blessed my eyes for so happy a prospect. Yet when I consider that many a one saw His face on earth who shall never see His glory in heaven, and when I hear the apostle say, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more"—oh, for the eyes of a Stephen, that saw the heavens open, and the glory of God ! That prospect as much transcended this of Zaccheus as heaven is above earth, or celestial glory above human infirmity. And why should not the eyes of my faith behold the same object which was seen by Stephen's bodily eyes ? I see thee, O Saviour, I see thee as certainly, though not so clearly. Quicken and strengthen these weak eyes of mine, that in thy light I may see light.—*Hall*.

\* A little book, just issued, full of rich and rare gems of thought. It expounds not so much the details of Family and Sabbath School teaching, as the living holy principles on which these should be based, and this is done in a style so clear, so simply eloquent, and so set with the graces of a pure and genial fancy, that its pages are made as winning as their lines are those of truth.

### CHRIST THE MERCY OF GOD.

CHRIST is a *full mercy*, replenished with all that answers to the wishes or wants of sinners. In Him alone is found whatever the justice of an angry God requires for satisfaction, or the necessities of souls require for their supply. Christ is an *unsearchable mercy*. Who can fully express His wonderful name? Who can tell over His unsearchable riches? Hence it is that souls never tire in the study or love of Christ, because new wonders are eternally rising out of Him. He is a deep which no line of created understanding, angelic or human, can fathom. Lastly, He is an *everlasting mercy*; "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." All other enjoyments are perishable, time-eaten things; time, like a moth, will fret them out: but the riches of Christ are "durable riches;" the graces of Christ are durable graces. All the creatures are flowers that appear and fade in their month; but this Rose of Sharon, this Lily of the valley, never withers.—*Flavel*.

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### THE BOOK.

Who can write its history or tell the mighty power which it is at this present moment wielding over human minds, or predict its glorious course throughout future ages? Our young readers little dream what a moral lever they possess in their Bible. That little book has shaken the world. An ancient mathematician said of the lever, that, could a fulcrum only be found for it, he could lift the earth with it; but here is a lever that can do greater things still. It has lifted nations up out of darkness into light. Far off in the South Sea Islands, whole nations now meet to worship the living and true God, and to sing the praises of Jesus, and yet a few years ago they worshipped stocks and stones. *The Bible has done that.* It has often done the like in days of old. Great Britain was once a barbarous country, and far remote from the seats of civilisation and thought, its inhabitants running wild in woods like the savages of America, and having their bodies painted in a frightful manner; but now the same Great Britain is herself the seat and centre of civilisation. The small, despised, and remote island has become a great empire, her commerce circling the globe, her ships riding in every bay, her children dominating in every clime, her language enriched with the noblest treasures of thought, and her name the world's watch-word for truth and liberty. *The Bible has done that.*



The track of the Bible down through the ages and abroad through the earth, has been luminous and replete with saving health.

When we send missionaries to heathen countries, we arm them with that wondrous book; and just in proportion as they are able to make the people understand it, they succeed in their mission. Accordingly they teach it, and preach it, and live it; and by their living sacrifice, thus raise the poor heathen up to a perception of its splendid truths. The Christians of this country send out one million and a half of Bibles in all languages, yearly, to all quarters of the globe; and they desire above all things that all may be taught to read it, and that all who can read may be supplied each with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. It is something gained to get the Book of God into a man's hand. There is, however, a great distance between the hand and the heart—an infinite distance, that may possibly never be got over. But once a man begins to read the book which he holds in his hand, there is hope that the truth will fly to the understanding, the conscience, the undying soul, with its transforming efficacy, and will make of the most ignorant heathens living witnesses of God and His Christ.

C. M. C.

*(To be continued.)*

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### THE RIGHT SIDE OF FIFTY.

THE Rev. Mr. Venn, while on his way one Sabbath morning to meet an appointment for preaching, fell in with a brother clergyman who was on a similar errand, but in somewhat different spirit. Various topics of discourse came up, but those of a spiritual character were by no means to the taste of the stranger. He made observations on various objects that engaged his attention, and among other things began to speak of their respective ages. Looking in Mr. Venn's face, he said, "Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty."

"On the wrong side of fifty!" said Mr. Venn; "no, sir, I am on the right side of fifty."

"Surely," said the other, "you must be turned of fifty."

"Yes, sir; but I am on the right side of fifty, for I am nearer my crown of glory."

This unexpected explanation put an end to further conversation.

## THE GARDEN OF AGONY.

**F**OLLOWING a path which turns a little to the south, at the distance of eight or ten rods beyond the bridge, we reach the north end of the Garden of Gethsemane. The ground begins to rise here, and we stand at the western foot of Olivet. It is the spot above every other which the visitor must be anxious to see. It is the one which I sought out before any other, on my arrival at Jerusalem, and the one of which I took my last formal view on the morning of my departure. The tradition which places the agony and betrayal of the Saviour here, has a great amount of evidence in its support. Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, who lived almost early enough to have taken by the hand some aged Christian who had seen the companions of the apostles, speaks of the garden as well known; and Jerome, about fifty years later, repeats the same testimony, and describes the situation of the spot in accordance with the present locality. There is no proof that the tradition has ever wavered. The indications in the New Testament favour entirely the same view. When it is said that "Jesus went forth with His disciples beyond the brook Kedron, where was a garden" (John xviii. 1), it is implied that He did not go far up the Mount of Olives, but reached the place which He had in view soon after crossing the bed of that stream. The garden is named in that passage with reference to the brook, and not the mountain.

The space enclosed as Gethsemane contains about one-third of an acre, and is surrounded by a low wall, covered with white stucco. It is entered by a gate, kept under lock and key, under the control of one of the convents at Jerusalem. The eight olive-trees here are evidently very aged; most of them, though they are still verdant and productive, are so decayed, that heaps of stones have been piled up against their trunks, to keep them from being blown down by the wind. Trees of this class are remarkably long-lived, and it is not impossible that those now here may have sprung from the roots of those which grew there in the days of Christ. Other olive-trees, apparently quite as old, occur just beyond the limits of the enclosure. It may be allowed that the original garden may have been more or less extensive than the present site, or have stood a few rods farther to the north or the south; but far, certainly, from that spot it need not be supposed to have been. We may sit down there, and read the affecting narrative of

what the Saviour endured for our redemption, and feel assured that we are near the place where He prayed, "saying, Father, not My will, but Thine be done;" and where, "being in an agony, He sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

"He bows beneath the sins of men;  
He cries to God, and cries again,  
In sad Gethsemane;  
He lifts His mournful eyes above—  
'My Father, can this cup remove?'

"With gentle resignation still,  
He yielded to His Father's will  
In sad Gethsemane;  
'Behold me here, Thine only Son;  
And, Father, let Thy will be done.'

"The Father heard; and angels, there,  
Sustain'd the Son of God in prayer,  
In sad Gethsemane;  
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—  
Then rose to life and joy again."

The garden has a reservoir, which supplies water for moistening the ground, and cultivating a few flowers. A series of rude pictures may be seen on the interior face of the wall, representing different scenes in the history of Christ's passion, such as the scourging, the mockery of the soldiers, the sinking beneath the cross, and the like. As I sat beneath the olives, and observed how very near the city was, with what perfect ease a person there could survey at a glance the entire length of the eastern wall, and the slope of the hill towards the valley, I could not divest myself of the impression that this local peculiarity should be allowed to explain a passage in the account of the Saviour's apprehension. Every one must have noticed something abrupt in His summons to the disciples—"Arise, let us be going; see, he is at hand that doth betray me" (Matthew xxvi. 46). It is not improbable that His watchful eye at that moment caught sight of Judas and his accomplices, as they issued from one of the eastern gates, or turned round the northern or southern corner of the walls, in order to descend into the valley. Even if the night was dark, He could have seen the torches which they carried, and could have felt no uncertainty respecting the object of such a movement at that unseasonable hour. This view is not necessary to the explanation of the passage, but it is a natural one, and supplies a connexion between the language and the external circumstances, which augments exceedingly the graphic power of the narrative.



As I was passing near Gethsemane one day, I saw, at a little distance, a shepherd engaged in shearing one of his flock. The animal lay stretched before him on the ground, submitting, without resistance or complaint, to the operation which he was performing. It seemed as if every movement of the shears would lacerate the flesh; the feet were bound; the man's knees were pressed rudely against the sides of the helpless captive. This posture, so irksome, had to be endured for a considerable time before the ample fleece was removed. Yet, during it all, it was wonderful to observe how patient the creature remained; it struggled not, opened not its mouth. Under ordinary circumstances the incident might not have attracted my attention; but, being seen in such a place, it spoke to my heart with touching power. How could I forget the prophet's use of that emblem, in describing the spirit of unshrinking submission to appointed suffering, which was to distinguish the Saviour of men, and of which He gave such matchless proof in the agony of the garden? Isaiah (liiii. 7) said,

with reference to that trait of His character, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth."—*Huckett.*

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## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### SIXTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

##### I.—JERUSALEM—AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

THE MIRACLE AT THE POOL.—(John v. 1—9.)

THE JEWS ACCUSING CHRIST.—(John v. 10—16.)

THE FATHER'S WORK GIVEN TO THE SON.—(John v. 17—30.)

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##### II.—NIGH JERUSALEM—CHRIST AND THE JEWS.

CHRIST'S WITNESS.—(John v. 31—38.)

WARNING OF THE SCRIPTURES.—(John v. 39—47.)

DISPUTE CONCERNING THE SABBATH.—(Matt. xii. 1—8;  
Mark ii. 23—28; Luke vi. 1—5.)

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##### III.—FROM JERUSALEM—LAKE OF GENNESARET.

HEALING ONE WITH A WITHERED HAND.—(Matt. xii. 9—14;  
Mark iii. 1—6; Luke vi. 6—11.)

HEALING AND TEACHING BY THE SEA.—(Matt. xii. 15—21;  
Mark iii. 7—12.)

CHOOSING AND SENDING THE APOSTLES.—(Matt. x. 2—4;  
Mark iii. 13—19; Luke vi. 12—16.)

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##### IV.—IN CAPERNAUM AND NAIN.

THE CENTURION AND HIS SERVANT.—(Matt. viii. 5—13;  
Luke vii. 1—10.)

RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.—(Luke vii. 11—16.)

CHRIST'S REPLY TO JOHN THE BAPTIST'S MESSAGE.—  
(Matt. x. 2—6; Luke vii. 17—23.)

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## UNBELIEF.

How deeply rooted must unbelief be in our hearts, when we are surprised to find our prayers answered—instead of being sure that they *will* be so, if they are only offered up in faith, and are in accord with the will of God.—*Hare.*

### UNDER A CLOUD.

WE often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behoves us to take care, that, whatever cloud may be spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look through to the sunshine that broods behind it.—*Hare.*

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### THE PSALMIST.

THE royal psalm-singer had just sung to his Deliverer one of his most beautiful hymns, and still the holy breath was stirring in his harp-strings, as Satan stood up to tempt him—to incline his heart to pride, on account of his goodly songs. “Hast thou, O Almighty!” he said, “among all thy creatures one who can praise thee more sweetly than I?”

Then in through the open window, before which he had spread forth his hands, there flew a tiny grasshopper and settled on the hem of his robe, and began to raise its clear, shrill morning song. A multitude of grasshoppers forthwith assembled around. The nightingale came flying to join them, and, in a little while, all the nightingales were concerting with one another, in the praise of the Creator.

And the ear of the king was opened, and he understood the song of the birds, the voice of the grasshoppers, and of all living, the murmur of the brooks, the rustling of the groves, the music of the morning star, the ravishing strain of the rising sun.

Lost in the high harmony of the voices which, unceasing and unwearied, praise the Creator,—he was silent, and found that, with all his lofty minstrelsy, he must stand behind the grasshopper, which sat chirping on the hem of his garment. Humbly he seized his harp and sang, “Bless the Lord, all ye His works, in all places of His dominions: bless the Lord, O my soul!”—(*Excelsior from the German.*)

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### THE UNSEEN.

CAN I see *the wind* on a stormy day? I cannot. But I can see the effects of its force and power. When I see the clouds driven before it, and the trees bending under it,—when I

hear it whistling through doors and windows, or howling round the old chimney-tops, I do not for a moment doubt its existence. I say, "There is a wind." Just so it is with the presence of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *dew* of heaven as it falls on a summer evening? I cannot. It comes down softly and gently, noiseless and imperceptible. But when I go forth in the morning after a cloudless night, and see every leaf sparkling with moisture, and feel every blade of grass damp and wet, I say at once, "There has been a dew." Just so it is with the presence of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *hand of the sower* when I walk through the corn-fields in the month of July? I cannot. I see nothing but millions of ears rich with grain, and bending to the ground with ripeness. But do I suppose that harvest came by chance, and grew of itself? I suppose nothing of the kind. I know when I see those corn-fields, that the plough and the harrow were at work one day, and that a hand has been there which sowed the seed. Just so it is with the work of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *magnetic fluid* in the compass-needle. I cannot. It acts in a hidden mysterious way. But when I see that little piece of iron always turning to the north, I know at once that it is under the secret influence of magnetic power. Just so it is with the work of the Spirit in the soul.

Can I see the *mainspring of my watch* when I look upon its face? I cannot. But when I see the fingers going round, and telling the hours and minutes of the day in regular succession, I do not doubt the mainspring's existence. Just so is it with the work of the Spirit.

Can I see the *steersman* of the homeward-bound ship when she comes first into sight, and her sails whiten the horizon? I cannot. But when I stand on the pier-head, and see that ship working her course over the sea towards the harbour's mouth, like a thing of life, I know well there is one at the helm who guides her movements. Just so is it with the work of the Spirit.—*Ryle.*

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## MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

### SALONICA—A COMMUNION TABLE.

Not long ago Mr. Marcussohn reports from this interesting place, that he had dispensed the Lord's Supper to the little church that has been formed around him. There were members of *five* different nations sat down at the same table,

and the services were in as many mingled languages—English, French, Jewish, Greek, German. What a holy bond of unity is the love of Christ, that can so blend in one the hearts of many names and kindreds! (Galatians iii. 28.) We regret to say that Mr. Marcussohn's state of health has compelled him to seek a season's absence at the baths of Germany; but in his room at Salonica, Mr. Crosbie, who lately left this country, has arrived. The mission is daily growing in interest.

#### NOVA SCOTIA—LABOURERS FEW.

The zealous Convener of the Colonial Scheme stated to the General Assembly that no fewer than *twenty-two* ordained ministers had in last year been provided for the colonies. Eleven had been sent to Nova Scotia alone. Yet in a letter we have seen from one of our missionaries at Halifax, he describes the wants of the Gaelic population as still very saddening. Many of the districts are like our Highland glens over again—the same simple manners, rugged but kindly tongue, old precious traditions, and above all, deep attachment to the Church and faith of our fathers. But in a population of ten thousand souls only two Gaelic ministers are labouring—one very aged, another about to retire in weak health. These poor but earnest-hearted people send over to us very touching prayers for help. "Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness to fill so great a multitude?" Even the little children can give their small loaves—their prayers and their words of interest—and these shall so be multiplied in the hands of Jesus that the time must come when the whole multitude will be filled.

#### BOMBAY—A NEW CONVERT.

In a long and interesting letter, Mr. Sheriff gives an account of the conversion of another native youth, named Nanjee Gokal. He had been deeply and gradually impressed with the faith of the Gospel, and at last had fled to the mission-house, from family and friends. Every effort short of violence was made by his caste and kinsmen to reclaim him, but he steadily resisted: tears, entreaties, threats, arguments, contempt—all were alike vain. At last the excitement around the mission grew so great and alarming, that to prevent the place being literally stormed by the mob, the aid of a mounted police force had to be obtained. The poor persecuted youth is safe now; every other tie has been to him as nothing, that he may sit and be taught at the feet of Jesus. Mr. Sheriff speaks of others



being drawn towards them, but the work and anxieties are overwhelming, and a fervid appeal is made to us at home for fresh help and fresh labourers, and greater and warmer interest than we have ever yet put forth, in behalf of India.

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**HYMN.**

When this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glazing sun,  
When we stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er life's finished story,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall,  
When I see them start and shrink,  
On the fiery deluge brink,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much I owe.

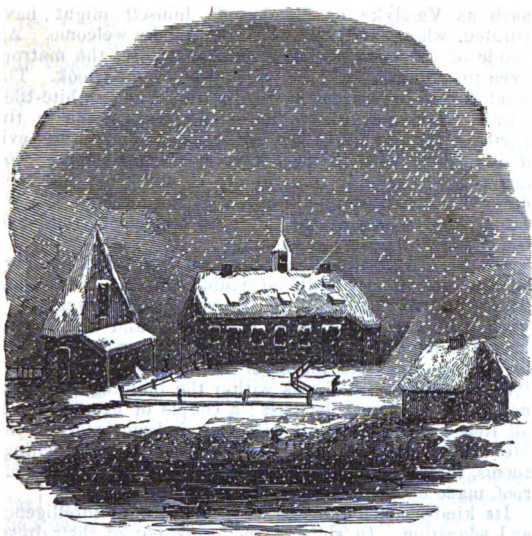
When I stand before the throne,  
Dress'd in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then,—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders in the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;  
But when fear is at the height,  
Jesus comes, and all is light;  
Blessed Jesus! bid me show  
Doubting saints how much I owe.

R. M. M'CHRYNE.



### THE OLD TEMPLE.

**W**HILE we were beating out of the fiord of Fisker-naes, I had an opportunity of visiting Lichtenfels, the ancient seat of the Greenland congregations, and one of the three Moravian settlements. I had read much of the history of its founders; and it was with feelings almost of devotion, that I drew near the scene their labours had consecrated.

As we rowed into the shadow of its rock-embayed cove, everything was so desolate and still, that we might have fancied ourselves outside the world of life; even the dogs—those querulous, never-sleeping sentinels of the rest of the coast—gave no signal of our approach. Presently, a sudden turn around a projecting cliff brought into view a quaint old Silesian mansion, bristling with irregularly disposed chimneys, its black overhanging roof studded with dormer windows, and crowned with an antique bel-fry.

We were met, as we landed, by a couple of grave ancient men in sable jackets and close velvet skull-caps,

such as Vandyke or Rembrandt himself might have painted, who gave us a quiet but kindly welcome. All inside of the mansion house—the furniture, the matron, even the children—had the same time-sobered look. The sanded floor was dried by one of those huge white-tiled stoves, which have been known for generations in the north of Europe; and the stiff-backed chairs were evidently coeval with the first days of the settlement. The heavy built table in the middle of the room was soon covered with its simple offerings of hospitality; and we sat around to talk of the lands we had come from, and the changing wonders of the times.

We learned that the house dated back as far as the days of Matthew Stach; built, no doubt, with the beams that floated so providentially to the shore some twenty-five years after the first landing of Egedé; and that it had been the home of the brethren who now greeted us, one for twenty-nine, and the other twenty-seven years. The "Congregation Hall" was within the building, cheerless now with its empty benches; a couple of French horns, all that I could associate with the gladsome piety of the Moravians, hung on each side the altar. Two dwelling-rooms, three chambers, and a kitchen, all under the same roof, made up the one structure of Lichtenfels.

Its kind-hearted inmates were not without intelligence and education. In spite of the formal cut of their dress, and something of the stiffness that belongs to a protracted solitary life, it was impossible not to recognise, in their demeanour and course of thought, the liberal spirit that has always characterised their Church. Two of their "children," they said, had "gone to God" last year with the scurvy; yet they hesitated at receiving a scanty supply of potatoes as a present from our store.—*Kane's Arctic Explorations.*

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### "DON'T FORGET."

A SHORT time since I was going a journey, and had taken my seat in the carriage, when, just as the train was put in motion, one of my fellow-passengers called to a lad on the platform, "Tom, don't forget." Of course I knew not to what he referred; but it suggested things to my mind which I thought, as teachers, we should do well not to "forget."

Dear fellow-teachers, "Don't forget"—

1st. **Yourselves.**—What you are you may expect your children to be. I am persuaded they copy us far more than some of us are inclined to allow; therefore "don't forget" to be neat in dress.

"Don't forget" to be modest in deportment.

"Don't forget" to be regular and punctual.

"Don't forget" to uphold your superintendent, yielding all due deference.

"Don't forget" to obey scrupulously the rules of the school. Are they faulty? Get them altered, if possible; but while they stand, "don't forget" they are binding.

2d. **"Don't forget" your children.**

"Don't forget" them in your daily intercourse with others. You will hardly credit (if you have not tried it) how many illustrations you may gather in this way. I have often seen the wandering eye fixed, by simply relating something "I had seen or heard the other day."

"Don't forget" to prepare for them. We little know the mischief we do ourselves and our charge by neglecting to prepare our lessons.

"Don't forget" they are but children, therefore bear with their thoughtlessness.

"Don't forget" their homes—the bad example, too often, alas! set them; and how much stronger that influence is than ours; therefore be not discouraged if you find them as wilful and disobedient next Sunday as they were last. "Continual dropping will wear away even stones;" and with such a promise of a faithful God as Isa. lv. 10, 11, we may be quite content to cast our "bread upon the waters."

"Don't forget" to give them full encouragement for any effort they may make to overcome a fault. I have found this answer where reproof has almost been disregarded. And then last, but not least, "don't forget" to pray for them. "Prayer is the key that unlocks heaven," therefore let us never omit earnest, believing prayer, for our beloved young charge. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive."

3d. **"Don't forget your God."**

He is faithful that promised; therefore, in firm dependence upon His promise, let us go on in our interesting work, resolved in His strength to overcome difficulties, and I am assured we shall find many a mountain become a plain.—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly Magazine.*

### HEAVENLY LIGHT.

DIVINE light is not as the light of the moon, to sleep by ; but as the light of the sun, to work by.

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### GOD'S TWO THRONES.

ONE is in the highest heaven of glory, the other is in the lowest hearts on earth. See Isaiah lvii. 15.

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### CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

OH ! what a melting consideration is this : that out of His agony comes our victory ; out of His condemnation, our justification ; out of His pain, our ease ; out of His stripes, our healing ; out of His gall and vinegar, our honey ; out of His curse, our blessing ; out of His crown of thorns, our crown of glory ; out of His death, our life. If He could not be released, it was that you might. If Pilate gave sentence against Him, it was that the great God might not give sentence against you. If He yielded that it should be with Christ as they required, it was that it might be with our souls as well as we can desire.—*Flavel*.

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### THE GRASS OF THE OVEN.

IN crossing the mountains of Lebanon, we stopped one day for refreshment near a rivulet flowing towards the east. As I was sitting there, I observed a peasant of the country digging up, with a sort of pickaxe, the clumps of shrubs and coarse grass which grow in the thin soil spread over the rocks. He was collecting them to carry home, in order to burn them as fuel. I had seen heaps of the same material piled up near the lime-kilns in the vicinity of Urtas ; and I frequently saw troops of donkeys returning from the fields loaded with bundles of such fuel. The scarcity of wood in Palestine is very great, especially in the southern part ; so that the people are obliged to resort to the use of almost everything that is capable of being burnt, in order to procure the means of warming their houses in winter, and of preparing their daily food. They not only cut down, for this purpose, the shrubs and larger kinds of grass, but gather the common withered grass itself, and the wild flowers, of which the fields display so rich a profusion.

It is from this source that the Saviour derives the beautiful illustration, which He employs for the purpose of repressing an undue solicitude on the part of His followers respecting the wants of the present life: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—(Matthew vi. 28-30.)—*Hackett.*

### SIGN OF SUMMER.

On my first arrival in the southern part of Syria, near the end of March, most of the fruit-trees were clothed with foliage, and in blossom. The fig-tree, on the contrary, was much behind them in this respect; for the leaves of this tree do not make their appearance till comparatively late in the season. On this circumstance appears to be founded Christ's saying: "When its branch is already tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know the summer is nigh."—(Matthew xxiv. 32.) As the spring is so far advanced before the leaves of the fig-tree begin to appear (the early fruit, indeed, comes first), a person may be sure, when he beholds this sign, that summer is at hand.—*Hackett.*

### THE BOOK.

(Continued from page 76.)

WE propose giving our young readers a brief account, in a series of short articles, of the origin and history of God's Book; and our sincere hope is that, after reading our narrative, our young friends will be more in earnest in their Bible studies, and more anxious to have the Bible circulated throughout the world. There was a time when the world had no Bible. In the tents of wandering tribes, and in the homes of men, there was no book printed and bound neatly, and treasured up as the companion of their holier moments, and their guide in times of difficulty. The fathers of the family did not, when the hour of prayer came, take the Bible down with reverent care, and read out in the hearing of their households the holy truths of God. They did not know of printing; they had no paper

nor ink; they knew nothing of letters; and, had it been possible to have got one of our modern books suddenly put in the hands of Adam and Eve—of Cain and Abel—of Enoch and Methuselah—it would have been as great a puzzle to them as Egypt's hieroglyphics are to the wondering peasant. And yet a child can read that wondrous Book now, from its Genesis to its Revelation. Oh! what a thankful heart ought each of us to cherish to our good and merciful God for His unspeakable gift.

But, though there was no book then, there was yet a revelation. When God drove out the man from Paradise, He placed cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. These miraculous fire symbols were a revelation of Him,—often repeated afterwards, as in the smoking furnace and the burning lamp that Abram saw passing between the pieces of his sacrifice; the burning bush of the desert, which drew Moses near to gaze in admiration and awe; the pillar of cloud and fire, &c. These were so many revelations of Himself which Jehovah made to men;—not so pleasing or instructive as the book revelation of later times; but still the awful intimations which told each looker-on that Jehovah liveth, and that He judgeth in the earth. You would not read those fire revelations so easily as you do the Book. Even Abram could not gaze without a horror of great darkness. Even Moses trembled. Even Daniel fell down as dead. And had *you* seen the fire and heard the voices which came out of it, how would you have endured so awful a revelation? It should surely be matter of eternal thanksgiving that you can, by the book revelation, make acquaintance with God as easily and gently as you could make acquaintance with *a man* who had written you a friendly and confidential letter.

It was a great want to the world, the want of the Book, for upwards of two thousand years. Though Jehovah in infinite mercy talked with men and instructed them in the great things of the soul and eternal life—though He even condescended to walk with Enoch, and reveal Himself openly to those who waited on Him—yet the want of the Book must have been a calamity of the most momentous kind. It was a lesson that the world learned then, and should be useful for ever, that the want of the Holy Scriptures left men to sink and decline more and more, and become so wicked that at last the Flood came and carried them all away, save Noah and his family. The Bible is the salt of human life that keeps it from corruption; and

each of us should learn to hide its words in the heart, and to magnify the name of our God for His great mercy in giving so great a gift to His children.

In our next, we shall describe the first attempts to chain down thoughts, and make them a perpetual inheritance to mankind. Was the great discovery of letters and writing the result of human ingenuity, or a special revelation from God?

C. M. C.

(To be continued.)

### FIRE FROM HEAVEN.

SUPPOSE we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them, "How?" They point to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half-a-hundred, or perhaps a hundred-weight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say, "No; but look at the cannon." Well, but there is no power in that. A child may ride upon it; a bird may perch in its mouth. It is a machine, and nothing more. "But look at the powder." Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it. Yet this powerless powder, and powerless ball, are put in the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So is it with our church [or school] machinery of this day; we have the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and O for the baptism of fire!—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

### MARKS THAT ARE UNTRUE.

1. *Natural Sensibility.* Many persons weep over a fictitious story.—2. *Terrors of Conscience.* Felix trembled. Judas had great horror of mind. The devils tremble.—3. *Superficial sorrow.* Ahab shewed this, 1 Kings xxi. 27. It was a temporary feeling. "The apricot is soft without, but it hath a hard stone within."—4. *Momentary impulses* towards what is good. Herod had many good thoughts stirred up by John's preaching, yet he did not repent.—5. *Good resolutions.* When people are ill, they often promise amend-



ment, and when restored to health, forget to keep the promise.—6. *Leaving off some sins.* Herod did many right things after he heard John, but he kept Herodias. An old sin may be given up, to entertain a new one. A drunkard may become sober and covetous; that would be changing one sin for another.—*Sunday Teacher's Treasury.*

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### UNEXPLORED WILDS.

IN Central Asia, north of the great mountains of Scinde, are wide, far-lying, savage scenes, few Europeans have ever gazed upon. The following striking description (from *Blackwood's Magazine*) is from the pen of one who lately travelled through these perilous hills, guided only by a few natives. He says:—

“Yet is it these mountains, with their valleys, which redeem the land from desolation. On these, clouds gather, supplying many of the valleys with small perennial streams, while, for a season, rivers proceed from the melting snow of the interior. The large valleys are sometimes sixty or a hundred miles broad at their base; they are quite flat, covered with low jungle, and bounded by mountain-ranges which seem, in the distance, to rise up at once high perpendicular rock-walls from the level plain. There are small towns in them, and round these towns there is a good deal of cultivation—green lanes, with prickly hedges, that have even an English look, and large clumps of trees, in which the date palm is conspicuous. But the greater part of the wide plains may be called prairie-land. One of these, that of the great Poorally valley, reminded us most forcibly of the desolate miasmatic Roman Campagna. In the evening, the same grey poisonous mist rolled over it, which we had watched from the heights of Tivoli, experienced among the Pontine Marshes, and in which it is almost death to sleep, unless the face be covered with a thin cloth. The dull-blue buffaloes, with their long retreating bent horns, which came over the gentle undulations among the burnt up grass and low stunted trees, were the same as those which abound on the Campagna; and the few herdsmen to be met with were scarcely stranger or wilder looking than the “golden-skinned” *Massari*, who, with their sheepskin coats and long lances, are as picturesque as any Belooch or Pawnee. It was only near to the Poorally river that the scene became

peculiarly Asiatic. Towards the mouth it was a large sluggish stream; the banks being here fringed with reeds, there opening out into large flat meadows, and again covered with small but graceful trees, lively with parquets and smaller birds of many brilliant hues. Grassy islets broke the glassy surface of the water, and on these, crocodiles were seen lazily sleeping in the sun, while some sudden splash or muddy gurgle indicated more of those sullen monsters. Thousands of ducks were floating in thickly scattered flocks near the shore, and a dozen of them were hit at every shot, although it was rather difficult to secure the bodies, for a servant, who rushed in with great enthusiasm to secure some, nearly got his foot snapped off by a crocodile, and rushed back again all trembling, crying, "*Mugger! Mugger!*" Flamingoes, geese, and other large birds were flying about, or wading in the water. The level prairie, with its blue buffaloes, the clumps of trees, the marsh and reeds, the crocodiles, the flamingoes, the flat wide valley, the dim mountains in the distance, with the absence of house, or hut, or human being—all went to form one of those striking scenes of which we have such longing day-dreams in the years of boyhood. It had a singular mystic influence, as the realisation of some "shadowy recollection," or as suggestive of some greater life; for we—

"Love all waste  
And solitary places, where we taste  
The pleasure of believing what we see  
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

The valleys have but scanty population, but the mountains may be said to have none at all, and some are of very curious formation. We spent two days in attempting to ascend the Vehur range, which separates the province of Las from that of Mekran, and were foiled after all. Being composed of alternate pyramidal-shaped layers of sandstone and mud, tilted up not far from perpendicular to the height of four thousand feet, and the action of the elements having washed away most of the mud, there remained the curious phenomenon of a mountain range, out of which there had been taken a series of cuts, isolating each remaining slice from every other. Consequently, it was possible to wander for miles through narrow clefts arched by the blue sky; but what with cross passages, sudden terminations, losing one's self in the labyrinth, and ascending delusory slices which turned out to be lower than many around, no real progress was made toward reaching the

central elevation, which, after the trouble and danger of mounting some pasteboard-like pyramid a thousand feet high, always seemed as far off as ever. There are other mountains, as portions of the Hala, on which a broad backbone of black basalt has been tilted up through secondary rock; and the summits of these form small portions of table-land. No Belooch or Brahui feeds his flock up there; but the wild mountain-sheep, with their magnificent horns, afford difficult and exciting sport. From the edge of one of the mountain plateaus which we managed to reach, there was a perpendicular fall of at least two thousand feet; and at mid-day the climate was cool and bracing compared with what it was below. It was in the evening that the mountain-views appeared most striking. The wild confusion of rock beneath spread away in the lurid glare like some primeval world destitute of life. The vast jungly valleys, falling westwards in the distance, seemed like dark but lurid rivers pouring down their molten floods into the glory of the sea. In the utter desolation, where the foot of man had never trod before, the silence was unbroken by any sound. Heaven's deepening blue, the only "thing of beauty there," was serene and passionless, unvexed by any cloud. Beyond our poor earth's rim, the great rosy light of other worlds was fading in the west. A dark shadow seemed to rise up from the earth, and a flood of darkness swept round the basalt cliff that raised its brow above the gloom into the light of stars. So removed were we from all familiar manifestations of earthly life, that we felt as if not upon the earth at all, but alone and newly alighted on some new-born star."

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## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### SEVENTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### I.—SAYINGS IN NAIN.

**JESUS DESCRIBES JOHN THE BAPTIST.**—(Matt. xi. 7—15; Luke vii. 24—28.)

**HIS REBUKE OF THAT GENERATION.**—(Luke vii. 29—35; Matt. xi. 16—19.)

**HIS PREDICTIONS — THANKSGIVING — AND INVITATION.**—(Matt. xi. 20—30.)

**II.—IN NAIN—THENCE THROUGH GALILEE.**

**THE WEeping WOMAN FORGIVEN.**—(Luke vii. 36—50.)

**MARY MAGDALENE AND OTHERS HEALED.**—(Mark iii. 19—23; Luke viii. 1—3.)

**JESUS' SOLEMN WARNING TO THE PHARISEES.**—(Matt. xii. 22—37; Mark iii. 22—30.)

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**III.—IN CAPERNAUM—AND BY THE SEASIDE.**

**THE SIGN TO THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.**—(Matt. xii. 38—45.)

**JESUS' MOTHER AND BRETHREN.**—(Matt. xii. 46—50; Mark iii. 31—35.)

**PARABLE OF THE SOWER.**—(Matt. xiii. 1—9; Mark iv. 1—9; Luke viii. 4—8.)

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**IV.—PARABLES BY THE LAKE.**

**NECESSITY OF PARABLES EXPLAINED.**—(Matt. xiii. 10—17.)

**PARABLE OF THE WHEAT AND TARES.**—(Matt. xiii. 24—30; Mark iv. 26—29.)

**PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED.**—(Matt. xiii. 31, 32; Mark iv. 30—32.)

**PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN.**—(Matt. xiii. 33—35; Mark iv. 33, 34.)

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**MUTINY IN INDIA.**

A MUTINY of the most disastrous kind has broken out among the native troops in India; and over wide districts in Bengal, everything seems to have been cast down, for the time, in sudden ruin. Many Europeans of all ages and sexes have been foully murdered. In Delhi and Meerut especially, the most fearful outrages have been committed; and it will grieve our readers to learn that the missionary labours, that have been for long so patiently carried on in that quarter, have meantime also perished.

Dr. Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, writes a letter regarding the loss of the missionaries at Delhi. He says:—"The Delhi Mission has been completely swept away. Rumours to this effect were current from the beginning of the outbreak, but we kept on hoping that some of the members of the mission might have escaped. It is not indeed absolutely certain, even now, what has

occurred. Not even the most sanguine are compelled to believe that the Rev. Mr. Jennings and his daughter, the Rev. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Sandys, and Chinnmun Lall were all killed. Captain Douglas, too, a warm supporter of the mission, shared their fate. Of Ram Chunder, and Louis Koch (the latter of whom left college only last January), nothing is said; they may therefore have escaped, though our hopes are of the faintest kind. Two native Christians succeeded in escaping to Agra. One of them says that he saw Mr. Hubbard fall, the other that he saw Mr. Sandys' dead body. Mr. Jackson has been spared,—'his life given him for a prey.' It must have been a fearful trial to encounter the wild unrelenting bigotry of the Mussulman crowd. But our assured hope is, that our dear brethren were supported by the power of Him whom the first martyr saw 'standing at the right hand of God.'"

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### HYMN.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But, when our eyes behold thy Word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

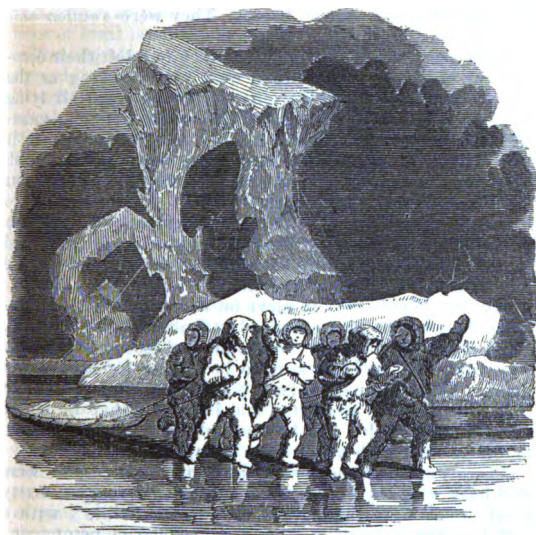
The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest  
Till through the earth thy truth has run—  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;  
Lord, cleanse our sins, *our* souls renew,  
And make thy Word *our* guide to heaven.

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### A STORY OF ARCTIC WANDERERS.

**T**HIS story, so deeply touching, is taken from Dr. Kane's book, from which we have already quoted. His ship was frozen in in the far north regions, where for months there reigned unbroken night. A party had been sent out in the waste darkness to explore; and the story opens in the small, gloomy, silent cabin, with the first sound of the wanderers after many days of absence:—

Everything looked promising, and we were only waiting for intelligence that our advance party had deposited its provisions in safety to begin our transit of the bay. Except a few sledge-lashings and some trifling accoutrements to finish, all was ready.

We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some mocassins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their

unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news. Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell; somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently travelled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party; a rescue, to be effective or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the new-comers, and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the "Little Willie" with a buffalo-cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at  $-46^{\circ}$ , seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

A well-known peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the "Pinnacy Berg," served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward, and it was not until we had travelled for sixteen hours, that we began to lose our way.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and colour endlessly repeated themselves; and the

uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of footmarks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in *cache*, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to  $-49^{\circ}.3$ , and the wind was setting in sharply from the north-west. It was out of the question to halt; it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and, at these temperatures, any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue; it burned like caustic.

It was indispensable, then, that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected, I now attribute as much to shattered nerves, as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like M'Gary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface-snow. But as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent-pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades; we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.



The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. "They had expected me; they were sure I would come!"

We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing-point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons; more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and we prepared for our homeward march.

We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Everything else was abandoned. Two large buffalo-bags, each made of four skins, were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side by fur, closed at the bottom but opened at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor. The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer-skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo-ropes, in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket-bags were thrown above them; and the whole litter was lashed together, so as to allow but a single opening opposite the mouth for breathing.

This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to embale them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers: the thermometer was at  $55^{\circ}.6$  below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

It was completed at last, however; all hands stood round; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks; some of them extending in long lines, fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable

deviation from our direct course; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross, without the aid of ropes to stay them. These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice-fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture, or a sprain even, would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load; the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

And yet our march, for the first six hours, was very cheering. We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge-lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our half-way station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the midwinter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: "they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded; an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire; we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had

frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then, leaving the party in charge of Mr. M'Gary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the half-way tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through; we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us, and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. M'Gary had improvidently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-ropes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for ought I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-ropes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket-bags. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our rein-deer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin; Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woollen comfortable, with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water, and get some soup cooked, before the rest of our party arrived; it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes, and we sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacly Berg.

The hummocks we had now to meet came properly under the designation of squeezed ice. A great chain of bergs stretching from north-west to south-east, moving with the tides, had compressed the surface-floes; and, rearing them up on their edges, produced an area more like the volcanic pedragal of the basin of Mexico than anything else I can compare it to.

It required desperate efforts to work our way over it,—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow: our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to  $-4^{\circ}$  in the shade: otherwise we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out. By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the Pinnacly Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P.M., we believe without a halt.

I say *we believe*; and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterward shewed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track-lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I

had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog-team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, administering morphine freely, after the usual frictions. He reported none of our brain-symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness: two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts. This rescue party had been out for seventy-two hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We travelled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at  $-41^{\circ}.2$ . We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

"April 4, Tuesday.—Four days have passed, and I am again at my record of failures, sound but aching still in every joint. The rescued men are not out of danger, but their gratitude is very touching. Pray God that they may live!"

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### LED BY A LITTLE CHILD.

A BLIND man lets himself be led by a child. So must we be brought to feel and to acknowledge to ourselves, that we are blind; and then the time may come when a Little Child shall lead us.—*Hare.*

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### THE BOOK.

(Continued from page 91.)

WE have been so long used to the printed Bible that we are apt to forget how long the world was without it. Printing is but a recent invention, dating so far back only

as the middle of the fifteenth century, while its introduction into England did not take place till about the commencement of the sixteenth. It is an invention which has conferred invaluable blessings on mankind, by multiplying copies of standard books, and thereby cheapening them down within reach of the very humblest classes of readers. But its greatest blessing, without doubt, has been the multiplication of the Holy Scriptures, and the facilitating thereby the circulation of God's blessed Word among all classes, and throughout all lands.

But, though a printed Bible is comparatively a recent thing, the Bible itself is a very old book. The Book, complete and perfect, was in man's possession many centuries, and portions of it thousands of years before the printing-press was invented. Some parts of the Bible are far older than the oldest books in the world. The same books which form our Bible were for long ages in man's possession, telling him the same truths which they tell us, and in the very same words. The same words which you read now out of your Bibles were read by others thousands of years ago; and the same fear, and hope, and joy, as inspire your own bosoms in reading God's Word, stirred the hearts of men who have been for these long ages asleep in dust.

The Word of God for these long ages was not printed, but *written*. You may think how long a time a writer or scribe would take to copy over the whole Bible, from the beginning to the end. And your wonder would increase if you were to see one of these old copies of written Bibles; so exquisite is the art, and so finished the penmanship, and so exact and accurate its every line, and word, and touch.

Some beautiful specimens are to be seen in the British Museum; or, if you were fortunate enough to gain access to the more hidden repositories of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, Mr. Halkett, the accomplished librarian, could shew you one or two exquisitely finished manuscript volumes. What pains the writers must have taken with the Book! What elaborate and prolonged effort! But they deemed the Book was worth all the labour they could give, and they were right. They were right, though it had taken a lifetime to write it, and though it had taken a king's ransom to make it their own.

But what a wonderful invention is writing, too, as well as printing. We can trace printing to its first commencement, and tell you the inventor of the first moveable wooden types, and of the subsequent cast metallic ones; but of the invention of writing we can tell you nothing. To invent an

outward symbol of thought, by the use of which the thoughts of the mind can be fastened and chained down as a perpetual inheritance through all ages, is so wonderful that most people ascribe it to God. The Greeks and Romans attributed the discovery of letters to the gods, and so also have others. Probably the fabulous narrations of these heathen nations have originated in a tradition of an actual fact handed down from the first age of man. The divine origin of letters is likely. God imparted to Adam a language—an exact knowledge of words, by which he was able to name the creatures. Human life was begun by a thoroughly furnished man, who had knowledge, and skill, and power to fill a highly civilised sphere of action. The knowledge of letters was probably imparted along with the knowledge of words and things, that this most marvellous educational force—this means of man's elevation, and instrument of communicating thought—might be put in use for the world's benefit, from the very first. If so, in all probability God gave many truths for man to chain down thus, for the enrichment of the world, and the promotion of His own glory. And possibly the opinion of some may not be baseless, who believe that Moses found writings ready to his hand—writings made out under the dictation of God, and which he embodied in his own writings as a divine portion of the Sacred Scriptures. It is not likely that the great truths revealed by God, which were of daily use for direction and support, were left to the unaided memories of those to whom they were imparted. The long lives of the first fathers of the human race were doubtless intended, among other things, for the preservation of truth and the wider bequeathing of knowledge; but the truth was too precious to be entrusted to the guardianship of mere tradition. And in all probability the art of writing, like the useful arts which God taught man at the first for preserving life, was divinely imparted to Adam in order to treasure up and preserve all the precious stores of truth accumulated by the human mind, and to float them down the tide of time for the use and benefit of all coming generations.

C. M. C.

(To be continued.)

### DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

IN darkness there is no choice. It is light that enables us to see the difference between things; and it is Christ that gives us light.—*Hare.*

**MISSIONARY TIDINGS.****CASSANDRA—ITS MISSION.**

FROM Salonica Mr. Lowndes, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and who has spent more than forty years in the Mediterranean, writes a long and interesting letter, describing a visit he lately paid to our mission at Cassandra. Much inquiry has begun among the Greeks, and the pure Scriptures, being spread amongst them, are giving their interest a right direction. Dr. Wolfe, Mr. Rosenberg, and Mr. Crosby labour together in this field. A little congregation has been formed, and Mr. Lowndes pleads strongly for the establishment of schools.

**SMYRNA—GOOD HOPES.**

Mr. Coull proposes in this city to erect a school, if possible, of Jewish boys. He may make only a small beginning, but it will be the best means of paving his way to higher results, should he succeed in reaching the hearts of even a few of the youngest. Mr. Benoliel, his colleague, reports much progress in circulating the Scriptures, and a less stern and bigoted opposition on the part of the Jewish authorities. How dead, changed, and dark all is in this region, where once went the footsteps of the Son of man in the midst of the Seven Churches! But over it there seems again to be kindling and hovering a good hope through grace.

**BOMBAY—A CONVERT'S TRIALS.**

The young convert mentioned in a former number is described by Mr. Sheriff, in another letter, as cleaving steadfastly to the truth he has embraced. Every persecution from his relatives he has suffered. Even violence was attempted, that they might drag him from the mission-house; and through their complaints a Government inquiry was made into the case. It results in his being still left in Mr. Sheriff's care; and so much attention has the matter won, that it may lead to yet others declaring for the faith they fear as yet openly to hold.

**INDIA—THE MUTINY.**

The mutiny still prevails among the native troops all over the northern part of India. The insurgents commenced by the murder of several Europeans at Meerut, on



Sunday, May 10th, whence they fled to Delhi, where, in conjunction with others of the native soldiery, they massacred all the Europeans they could find, and proceeded to sack the banks and Government buildings, and take possession of the city. They have been defeated outside Delhi, with a loss of 26 guns, and it is confidently expected that the Government troops would speedily regain the city, and utterly quench the mutiny. The total number of native troops who have revolted or deserted, amounts to about 20,000 men. There is, unhappily, too much reason to fear that several missionaries of various denominations, and at least one native preacher, have been murdered. From our mission at Sealkote, in the Punjab, Mr. Hunter writes a short letter. All is safe there as yet, though the terrors of this awful outbreak have hindered the missionary operations to a great extent.

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### ISRAEL RESTORED.

On the mountain-tops appearing,

Lo! the sacred herald stands,

Welcome news to Zion bearing—

Zion, long in hostile lands ;

Mourning captive ?

God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful ?

Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful,

By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?

Cease thy mourning !

Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will now restore thee ;

He himself appears thy friend ;

All thy foes shall flee before thee,

Here their boasts and triumphs end.

Great deliverance

Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble ;

All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;

For thy shame thou shalt have double,

In thy Maker's favour bless'd.

All thy conflicts

End in everlasting rest.



### THE KINDLED BEACON.



FF the south coast of England, near a wild broken shore, there stands a lighthouse. Even in calm weather, the waves, heaving and dark, break round the reef on which it is built with a dash of great terror. It may be pictured, then, what is the awfulness of its solitude, when the tempest comes driving in in the thick night, when the stars are all lost, and the black heavens seem to mingle with the yet blacker sea. Years ago, many a brave ship, hurried on by wind and wave, perished on this dangerous coast. Since the building of the lighthouse, however, the peril has been much less. Watching the gleaming beacon far over the deep, sending out its steady rays of warning, ships have passed safely, even in the stormiest night, and so many lives have been preserved.

In this lonely home, once lived a father and his two little children, a boy and a girl. He was the keeper of the light, and his duty was, every evening, as the darkness began to grow on sea and sky, to ascend to the lofty pinnacle of the

lighthouse, and kindle the beacon, keeping it so trimmed and ready, that it should start into an instant flame. It was the beacon to which many poor mariners, toiling through the waves, turned an anxious eye, and were guided safe. For long the keeper had been faithful to his trust, but, falling unhappily into a sad temptation, he one day went ashore, leaving his two children alone in the lighthouse, and purposing to return ere the night should fall.

Night came on, and, with it, sky and sea grew threatening, as if about to breed a storm. There was no sign of the keeper's return. The little children, hand in hand, looked long, until the light failed them, over the dizzy bulwark of their dwelling towards the shore, and down upon the swaying billows; but no sign of their father's shallop could they see. At last darkness fell. What a solitude was that of these poor children—listening to the loud booming of the surf, and watching, with their timorous eyes, how the gathering storm crept up and broke upon the heavens! Never had the wind wailed so fearfully—never had the lonely place been to them so unutterably lonely. They crept together, silent and shivering, the boy clasping his arm round his little sister, till night at last settled down dark and deep, and they knew their father could not reach them now from shore, even if he wished.

Yet, though thus awfully alone, God was very near them; and perhaps it was a sense of this in the poor half-breathed prayers beginning to rise in the boy's heart, that made him suddenly start up with a new terror. The beacon! It was unlighted! What if ships, driving in the gale, should miss it in such a night as this, and be cast away! Oh, the agony of the drowning mariners—the sin and shame of his father—the wickedness against God, and the forgetfulness of how He had put it into men's hearts to plant the beacon there, in mercy to all in peril! At the thought, the boy, brave beyond his years, yet shook all over. He drew his sister closer—he made her comprehend that the light must be kindled, and then he sought to take her for shelter to the lower part of the house, while he should try to do his father's work. But from her place, as near to him as possible, she would not stir—she would share his danger, brave little girl, also, for her father and the mariners' sake. So while she stood clinging to the bulwark, her fair face beaten on by wind and rain, and her child-tresses streaming out on the wild night, this true hero, her brother, with steady hand and heart, imi-

tating what he had seen his father often do, found a light. With his lantern, and watched by his sister's eye, he climbed bravely up to the dizzy peak, and there, after long effort, and only when his little arms were weary, and his little hands could scarce any more do their work, he kindled the beacon at last. How his eye and brow shone in its splendour, as he saw it revolving round him calmly and gloriously. It flamed like a star across the deep. Many a fearful heart leaped up gladly at the gleam—many a prayer of thanks was breathed, and haply, many a brave life that night was saved. The little boy and girl sat beneath their noble light all through the long dark hours—they sat and watched, their beating hearts close close together, their soft prayers going away on the mighty winds up to heavenly places, and then, as morning began to steal on over sky and water, their work and watch done, they fell gently and happily asleep.

Little reader, a little arm can kindle a great light—it can kindle the light of prayer—it can kindle love in the heart, like God's love—it can kindle the beacon of God's Word—it can kindle, even in the worst times and places, so pure and beautiful a flame, that many souls, near darkness and death, through its warning, may yet escape and be saved.

W. R.

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### DESCENDING OF LOVE.

Love, it has been said, descends more abundantly than it ascends. The love of parents for their children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us?—*Hare.*

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### ALMOST HOME.

A WANDERER, weary and worn, covered with the dust of travel, and suffering from many privations, sees in the distance the curling smoke ascending from his homestead, and, choked with feelings almost too big for utterance, exclaims, while tears of joy are rolling down his cheeks—*"I'm almost home."*

The playful child, having wandered from its fond parents, trembles for fear of approaching danger as darkness gathers around its footsteps; yet as it sees some well-known object,

shakes its curly locks and clasps its glad hands, exclaiming—*"I'm almost home."*

The mariner, after a long and toilsome journey, descries, in a far distance, the outline coast of his native land, and sings aloud with joy, while his heart is full to breaking—*"I'm almost home."*

The Christian, after having fought many hard battles, buffeted many hard storms, endured many trials, resisting many temptations, suffered from many afflictions, and grieved over many shortcomings, feels gradually approaching the hand of disease, and, being admonished thereby of his speedy dissolution, lifts his glad eye heavenward, while his heart melts within him as he exclaims in triumph—*"I'm almost home."*

Christian professor, thou, too, art almost home! Art thou wearing this world as a loose garment, so that it may be thrown off at a moment's notice? Are thy affections and desires fixed on things above? And art thou daily becoming more weaned from the things of time and sense? Or, like thousands on every side, art thou taking thy rest here, and living as though thou wert at home already? Be on thy guard—have thy lamp trimmed and burning, for at midnight the cry may sound in the ear—"Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."—*Christian Treasury.*

### THE SPIRIT'S CONQUESTS.

THE Spirit is an Almighty Spirit. He can change the stony heart into a heart of flesh. He can break the strongest bad habits, like tow before the fire. He can make the most difficult things seem easy, and the mightiest objections melt away like snow in spring. He can cut the bars of brass, and throw the gates of prejudice wide open. He can fill up every valley, and make every rough place smooth. He has done it often, and he can do it again.

The Spirit can take a Jew, the bitterest enemy of Christianity,—the fiercest persecutor of true believers,—the strongest stickler for Pharisaical notions,—the most prejudiced opposer of Gospel doctrine, and turn that man into an earnest preacher of the very faith he once destroyed. He has done it already.—He did it with the apostle Paul.

The Spirit can take a Roman Catholic monk, brought

up in the midst of Romish superstition,—trained from his infancy to believe false doctrine, and obey the Pope,—steeped to the eyes in error,—and make that man the clearest upholder of justification by faith the world ever saw. He has done so already.—He did it with Martin Luther.

The Spirit can take an English tinker, without learning, patronage, or money,—a man at one time notorious for nothing so much as blasphemy and swearing, and make that man write a religious book, which shall stand unrivalled and unequalled in its way by any since the time of the apostles. He has done so already.—He did it with John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

The Spirit can take a sailor, drenched in worldliness and sin,—a profligate captain of a slave ship,—and make that man a most successful minister of the Gospel,—a writer of letters which are a store-house of experimental religion, and of hymns which are known and sung wherever English is spoken. He has done it already.—He did it with John Newton.

All this the Spirit has done, and much more, of which I cannot speak particularly. And the arm of the Spirit is not shortened. His power is not decayed. He is like the Lord Jesus,—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He is still doing wonders, and will do to the very end.—*Ryle*,

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### JACOB'S WELL.

BUT that which gives to this locality (around Mount Gerizim) its most sacred interest, is the continued existence here of the well where our Saviour held His memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria. I have no doubt whatever of the identification of this well; the various local proofs which point to that spot, and the uniformity of the tradition, furnish an amount of testimony respecting the question too strong to be set aside. The Saviour was journeying at the time from Judea to Galilee (John iv. 4, sq.), and, as He passed through Samaria, would cross naturally the plain of Mukhna. It was noon-day, "the sixth hour," and, being wearied and thirsty, He sat down at the mouth of the well. There, too, I sat down, and taking the record of the "gracious words which proceeded from His lips" on that occasion, I read it, amid the surrounding objects, not only with new interest, but with a

perception of the points of connexion between the narrative and the outward scene, which left on my mind no doubt that it was the place where Jesus conversed with the Samaritan woman. The well is near the western edge of the plain, just in front of the opening between the hills where Nablus, the site of Shechem, is situated. Before me, therefore, as I sat there, was the town from which the people came forth, on the report of the woman, to see and hear the prophet for themselves. Behind me were the fields, then waving with grain, but at the earlier season of the year when Christ was there, recently ploughed and sowed, which rendered His illustration so natural: "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields" (referring to the people), "for they are ripe already to harvest." My curiosity to taste the water I could not gratify, on account of the old difficulty; "the well is still deep, and there is nothing to draw with." I threw a stone into the mouth of it, and could hear it rumbling away in the distance, as it bounded from side to side, until it sank at last in the water at the bottom. It has been ascertained to be at least seventy-five feet deep, bored through the solid rock. "In this mountain our fathers worshipped," said the woman, and the Jews say "that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." How abrupt, how vague, is this reference to a mountain, as it stands in the report of the conversation! But it all becomes definite, intelligible, as we read the history on the spot. There is Gerizim just at hand, at which the woman pointed at the moment, or glanced with the eye, as she uttered these words. In short, John's narrative of the occurrence at the well forms a picture, for which one sees that the perfect framework is provided, as he looks around him, in front of the hills which enclose the modern Nablus.

A church stood anciently over this spot so hallowed once by the presence of the Saviour. The common tradition supposes it to have been built by Helena, the mother of Constantine. It was erected certainly at an early period; for Jerome, near the close of the fourth century, in his sketch of Paul's pilgrimage, says that she came to Shechem, and entered the church that stood over Jacob's well. The ground there is slightly elevated, like a platform, shewing the space which the edifice occupied, and building stones lie scattered around, formerly wrought, no doubt, into its walls or foundations. The original mouth of the well is no longer visible on the outside; a vaulted roof having been built over it, through which it is neces-

sary to descend in order to reach the proper entrance of the excavation. The aperture is barely large enough to allow a person to crowd his body through it. The neighbouring Arabs, ever on the watch to observe the approach of strangers, take care to keep a heavy stone over the opening, so as to obtain a reward for assisting to roll away the barricade.—*Hackett.*

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### LOVING GOD.

PEOPLE seem to think that love toward God must be something totally different in kind from the love which we feel toward our fellow-creatures—nay, as though it might exist without any feeling at all. If we believed that it ought to be the same feeling which is excited by a living friend upon earth, higher and purer, but not less real or warm, and if we tried our hearts, to see whether it is in us, by the same tests, there would be less self-deception on this point, and we should more easily be convinced that we must be wholly destitute of that of which we can shew no lively token.—*Hare.*

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### THE BLESSEDNESS OF PRAYER.

If you are really desirous to benefit the young, you must *abound in PRAYER*. The universal instinct of humanity has ever recognised prayer as the true and only way to get our human wants satisfied. No logic can subdue the force of this witness. Wherever the human race is found, the instinct of prayer is in full play—rude, it may be, and uninformed, but still prompting the cry to God—still sending the soul up before the Great Giver for supplies of grace and mercy.

But the Bible has recognised and sanctioned this mode of obtaining help; and has purged the latent instinct of its ignorance and uncertainty. It is prayer that reaches the measureless fulness of God's grace, which, though lying about us, and lapping us from very infancy, cannot be brought into living contact, or sent through the inner life with its sublime, transfiguring force, save by prayer. See to it, then, oh parent! oh teacher! that as you work, you pray. Your soul must speak out, not only in earnestness to the children, but in more intense earnestness still to God. Thorough earnestness in action is indeed indispensable; you cannot else succeed in leaving the deep



print of your mind on any around you; and never was truer counsel given to God's co-workers than in the words of Jeremy Taylor: "Do all the parts of your duty as earnestly as if the salvation of all the world, and the whole glory of God, and the confusion of all devils, and all that you hope or desire, did depend upon every one action." But that grand energy in outward action can only spring out of a real, true, constant, and vivid prayerfulness. The soul of the true Christian workman cannot be still while the hand works; but flies to the throne of grace with every thought and every purpose before they are bodied forth in deeds, and at every onward step. Hence the action of the life reveals itself, glistening with the dews of heaven, and bathed in a sacred atmosphere of holiness.

All the great workers, who served their generation the best, and who bequeathed the richest legacy of Christian traditions to those that came after, were men of prayer—men with whom prayer was not a duty merely, or a thing that one ought to do, but a delight, a privilege, a sweet necessity. It was not a thing to be reasoned about. The soul could not wait the slow deductions of reason; but overleaped all the stepping-stones of logic to reach at a bound its holy object—its grand centre of rest—its place of delightful fellowship—its fountains of nursing grace. Never, throughout the whole history of God's work on earth, has any man ever stood out prominently as a heroic doer, but you are sure to find him pre-eminently a man of prayer. Luther was so much so, that, looking at the man in the light of his religious confessions, we are apt to conclude that it was prayer that made him what he was; that combined the rugged elements of his strength into a united force, that gave consecration and direction to his whole life; and that projected him into the sphere of Christian action, as the most central figure of his age, and the most typical of its sublime religious ideas. In carrying the eye further along, the bright perspective leads us on to the grand outstanding figures of the apostles. It would seem as if their prayerfulness were the one suffusive element of their whole being. A criticism of them as men of genius, men of talent, men of action, as leaders and chiefs of men, &c., would be an impertinence—a mockery. They are men of God—men of faith—men of prayer—whose whole life is a prayer, throbbing up to God in every pulse-beat, and leavening into the world's action by the divine force which prayer is pouring in. Without prayer they had been weak as other men. Indeed, no great thing of all the great

things which Christianity has achieved for men throughout all ages, has been accomplished without prayer. Let parents, teachers, and ministers, bear in mind continually, that without prayer not a step in advance can be taken; no great success can ever be commanded; no part of their mission can be truly realised; and no triumphant entry into the divine Master's joy can ever be. Prayer should be offered up continually, with an importunity that takes no refusal, with an earnestness that accepts all conditions, with a persistency that never tires, and with the force and overcomingness of a true faith. To every servant of Christ we say—PRAY,—it is your privilege—it is your safety—it is your armour,—in prayer are wrapped up power, dominion, an honourable future, and a sure success. Pray, as each idea strives to body itself forth in action. Pray without ceasing.—*Rev. C. McColloch.*

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### THE BIBLE IN THE YOUNG HEART.

Oh! how many there are, among the richest and among the poorest, who can testify alike to the truths of the promises of the Bible. The youngest children have been able at times to realise these promises. Let me just mention a story. I remember once hearing of a little lad in a town in Lancashire, where I first began my work of preaching to my fellow-sinners. He lay upon the steps of a door, in the middle of the night, in the great town of Warrington, and the policeman, or rather watchman, coming up to him, said, "What are you doing here?" The boy replied, "I am without father and mother, I have travelled thus far, and I have no food—no money—no place to lie down in." There was something in the boy's jacket which attracted the watchman's eye, and when he touched it he thought he had found a thief. "What have you there?" he asked. The boy then put his hand into his pocket, and brought out a small pocket Bible. "Well," said the watchman, "if you are so badly off I will give you a few pence for your Bible; I will take it home to my children, and you will be able to get your bed and food for the night." But the lad, young as he was, knew that the Bible was true; he had an experimental knowledge of the Bible, and he was ready at once with his reply. "Thank you, sir," he said; "but I won't give it up." "Why, you are starving," said the watchman. "Yes, but this is the Word of God, and it tells me, 'When my father and

mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'” Here was the experimental knowledge of the power of the promises. The watchman shewed his humanity, his kindness, and gentleness towards the fatherless boy. He took him home and fed him, and God prospered that boy who relied on the promises. And believe me that is just the experience of hundreds and thousands who have found their extremity to be God’s opportunity—who had found when they were very low that God could extend to them His everlasting arms, could lift them up, and bless them, and preserve them.—*Montagu Villiers.*

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## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### EIGHTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

##### I.—WITH THE DISCIPLES IN CAPERNAUM.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER EXPOUNDED.—(Matt. xiii. 18-23; Mark iv. 10-20; Luke viii. 9-15.)

HIDDEN THINGS REVEALED.—(Mark iv. 21-25; Luke viii. 16-18.)

PARABLE OF THE TARES EXPOUNDED.—(Matt. xiii. 36-43.)

PARABLES—THE HIDDEN TREASURE—THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE—THE GOSPEL NET.—(Matt. xiii. 44-52; Luke viii. 19-21.)

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##### II.—ON AND BY THE LAKE.

FOLLOWING JESUS.—(Matt. viii. 18-22.)

THE STORM REBUKED.—(Matt. viii. 23-27; Mark iv. 36-41; Luke viii. 22-25.)

THE DEVILS CAST OUT—THEIR ENTERING INTO THE SWINE.—(Matt. viii. 28-33; Mark v. 1-14; Luke viii. 26-34.)

RESULTS OF THE MIRACLE.—(Mark v. 14-21; Luke viii. 35-40.)

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##### III.—IN CAPERNAUM.

JESUS EATING WITH PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.—(Matt. ix. 10-17.)

HEALING OF JAIRUS’ DAUGHTER.—(Matt. ix. 18-19, 23-26; Mark v. 22-24, 35-43; Luke viii. 41-42, 49-56.)

**THE DISEASED WOMAN TOUCHING JESUS.**—(Matt. ix. 20-22; Mark v. 25-34; Luke viii. 43-48.)

**CURE OF THE BLIND AND DUMB.**—(Matt. ix. 27-34.)

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**IV.—FROM NAZARETH AGAIN TO CAPERNAUM.**

**UNBELIEF IN NAZARETH.**—(Matt. xiii. 54-58; Mark vi. 1-6.)

**MISSION OF THE TWELVE DISCIPLES.**—(Matt. ix. 35-38; x. 1-15; Mark vi. 7-13; Luke ix. 1-6.)

**THEIR PERILS AND THEIR STRENGTH.**—(Matt. x. 16-23.)

**THEIR FEAR AND THEIR SHIELD.**—(Matt. x. 24-31.)

**THE GOSPEL KINGDOM—ITS MYSTERY—ITS REWARD.**—(Matt. x. 32-42.)

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**MISSIONARY TIDINGS.**

**SALONICA—ITS MISSIONARIES.**

THE staff of labourers in this quarter are still prosperously at work. At Cassandra the mission-station is full of interest. Dr. Wolfe, our medical missionary, reports various cases, both amongst Greeks and Jews, of an anxious inquiry after Gospel truth. Every hindrance, both by the priests and the corrupt authorities of the country, is thrown in their way; but we are happy to say that, in Turkey, though it has not yet wrought its full effect, a degree of singular liberty has been granted by the Sultan to Protestants, in the exercise of their faith and worship; and in time we may expect a brave and persevering stand on the part of our mission to reap large fruits. It is even reported, that, very lately, the Sultan received from an English missionary a copy of our Protestant Bible, and received it with much respect and interest. The plan of our mission is now to erect two Presbyteries in Turkey—one embracing all Macedonia, the other, with its seat at Smyrna, embracing Asiatic Turkey. This is thorough comprehensive action, and our whole Church will look anxiously to the plan, wishing it God speed.

**INDIA—FURTHER DISASTERS.**

The mutiny of the sepoys all over Bengal, and its tales of unimagined horrors, are still filling every newspaper.

The missionary work everywhere has been arrested. We grieve especially to tell our young readers, that in the mutiny of the troops at Sealkote, our zealous and excellent missionary, Mr. Hunter, about whom we have been telling from time to time, was, with his wife and child, cruelly murdered. They were in the act of making their escape at an early hour in the morning, when the mutineers broke into their carriage on the way, and shot them in cold blood. God will avenge His slaughtered saints. Sad has been the blow to the Gospel cause—many, many brave and innocent lives have been sacrificed, and many hearts have sickened and been broken. Yet out of the ruins and bloodshed, haply the cross will rise yet in fairer beauty and success than ever. Meanwhile Delhi has not yet fallen, but troops from England are landing in India fast, and it cannot be doubted but that the days of this anarchy and bloodshed are terribly numbered. Let all breathe out fervent prayers for God's heritage, that has been so wasted and torn down.

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### HYMN.

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things which charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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### THE LAST LEAF.

**S**OME years ago, at one of the Irish Church Mission Schools, a boy, the child of very poor parents, was enrolled in a class for Scripture reading. He was quick, intelligent, and full of heart; but out of so wretched a home had he been brought, and so thick the gloom of ignorance with which his earlier years were pressed down, that it was a work of no small toil, at first, to teach him the beauty and charm of God's divine Word. However, light by degrees fell on the opening thoughts of the little scholar. His parents were Roman Catholics, and to them the Bible was a sealed volume; but to him, as he slowly drank in the truth, and thirsted the more the more he drank, the Bible began to unfold very strange and heavenly lore. In quiet places, under the shade of overhanging trees, was he seen apart from his playfellows, stooping his sunburnt brow over the Scripture page, gleams of light passing to and fro over the half ragged form and the thin eager face, as he stooped and read. So, day by

day, a gentle thoughtfulness grew over features that to a stranger's eye at first might seem rude and wild. Nobleness of love had been kindled in the poor boy's heart. Touching the fountains of all truth and love in Christ, there breathed into him, from his simple Bible, thoughts to which he could not give a name, but that filled him with a quiet and lowly happiness, wrought softness into his voice and step, raised the wonder of his parents often, as he clothed them in words they had never heard from child's lips before, and, when he was alone in deep retreats among the hills and glens, taught him how to pray. God's Word was his hourly friend—he talked to its pages—it shone on him with a face of love—it exchanged its holy thoughts with his—it was placed beneath his pillow when he slept—it was treasured in a little pocket near his heart when he went out to his daily toil—it seemed to whisper its verses to him wherever he turned his step—when he opened its boards to read, it was to him like opening the door of a temple, into which, entering, he met Jesus in still communion—and in his heart the Bible was so dear, that all its glorious secrets seemed hidden there, in that little beating world, for ever. So the grace of God's Word became the life of his life.

Time went on, and the little scholar grew up towards manhood. His parents had meanwhile died, and, alone, he was forced to go out to seek his fortunes in the world. By some accidental circumstance he was led to enlist as a soldier, and not long had he entered the ranks, when the Crimean war broke out, and he was ordered with his regiment to the scene of conflict. It was a war, as all will recollect, of terrible suffering and disaster. But at this time its first calamities were but beginning to be heard of; and as ship after ship put off from our shores for the East, they carried hundreds of young brave hearts, full already of the flush of battle, but many of whom were to see the friends and homes they had left never again on earth. Amongst others, the Irish Bible scholar was carried away over the distant waters. To many it would have seemed a perilous life he was now embarked in; but, full as a soldier's life is of temptation, and witness as it is often to much that is reckless and wicked, to him whom God's Word had so taught, it came with its perils, it is true, but few or none of its fears. Instead of his heart being wronged by wicked words and wicked deeds around him, it waxed deeper and holier in its light. It drew God's precious Book closer, and the thicker the gloom in which

it lived, the purer and steadier grew its shrine. God's things were hidden in it, as I have said, like hidden gold. So even the worst and rudest of his companions was hushed often by the words he spoke, and by the verses he read—sometimes in the red blaze of the camp fire—sometimes in the tent, as a hasty meal was snatched, and the tired head was laid down for rest—sometimes from memory, in the dark trench, and through the long bitter night. To his lips many owed words and hopes of which they had never heard before; and marvellous was it how the strongest and most daring learned to reverence in the boy such a shield of noble might carried in his lowly Bible, as made their strength and courage seem very weakness and fear.

The battle of the Alma was fought, and through its carnage and terror the young soldier safely passed. Some weeks later he was encamped with his regiment in the British lines before Sebastopol. It was a night of thick murk; and, after toils long and weary on the day preceding, he and a little band of his comrades lay down in their bivouac on the cold ground, to snatch a brief rest. It was indeed brief and awfully broken. Gray dawn was creeping through the folds of mist over wood and hill above them, when a deep and sullen tread rose on the ear like the moving of a sea—sudden cries passed along the ranks—men flew wildly to their arms—the roar of artillery burst forth—and in phantom masses out of the gloom it was seen that the whole Russian army was bearing down on this devoted band of our soldiers, hemmed in, surprised, and far from help. It is known with what a grand heroism, notwithstanding, the little band gathered itself compactly up, fought silently against overwhelming odds, and never flinched. Again and again the masses poured upon them, were broken and driven back. No man thought of flying—none of yielding—but all thought they must win or die. At last, in one of the charges, as day had at length fully dawned, the young soldier, whose fortunes we have been following, and who had stood bravely in a foremost place all through, was struck by a ball in the breast, and fell. He fell without a murmur. The flying feet of pursuers and pursued passed over him where he lay; and in the utter rout of the Russians, the tide of battle was borne far beyond the spot. He was seen turning on his side on the ground, and from his knapsack feebly taking the Bible he had learned to read at the little school, under the old shady woods. He was not seen alive again; but when, the



bloody victory of Inkermann won, he was found in the heaps of slain at last, even in that forlornness and death his tale was told. A crowd of fierce plunderers had passed over the field, stripping the slain, and in many instances cruelly murdering those who had fallen, wounded and helpless. So this young hero had died in a fearful strife: his clothes had been torn away, the humble store in his knapsack plundered, and even his Bible rent from the faithful hand; but as he lay on the trampled sward, his face turned up in the stillness of its rest to heaven, the light as of a far-away smile lingered over his brow, and on his extended hand, as if graven there, a torn leaf, the last remnant of his Bible, clung, *sealed there with his own blood.*

Little reader, learn the grace of this blessed Word—learn it early—let it be graven in the tender thoughts—love it, pray over it, and in your life live it. It can never die—from the hand the last leaf may perish—but from the heart, God's Word, if once truly there, can perish never. It is written there by the Spirit's pen, and sealed for ever with the blood of Christ. W. R.

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### "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

THE sins of our youth! How bitter their remembrance, even if God has, for Christ's sake, blotted them out. I had been stubborn in my Sabbath school class. After the kind, faithful teacher had used every other method in vain, he pointed me to the card, "Thou, God, seest me." I judged from his countenance, as he turned away, that his thought was, "This seed has been sown on a rock." He was mistaken. He had made an impression as enduring as an immortal spirit. Sabbath school teacher, you are producing many a permanent good impression, even when most tempted to say, "I am doing nothing."—*American Messenger.*

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### TRUTH IN ITS STRENGTH.

IF a truth be established, objections are nothing. The one is founded on our knowledge, and the other on our ignorance.—*Bishop Butler.*

## A WINGED MESSENGER.

- SOME of our readers may have heard of the loss of the steamship Central America. It lately perished on the American coast, in a violent hurricane. Through the storm, although it had sprung a leak, its crew managed to keep it afloat; but the leak gained so rapidly after the gale had subsided, that, settling down almost in smooth water, the huge ship was utterly lost. But ere it so vanished from the waves, a small coasting bark, called the Ellen, had sighted its distress, and, standing off and on, was able to receive all the women and children in safety from the sinking vessel. Here is the singular narrative told by the captain who thus was guided to give rescue in the awful scene:—

“Just before six o'clock on the afternoon of September 12, I was standing on the quarter-deck, with two others of the crew on the deck at the same time, besides the man at the helm. Suddenly a bird flew over and around me, just grazing my right shoulder. Afterwards it flew around the vessel, then it again commenced to fly around my head. It soon flew at my face, when I caught hold of it and made it a prisoner. The bird is unlike any bird I ever saw before, and I don't know its name. The colour of its feathers was a dark iron gray; its body was a foot and a half in length, with wings three and a half feet from tip to tip. It had a beak full eight inches long, and a sort of teeth like a small handsaw. In capturing it, it gave me a good bite on my right thumb. Two of the crew who assisted in tying its legs were also bitten. As it shewed to bite at everybody, I had its head afterwards cut off and the body thrown overboard. When the bird flew to the ship the bark was going a little north of north-east. I regarded the appearance of the bird as an omen, and an indication to me that I must change my course. I accordingly headed to the eastward direct. *I should not have deviated from my course had not the bird visited the ship, and had it not been for this change of course I should not have fallen in with such passengers of the Central America.*”

Some may deride this as a story of superstitious fancy; but of old God put ravens on the wing to feed His prophet in the desert place; through ages He has made light-winged birds carriers of chance seeds, that, dropped in new soils, have given birth to forests that have built men's ships, and roofed men's houses, and given implements of a hundred uses in men's service;—and why may not this

little messenger again have been like a prompting and saving thought from God, flitting over these dim and mighty waters? A less agency even than this often carries the Word abroad that is meant to redeem the world, and, in the black waters of sin and death, save sinking souls. Your word, your prayer, your mite, dear reader, may be such a messenger, winged with tidings of help.

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### A VOICE OF CHILDHOOD.

Of the same terrible wreck some touching incidents are told. With a great concourse of passengers it was crowded fore and aft. When the cry passed amongst them that all was lost, the scene was one of pallid woe. Every woman and child having been removed to the Ellen, the men, clustering into the rigging, and on the sides of the ship, prepared for the moment when it should fall into the breast of the waves. Little time for prayer, none for tears, scarce any for words of farewell. Some who, we are told, a few hours before were laden with gold they had gathered in distant lands, were seen pouring it out on the cabin floor in haste and despair, fearing now and hating what they had so loved and toiled for, and knowing that even a few ounces of its weight, if they were cast abroad in the waves, might sink them to the bottom. From the gold strewn everywhere in heaps, they fled as from an accursed and fearful thing. In death, and in face of eternity, it seemed to smite them with a stroke unutterable. It would appear as if the soul dared not commit itself to these floods, burdened even with its touch. So, equipped in life-buoys, or clinging to the spars that might drift when the vessel sank, most of the doomed crowd waited under the dim heavens and on the wide sullen sea, the coming of the awful time. Slowly the great ship was sucked into its grave, and in the black whirling deep at first men were dragged down many feet beneath the waves, and then out of their depths cast forth again, either to swim or perish. Hundreds were thus seen driven wildly on the face of the heaving abyss. For many hours no help was near, and no light of hope was upon them. Some swam for a while together—others, divided by the waves, went wide apart; and from the solitudes of the great deep, far and near, there came ever and anon a desolate cry, as another and another strong heart yielded and went down to rise no more. One man, saved when in the last extremity, tells, that as he

floated on the waste, he knew not whither, the whole past of his life seemed in vision to rise and shoot upon his soul. Things he had forgotten for years,—things that had given him pain and remorse in childhood, but that his manhood's life had blotted out so long, rose again as he had felt them in early times. A dying sister's sick-room—the pallid face in the shadows of its last hour—in an evil moment his having stolen a bunch of clustered grapes from her pillow—the darkness in which, after the cruel wrong, he had buried himself—his mother's voice of reproach in the still night—the aching of his sorrow after—and the sad look and sad tone of his mother's grief, that lingered in his heart for many days, and would not be driven away—all these rose in thronging memory, haunting him in the waves so vividly, and in the deep silence of the sea, as if through their anguish he was literally living again. He felt as if death was near, since that voice of childhood fell on his soul, glancing like an arrow of light through all the darkness and forgottenness of the past. Ere the night was over, however, he was taken up by a passing vessel and saved.

Reader, such scenes and times are all types of what death and judgment will still more awfully reveal. In these every hidden thing will be brought to light, and, as in an instant of time, the whole life will be lived again; voices of childhood will especially come back—tender, holy, full of reproach, long forgotten perhaps, burdened with many a lesson and many a prayer taught us. Treasure these voices now; treasure the questions Jesus now so touchingly addresses to your soul; forget *His* words and the name wherewith He hath called you never, and then you need fear no change. Death, judgment, eternity, nothing can separate you from Him and from His love.

W. R.

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### **"MY TEACHER WAS THERE."**

It gave great encouragement to the anxiously inquiring scholar who attended the prayer meeting and the week-evening service, to be able to say, "My teacher was there, and spoke a kind word to me." And if the hearts are right, both the teacher and the scholar will rejoice together when they can say, "Jesus was there."

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## A LAST TESTIMONY.

### A STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINIES.

Who among you, dear little friends, have not heard of the story of the Indian massacres—of the heathen soldiers, murdering their officers, and torturing and mangling even poor little children?

It was at Allahabad, a great city in the north of India, that an English youth, Arthur Cheek, a young ensign not more than sixteen, was lying, left for dead, among his murdered comrades. Night had come on: the youth opened his eyes, and looked feebly round. He was fearfully wounded, but life was precious, and he knew that God who gave him this precious gift could yet preserve it for him, if such were His will.

As he was lying on the parched earth under the cloudless sky, he remembered that close by there was a deep chasm in the ground shaded by trees, where perhaps he might hide himself from his murderers, until some help should come. If he could but reach it! Little friends! who can tell what a precious gift a few hours of life may be!

Slowly and painfully the young soldier crept towards the ravine, and before day broke he was safe under the deep shadows of the trees, and refreshed by a drink of beautiful water from a brook which ran along them by the side of them. Morning came, and noon, and the sunbeams, life-destroying to a European, glared fiercely through the heavens; the friendly shade made the young soldier a tent, and the brook was meat and drink and medicine to him. But as the shadows of the evening descended, he began to think of the sort of company that frequented at night the Indian woods—the Bengal tiger, the hyæna, the leopard, the jackall; he had no means of protection against them, except by climbing a tree, and his dreadful wounds made this a fearful task; besides, he must sit in the tree all night. The young soldier was patient and courageous; notwithstanding the pain and the suffering, he raised himself from the ground, and contrived to get into the tree. Another morning came, he slowly descended, and resorted to his brook again. We have said the brook was meat and drink and medicine to him; indeed it was, for he had no other. Another day rolled slowly on, morning, noon, and evening came: again the young soldier succeeded in mounting the tree; the third—the fourth—the fifth day

came; how he must have listened, as he was lying there, to every sound that disturbed the silence of those vast solitudes, in the hope of hearing an English voice, or the beat of an English drum! He was not alone: no one who loves and serves the Lord can ever be alone, or feel forsaken; the door is always open between Christ and His disciples, and they can hear His voice, and He can hear theirs. The young soldier thought doubtless of his home; he thought, perhaps, of the texts he had learned when a child, of the hymns he had taught to others in the Sunday school; he thought of those who loved him as their own life, going cheerfully about their usual occupations in happy England, and little thinking of where he was lying; but he knew they prayed for him, and that God, who heard their prayers, would answer them according to *his* need. As he was lying under the trees, on the fifth day, he heard a sound: it was the sound of footsteps—it came nearer—was it to save or destroy—an Englishman or sepoys? terrible questions for the young soldier to ask himself at such an hour. They were soon answered,—he saw himself surrounded by sepoys. All hope of life in this world was now over, but there remained the life of the next, and the home with Jesus. Calm, self-possessed, and prepared to suffer, they dragged him out of the wood, into the presence of one of their brutal leaders. He found another prisoner there, not a fellow-countryman, but a fellow-Christian, a native catechist, who had once been a Mohammedan; he, poor man, was kneeling upon the ground surrounded by sepoys, who were endeavouring to torment and terrify him into denying his faith. Far was every voice that had ever instructed him, far every friend who had taught him to lean upon Jesus; he had yet stood firm, but, the object of constant care and constant teaching, he was unused to stand alone; he seemed for a moment to waver; there was a word of Christian kindness and encouragement at hand, the voice of one ready to suffer with him. “Oh, my friend!” said the young officer, “come what may, do not deny the Lord Jesus!”

Just at this minute, the sounds so longed and listened for in the silent wood were heard—the alarm of the English attack; and Colonel Neill, at the head of the Madras Fusileers, broke in upon the murderers.

The fray was short, the flight speedy; the grateful catechist, saved from a danger worse than death, hastened to him who had been God’s messenger to strengthen his

faltering spirit. He was dead ; he had done the last work reserved for him ; God's messenger had gone home to the house of his Father.—*Children's Missionary Magazine*—(Letter in the "Times.")

### WHAT CHILDREN TEACH.

CHILDREN teach us what is our present state in relation to that which is to come. "The heir, as long as he is a *child*, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all." This is our condition now. We are not yet come to the rest and inheritance, which the Lord God giveth to us. We are infants, in our minority, bound unto a service of obedience. As the young prince, in the days of his babyhood, has no idea of the throne and sceptre which await him, and asks for the toys which suit his age ; so we have no conception of the kingdom to which we are heirs : if God were to tell us about it, we should not understand Him ; we should tire of listening, and plead for some bauble of the hour. Therefore, our Lord simply declares, that eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, heart hath not conceived, the things He hath prepared for them that love Him. We must wait till our change come. Now we are under tutelage and discipline. Yet a little while, and we shall need no more chidings, no more chastenings, God will take us *home* ; and as the glories of the New Jerusalem burst upon us, and the Hosanna-songs of the redeemed reach our ears, we shall feel that we have "put away *childish things*."—*The Protoplast*.

### OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

#### NINTH MONTH.

##### LIFE OF CHRIST.

##### I.—CAPERNAUM—THENCE TO BETHSAIDA.

Death of John the Baptist.—(Matt. xiv. 1-12 ; Mark vi. 14-29 ; Luke ix. 7-9.)

Healing in the desert.—(Matt. xiv. 13, 14 ; Mark vi. 80-84 ; Luke ix. 10, 11.)

Miracle of the loaves.—(Matt. xiv. 15-21 ; Mark vi. 35-44 ; Luke ix. 12-17 ; John vi. 1-13.)

## II.—TO THE LAKE—CAPERNAUM AGAIN.

Jesus on the water.—(Matt. xiv. 22, 28; Mark vi. 45-47; John vi. 14-17.)

Peter saved.—(Matt. xiv. 24-33; Mark vi. 48-52; John vi. 18-21.)

The men of Gennesaret seeking Jesus.—(Matt. xiv. 34-36; Mark vi. 53-56; John vi. 22-24.)

## [III.—DISCOURSE TO THE CAPERNAUM MULTITUDE.

The Bread of Life—Jesus coming into the world—Believing on Him.—(John vi. 25-40.)

Eating of the Bread of Life—The Jews' question—Jesus the food of the soul.—(John vi. 41-58.)

Impressions from Jesus' teaching.—(John vi. 59-71.)

## IV.—BEGINNING OF THIRD YEAR OF CHRIST'S MINISTRY—CAPERNAUM TO SAREPTA.

Complaints of the Pharisees—Christ's rebuke.—(Matt. xv. 1-9; Mark vii. 1-13.)

His Parable—The heart in its mystery and pollutions.—(Matt. xv. 10-20; Mark vii. 14-23.)

The Syro-Phenician woman's daughter healed.—(Matt. xv. 21-28; Mark vii. 24-30.)

## MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

### INDIA—THE REVOLT.

FROM India the news continues to be very sad. Delhi continues in the hands of the mutineers, and the prospects of its immediate reduction appear but slight. Large numbers of English troops are being sent out, and those already there are acting with the utmost bravery, but at present the numbers of the enemy are so overwhelming as to render the contest a very unequal one. General Havelock, a Christian soldier, and son-in-law of the late well-known missionary, Dr. Marshman, has been marching towards Lucknow at the head of a small body of troops, and has been victorious in every battle. He met with a



temporary reverse, not from the natives, but from sickness, which produced great havoc in the ranks of his exhausted troops. The Madras army has shewn no symptoms of disaffection, but in Bombay two attempts at mutiny have taken place, both of which were immediately quelled. Large subscriptions are being raised for the relief of the sufferers, towards which the Queen, the Emperor of the French, and the Sultan have each contributed £1000.

#### THE COLONIES—LAST YEAR'S APPOINTMENTS.

In this mission of our Church, great energy has been manifested during the past year. No fewer than twenty-four appointments have been made, connected with its field. But this widening of operations has incurred an expenditure over income of £700. Hence the urgent necessity for an increase of support throughout the Church. The young can help in this object as well as the grown up. And if every contribution in money be wrapped up in prayer, remember Christ in His own cause will make it an hundred-fold.

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#### HYMN.

JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,  
To Thee I lift mine eyes,  
Teach and instruct me by Thy Word,  
And make me truly wise.

Make me to know and understand  
Thy whole revealed will;  
Fain would I learn to comprehend  
Thy love more clearly still.

Oh, may Thy Word my thoughts engage  
In each perplexing case!  
Help me to feed on every page  
And grow in every grace.

Oh, let it purify my heart,  
And guide me all my days!  
Thy wonders, Lord, to me impart,  
And Thou shalt have the praise.



### THE DYING YEAR.

**L**ITTLE READERS,—You know that, when we are near the close of the year, it is said to be *adying*. It has a swift decay;—winter makes it drear, and old, and desolate, like coming death. The year that began not quite twelve months ago has passed through the tender buds of spring, the fair blossoms of summer, and the ripe golden fruits of autumn, and is now pictured under such an emblematic guise as you see at the top of this page,—an old man, with sweeping beard, worn-out frame, his hand reposing on the open book that reads past and future, and his face in the attitude that tells the end is nigh.

When you think of it in one way it is well named a *dying year*. A brief compass certainly is that of twelve months; but how full of change—how full of *dying*! In that space the seed sown in spring has shot up, stood in fields of waving grain, and been cut down and gathered away. The leaves in the wood have flourished in thick

shade and then changed into mellow hues, and in the whirling winds been stripped from their branches. The fair summer sunshine that came and went upon the hills has also changed into cold feebleness and perished. Light itself, in some dark December days, almost dies. So, from field, forest, hill, and sky, all that the year came laden with seems, as winter goes on, literally to die. And we look at the wasteness of the earth, and the bleakness of the heavens, and think how sad is the dying year.

(Other things, too, far more solemn, mark the change. Ships freighted full, and that sailed the salt seas bravely when the year began—how many now lie wrecked and in nameless graves! Armies that went out to distant shores in the flush of pride and hope—how have their steps been marked with the bones of the fallen brave! Cities that have teemed with swarming populations and the rush and sound of life—how many of their thousands have they committed to dust! Families and friends that counted the full numbers of their circles—how many have been thinned away, and how few in loneliness of grief have been left! Death has been busy everywhere. Pilgrimages of threescore years and ten have closed. The pride of manhood has faded and died; and out of fair childhood also there have been taken the tenants of many green graves. Scenes of gladness have died into silence,—words of stirring power have died,—thoughts of deep and fervid interest have waxed cold and died,—love has died,—sorrows have slowly died,—hope has died,—hearts of great nobleness under discouragements and griefs have died!

We may well, then, call a year that in its course has witnessed so many deaths, now in its own lingering close, a *dying year*. Yet when we think of it more closely, all these deaths have more or less been births also. The winter puts over the earth its veil of darkness, but only to hide for a while, till that fades away into a new spring, with its veil of light. The old year, with its changes and chances done, gives place to a new year with its fresh work, its better prospects, its truer efforts. The year now ending does not die into utter silence and darkness—the ending is but a beginning again—it is but a passage into new scenes, new hopes, new inheritance. So the face of earth and sky God renews in spring. Words, and deeds, and events that seem to us to have died even out of memory, will rise in fruit again. Not one, for good or evil, has been lost. And the dead we have followed to the grave, or of whose loss

far away we have heard—these, too, have their resurrection. In short, the year is nigh done, but nothing of it has really perished, or can ever perish. As it has been a time of sowing, we must also have a time of reaping—a time of dying, we must also have a time when it shall all again stand up in life. Dear little readers, to each year, each day, each word, each thought, each life, there is in reality *no death*. In the light of Christ's face all must re-appear. Think of this—and think of it solemnly and hopefully. *Out of Christ* all is wrong and dark, and it will revive again only in the end to die a death we know nothing of yet on earth. *In Christ* you need never fear, nor can you in any sense of loss or sorrow die. The year may in many ways be very sad in its decline and close, but in Christ its happiness and noble fruits are never lost. He becomes to you the treasure-house of this and many years; you may store all you love, and cherish, and delight in—you may store all up in Him—you may store your life and souls in Him. You need never sorrow—He will keep all you commit to Him safe. And if thus to you to live it be Christ—then for anything, for all years, and all on earth, and your own selves to die, will be gain.

W. R.

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### "FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS."

THE following interesting incident is related by D'Aubigné. "We have just lost," said he, "one of the most illustrious men of France, Adolphe Monod," whose ministry in the Protestant Church of Paris was as glorious and powerful in death, as it was glorious and powerful in life. The Christian friends who visited Paris for the April meetings never left the city satisfied, unless they had heard Adolphe Monod preach. For two years this servant of the Lord lingered on the banks of Jordan, seldom able to leave his room, and scarcely his bed. Notwithstanding intense pain and physical distress, every Lord's day he assembled forty persons round that bed to the last, as many as his room would hold, and who, "having learned how to live, were there taught how to die." He entered into "rest" on the 6th of April 1856, and on his tomb, in Père la Chaise, is now sculptured an open Bible, the true treasure for France.

M. Monod, being once in one of the provinces, saw a soldier, alone, reading and thought, "I will speak to him of his soul and its salvation." He did so, and afterwards desired him to take a note to the Protestant minister of

the place, adding, "He will give you a book, which you must read for my sake." This book was a New Testament. The donor had well-nigh forgotten the incident. Last year, one of his nephews, a young man, not of very brilliant intellect, but full of devotedness and piety, became Scripture reader, and desired to go to the Crimea, to speak to the soldiers of the Saviour. This he did, visiting the hospitals especially. At that time typhus fever was raging there: he took it, and died.

When his family heard of their loss, they were very much grieved, for they thought, "Poor Heinrich has had no comfort or consolation perhaps in his dying hour;" but they had afterwards a letter from a soldier, who, with a Christian friend of his, had not left the young man through all his sufferings, but had tended him affectionately, reading and praying with him continually. At the end of the letter the writer said, "I am the man to whom M. Adolphe Monod spake, four years ago, in such a place, giving me an order for a copy of the Word of God."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."—*Olive Leaf.*

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### WHAT A SIXPENCE MAY BUY.

GEORGIE had a long Sunday school lesson to learn, but he tried hard, and recited it without a single mistake. So his father gave him a silver sixpence. A very happy boy was he as he ran down the lane to the toy-shop, there to buy the pretty top he had longed to possess for many weeks.

He had not gone far, when he saw a boy with a large basket of oranges on his arm, standing at the door of a small house. Georgie stopped to look; he did not mean to buy any, for he thought a red top better than any orange that ever grew. A little cripple sat in the door of the house, looking longingly on the golden fruit. "O dear, I wish I had three cents to buy one," he said, "they look so nice." But he had no money, and the orange-seller walked on. Georgie walked slowly after him. "I will buy that lame child an orange," he said, to himself. "No, I won't; for if I do I can't get that top. O dear, I wish I had nine cents, then I would get him one; he can't play as I can." Thus this little boy kept on thinking to himself, and finally he started off upon a run after the boy with the oranges.

"Stop, stop!" called Georgie; "I want to buy two oranges;" and held out his sixpence. The boy gave him the fruit, took the money, and went on. Georgie hurried

back to where the lame boy sat with his head on his hands. The little boy put the coveted oranges in his lap, saying, "Here they are, don't cry;" and ran home before the cripple had time to thank him.

"Where is your top, Georgie?" asked his mother. The boy told how he had spent his money. "God bless you, my son," she said, laying her hand on his curly head; "are we not told. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?"—*Child's Paper (American.)*

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### MAKING FRIENDS OF ANGELS.

THE friends of Christ have no cause to be afraid of angels. We are told, that when Mary Magdalene and her companion saw an angel sitting in the sepulchre, "they were affrighted." But they were at once reassured by his words: "Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified."

The lesson, at first sight, may seem of little importance. We see no visions of angels in the present day. We do not expect to see them. But the lesson is one which we may find useful at some future time. The day is drawing near when the Lord Jesus shall come again to judge the world, with all the angels round Him. The angels in that day shall gather together His elect from the four winds. The angels shall gather the tares into bundles to burn them. The angels shall gather the wheat of God into His barn. Those whom the angels take they shall carry to glory, honour, and immortality. Those whom they leave behind shall be left to shame and everlasting contempt.

Let us strive so to live, that when we die we may be carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. Let us endeavour to be known of angels as those who seek Jesus and love Him in this world, and so are heirs of salvation. Let us give diligence to make our repentance sure, and so to cause joy in the presence of the angels of God. Then, whether we wake or sleep, when the archangel's voice is heard, we shall have no cause to be afraid. We shall rise from our grave, and see in the angels our friends and fellow-servants, in whose company we shall spend a blessed eternity.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

## THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

A SUPERINTENDENT returned from his work one Sabbath evening, tired and discouraged. The children had been very noisy and troublesome. One teacher had been absent, no one knew why; another left his class uncared for, because he wished to spend a Sabbath in the country; and a third had intimated his intention to resign, because he found the school hour was so close to his dinner-time that he was disagreeably hurried after his meal. The subject of lesson that day had been "The plague sent on Israel for David's sin;" and the superintendent had carefully prepared and delivered an address at the close of the exercises, on the words, "Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing." With his mind occupied by these occurrences, and haunted by the thoughts suggested by the lesson, our superintendent threw himself on the sofa, and fell asleep. But his sleep was restless, and he dreamt.

In his dream he thought his fellow-teachers and himself were gathered together in an upper room, on the first day of the week, as the disciples were long ago—and suddenly, as then, our Lord Jesus Christ entered into the midst of the company, and blessed them. A calm, serene light filled the room, yet there was no symptom of fear on any countenance. By some strange, mysterious arrangement, Christ seemed to be present, and to address only one of the teachers at once. He thought he saw Christ standing before that teacher who had been absent that evening on his own pleasure: the Saviour's hand, marked with the nail, seemed extended to hold up the bloody cross on which He had hung and died, and a still, gentle voice asked the question, "I gave up my life for thee—wilt thou give up thy pleasure for me?" Oh, it sounded like blasphemy when the teacher said, "*I will not! the cost is too great.*"

A shade first dimmed and then hid this scene from the dreamer's eye; and when it cleared away, he saw the Lord standing behind an altar, addressing another of their company, one who, though regularly in her place every Sabbath evening, never seemed to benefit her class. She was asked for Christ's sake to give thought and love to these little ones. She advanced to the altar, but instead of laying mind and heart on it, she laid only the shred of time the school required each Sabbath evening! She offered her Lord what cost her nothing! She had nothing to do on Sabbath evening at home, and she found it dull to stay in the house.

Again, at that altar another teacher stood: he had left the school some time before, in consequence of being jeered and laughed at by his friends at home for being "*so good*," and in mockery they used to call him "Teacher." Solemnly the words were directed to him—"By the buffeting and spitting, by the scourging and the shame, by my crown of thorns and my cross of anguish, Wilt thou feed my lambs?" Alas! he turned from the altar, and refused to make such a sacrifice!

Once more the dream brought up another friend, a teacher who had died twelve months before. His figure was seen kneeling before the altar; his eyes filled with tears, and raised upwards towards his gracious Lord, as he offered his whole intellect for Christ's service in the Sabbath school. The offering was accepted with a benignant smile. Then the dreamer remembered how, while that teacher had few advantages of education—had twelve or fourteen hours of daily work—he had yet found time most carefully to study and write out all his lessons for the classes. The same figure bent again before that altar with deeper humility than before, and laid his earnest prayers, the outpourings of his heart for his scholars, at his Master's feet. Most graciously were they received. And it flashed through the dreamer's thoughts how that dear friend, when his health threatened to give way, used to be found on his knees, long after midnight, crying to God on behalf of the souls for which he watched, and when urged by a friend, who found him so engaged, to spare himself, replied, "Oh, let me pray—let me pray!"

Suddenly the atmosphere round the altar brightened, and that Christian teacher's figure was seen again, his eye brighter than ever; his smile reflected faintly that of his Lord, but his bodily frame was worn and wan. He approached the altar, and folding his arms, he bent his head, and exclaiming, "My Lord and my God," gently laid his wasted frame on the altar, and breathed his last! It was done, and the whole scene vanished into dazzling brightness. Then the superintendent remembered how that devoted labourer caught fever whilst visiting a poor sick scholar in one of the wretched hovels of the city, and how, standing at his bedside, he had seen him fall asleep in Jesus.

The dream passed away, but two thoughts remained—"How many of us serve Christ with what costs us nothing?" "How few of us dare present our work in the Sabbath school as an offering to our Lord Jesus?"



Surely these questions deserve our consideration. Let those teachers who profess to be Christians either take up the service, whatever it is, which they give to the cause of Christ in the Sabbath school, and, looking to the cross of Christ that they may remember what He gave for them, let them offer it to their Lord; or, if they find they dare not do so, let them inquire why it is that conscience interposes. Will it not be found that the reason is, they dare not offer to their Lord that which "costs them nothing"?—*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*

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### THE TWO GARDENERS.

Two gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by frost; one of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour; do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since? But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already! what are these?"

"These!" cried the other gardener; "why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss."

"What! coming up already?" cried the fretter.

"Yes; while you were fretting, I was working."

"What! don't you fret when you have a loss?"

"Yes; but I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," replied the industrious gardener; "and that's the very reason."

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### THE LEAST CREATURES.

WHAT a hum of satisfaction in God's creatures! How is it the smallest do seem the happiest? Compensation for their weaknesses and their fears,—compensation for the shortness of their existence. Their spirits mount upon the sunbeam above the eagle; and they have more enjoyment in their one summer than the elephant in his century.—*W. S. Landon.*

END OF VOL. VI.

THE  
JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD

AND  
Sabbath Scholar's Magazine

IN CONNEXION WITH  
THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."  
MATTHEW xxi. 16.

VOL. VII.—NEW SERIES.

PATON AND RITCHIE, EDINBURGH.  
MDCCCLVIII.



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THE

# JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD.

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## A NEW YEAR'S SERMON FOR LITTLE READERS.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

LUKE II. 49.

**L**ITTLE READERS,—These words were uttered by Jesus when He was a child. He was only about twelve years of age. It is strange there are just the two incidents told us—the one of His infancy, the other of His boyhood; then there is a long gap, and we come to the days of His manhood. Why is this? Simply that Jesus having been an infant, we are made sure He knows that beautiful life that is folded up like a sleeping flower in every infant's heart; and Jesus also having been a boy of twelve years, we are made sure He knows boyhood's life too—its tears, smiles, longings, its free generous thoughts, its temptations, and all the perils into which sometimes it so sadly falls. Jesus, then, is not for manhood alone. Jesus is also for the tenderest infancy, and Jesus is specially also for that age of growing youth, of changing tempers, and of deep, awful impressions—that age, my readers, through which most of you just now are passing.

See, then, what He said when only twelve years of age. Consider the words separately; they are very interesting and very solemn:—

1. *The "My Father."* When told about him who was called his father Joseph, Jesus looked up to the roof of the temple and said, "*My Father!*" One to whom He owed deeper love, larger faith, and holier service, even than to His dearest earthly tie. Father, mother, brother, sister, on earth He had none save in God who was to Him over all and blessed for ever. He saw God's countenance always over Him—He leaned always on the breast of God—He

was led always by the hand of God. So, little readers, the same privilege is yours. Jesus has used the word "My Father;" but it is that you may learn it. In Jesus and in Him alone God is your Father. Jesus is your elder Brother. As the Head of the great family in earth and heaven, He stands nearest God. But then you are the youngest brothers and sisters in that family, and on that very account you are helped most, and most tenderly cared for, and most anxiously watched. Does not Jesus, remembering His own childhood, put His Spirit into your hearts, and teach you, when you kneel down and clasp the hands and open the lips in prayer, to say very gently, very truly, and very sweetly, "*Abba, Father!*" Let the thought, then, of God, "*My Father,*" be your first.

2. *The "business."* In Jesus' case this was a business infinitely great. You know how it was with Him some years after—His sorrows, His loneliness, His wanderings, His healings, His wondrous teachings, and at last His death upon the cross. This was the Father's business Jesus had to do upon the earth. Yet in boyhood He was about it, He was considering it, nay, He was doing it. And so, little readers, if you are to be Christ's, your work must always be like a shadow, very faint, yet very true, from His great work. And even in earliest years you must begin to be about it;—the same gentle thoughts, the same helping hand, the same holy words, the same cups of cold water to the poorest, the same meekness that stooped down to the unhappiest, the same steps that were so lowly, the same prayers that were so simple and true. And do not think it strange you are called to all this now—so early; it is preparing you for that great mystery of life that lies before each of you—a life that in reality is God's business from beginning to end. Not your own business or your own pleasure, but God's—all you think, say, and do in this world. Make this noble thought yours, my little friends. It is one of the noblest thoughts you can master. It is what the universe is full of—the winds, the flowers, the clouds, the sea, the earth below, the heavens above, even the angels that excel in strength—all are ministers of God, and are daily and hourly about His business. In the midst of all this service shall you only stand idle? No. Take Jesus' words again, and make your life day after day so pure, and true, and holy, that at the end of it, however long, you can look back, and write on it from first to last, "*My Father's business.*"

3. *The "must be."* There was a great pressingness, also,

you will see, in the words of Jesus. He often spoke in this way afterwards. But it was not the pressingness of fear—it was the urgency of love. The Father whom He loved through all, and over all, and beyond all, and as all in all—His life would have no meaning, and no good, and no joy unless it was spent in all its days and hours in doing His business. And so, once more, little children, do you know in your hearts what it is to love the Father? If you love Christ you love the Father. If you love Christ's tears, and the blood He shed on the cross for you, and the wounds He bore for you, and the life of holy beauty He led on earth for you, and the words He uttered, and the deeds He did—if you love Christ closely, deeply, and clingingly in all this love He shewed for you—if you love Him now in His nearness, His watchfulness, His Book, His Sabbaths, His holy house—then you love the Father also, for He it is who in infinite love sent Jesus thus to seek and save you. Now, loving Jesus in *any* measure of love—it will constrain you. No coldness, or idleness, or indifference in the heart where His love once comes. It at once uses the word *must*—it is free and happy, and you would not for the world have it otherwise; but it gets very pressing. You begin to be anxious and jealous in all things for the Father's name, and praise, and word, and love. You will do nothing to shame these—you will do all to let others hear and see of these—till, as you get older and life opens wider before you, you learn to see, hear, and believe in the Father everywhere—above you, like the bending heavens—round you, like the teeming earth—closer to you than your own footsteps—deeper within you than the thoughts of your own hearts; and as you learn this, and then, looking forward year by year, and seeing eternity, like God's own shadow, fast coming on, you learn Christ's urgency in its fullest strength, "I must work my Father's work while it is called to-day; the night is coming!" Little readers, may this pressingness of love weigh on your hearts!

4. *The "wist ye not."* It was as if Jesus had said with some surprise—"Have you not seen in the very light of my countenance, the tone of my words and deeds, and the whole air around my steps, that I have these ties drawing me upward to my Father in the heavens? Surely you have marked, and guessed, and read all this? *Wist ye not*, then, that I must be about my Father's business?" Even so, dear children, yet once more, grace in the heart will always shine with light in face and step. See how a common joy puts a beautiful smile round the lips of childhood.



See how, when you read the story of a heroic life or deed, the sparkling eye and the flush on the brow tell that in your heart the story has quickened with noble thoughts. Much more, if you love the Father as Jesus did, it will reveal itself in a fair brow, a happy smile, a quiet and joyous step, soft words, loving deeds, a temper pure and kind. It will shine through and through you, changing the fashion of your features, and making your raiment white and glistening. It will seem to say to all men always, "*Wist ye not* that I am Christ's, that I am the Father's, that I dare not sin, that I love all that is good and holy, that I must in everything be about my Father's business?" Nay, it will make you very *wistful*, it will give you a longing gaze upward, it will set your face towards the better land. Heaven in your face, heaven in your steps, heaven in your path, heaven to be your home at last!

Begin the New Year, dear little readers, with these words of the child Jesus; and in the secret of your hearts may He give them life!

W. R.

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### THE WATER PIPE STOPPED UP.

I REMEMBER when I was a little boy watching a heavy shower of rain dashing and smoking on our house roof, and thinking how nicely our tank would be filled by means of the pipe which ran down the side of the house, and was intended to carry the contributions of rain from the whole roof down into the tank. We had had a very dry season, and trees and fields were looking so piteously thirsty, that I had compassion for them as for living things.

When the shower was over, we found that the tank was almost as empty as ever. How was this? Why, a little mischievous sparrow had built his nest in the basin-shaped top of the pipe, and all the water had run down outside to waste. That sparrow's nest is like *self-conceit and pride*, which stop up the channels to our hearts, so that, though God's grace is falling down from heaven upon them, very little can enter, and we are unrefreshed. We must send contrition to clear away the obstruction, before it is washed too far down the pipe.—*Union Magazine*.

### THREEFOLD COUNSEL.

Know three things:—

*The character of God*; Sovereignty, power, love, wisdom :

*The offices of Christ*; Teacher, Priest, and King :

*The work of the Spirit*; To enlighten, sanctify, comfort.

Follow three things:—

*Humility to God*; In thought, word, and deed :

*Love to the brethren*; Catholic, pure, fervent :

*Harmlessness to the world*; In speech, spirit, conduct.

Flee three things:—

*Sin in thine heart*; In thought, will, affection :

*Vanity in the world*; The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life :

*Heresy in the Church*; Concerning Christ's nature, word, and sacraments.

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### ESCAPE FROM DEATH IN INDIA.

THE Rev. A. B. Gould, at a meeting at Wolverhampton, stated that a young lady well known to him, who had been one of his own flock, a member of his Bible class, and a teacher in the Sunday school, had been placed with eleven others under the care of a friendly rajah. They remained until it became evident that their further safety would depend upon their getting on to the Ganges. The sepoys were near; and, with a body-guard granted by the rajah, they set off in the darkness of night. During their progress to the river they found that they were betrayed. One of their servants had communicated to the sepoys that unprotected females were upon the road. The sepoys were heard in the distance, and would soon overtake them. With a virtuous heroism the ladies commanded their guard to present their rifles, and fire upon their unoffending charge directly the sepoys came in sight. These ladies then sat down, whilst the loaded rifles were levelled at them, and thus awaited a doom which they themselves imposed, as preferable far to falling into the hands of their lustful and sanguinary pursuers. Ten minutes were spent in this awful suspense, when it was found that the hostile sepoys had been frightened from the pursuit, and had gone in another direction. The ladies eventually reached the river, and got into a boat, but it was boarded by some villagers, and they were crowded into a little hut, where fever and ophthalmia came on; and the young lady of whom he spoke, blind, and with only a petticoat upon her, at last reached Dinapore, where she now was with her friends.—*Union Magazine.*



**ADELINA G——; OR, THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE  
SHEWN IN A LITTLE GIRL.**

**A TRUE NARRATIVE.**

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—JOS. I. 21.

"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."—MARK V. 39.

**T**HE dear child of whom we are about to give a short but true account, was born at V—— P——, in the Vaudois valleys, on the 26th of February 1849, and there she fell asleep in the Lord, on the 12th of January 1855. Although her life was so short it was very useful, both to her relations and to all besides who knew her. She lived for the Saviour and by Him. When only two years old the voice of this heavenly Friend had reached her heart, and she had responded to it most cordially. One evening her mother, seated beside her crib, told her the story of Jesus' birth, and of the massacre of the children at Bethlehem. The child was deeply touched, and exclaimed eagerly, "I can't bear them, I can't bear them to kill the dear child Jesus; I love Him so much; I want to

go and live with Him in heaven." Her parents were much struck with the joyful expression which lit up her countenance as she said these last words, and they joined in blessing the Lord who seemed to have already begun a work in the heart of their dear child.

About this time her papa bade her pray for her mother, who was ill in bed. As soon as she had finished her prayer, she ran to her and said, "Dear mamma, you *will* get well; I have prayed for you."

Another day her father had to punish her for some act of disobedience. Afterwards, he made her pray to God for pardon, and then, of her own accord, she added these words to her prayer, "And in future may my dear father not have to whip me any more."

Her bad health affected her character, and made her sometimes sad and fretful. She was very sorry for it, and used to say, "I am not good enough; I do not love Jesus enough." She had a serious illness when about three years old. Her father asked her if she would like to die. "Oh, yes!" she said; "I should like very much to go and be with Jesus."

She did not much care for games; her great wish was to make herself useful, somehow or other. More than once when her mother wanted her to play with her doll, she would say, "But think, dear mamma, if I do so, I shall not be helping you at all." When she was only three years old, she heard her little brother cry while she was still in her crib, and, without saying a word, up she jumped, ran to him, and gave him some milk to comfort him.

The Bible was her favourite book, even before she could read; she would often ask her mother to read parts of it to her. When she was four years old, she could read it for herself, and then she quite devoured it.

She was very fond of Sunday. Her mother told her one day, that it was because she was rather better dressed on that day than usual. "Oh no, it is not, mamma," she replied; "it is because you read to us, and talk to us more than usual about Jesus; and because on Sundays you have prayers in the morning, when I am up, instead of in the evening, when I am asleep." One day, 2 Thessalonians iii. 10, was read at prayers when she was present—"If any would not work, neither should he eat." Next morning she seemed disinclined to work, so her mother said to her, "What did you read in the Bible yesterday, my child?" She answered instantly, "Oh, that's true! I have eaten, and now I am not working! I will pray to Jesus to make me work very hard."

When she saw her mother busy mending her own and her little brother's clothes, she said, "I see very well how it is, dear mamma. You tire yourself for me and my brother. But wait a little: soon I shall be big, and then, with God's help, I will do everything. And then I am determined you shall rest."

Her mother one day took her on her knee, after having punished her. She was not at all sulky; but said, "Dear mamma, how I do love you!" "And yet I have punished you!" "Oh! if you punish me, I know it is that I may be good; and, indeed, mammy dear, I would rather be punished than go to the devil."

She believed what the Bible says, that every sin, great or small, deserves the punishment of death. So sometimes, when she went to bed, she would think over all she had done in the day, and then cry bitterly. One day her father went to her to comfort her. "What are you crying for, my child?" "I am crying," she answered, "because I am so wicked, and because Jesus will have nothing more to do with me." And, so saying, she sobbed again. Her father comforted her with the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" then he made her pray; and soon the joy of salvation re-entered her believing heart.

Adelina greatly loved the poor. One day her mother asked her whether she would give up her soup to a poor woman who was begging alms. "Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, quite delighted; "do give her my soup, and I shall have some bread, that will be quite enough." She would gladly give up anything for those in whom she was so much interested, but, as she was told that it was necessary to act with prudence, she never gave away anything without her parents' leave.

As she was often ill, her parents were obliged to restrict her to a certain diet. This she did not in the least mind. She never objected to take any medicine ordered for her when told. "Dear child, the Lord Jesus wishes you to obey your parents."

She would often pray in her room alone, after having said to the maid, "Don't let Theophilus (her brother) come in." And once, when her mother came home after rather a long absence, she fell on her neck and said, "Dear mamma, I prayed so much to the Lord Jesus to bring you back."

(To be continued.)

## OUR YOUNG TEACHERS.

WHAT Christian heart can be uninterested in, or indifferent to, the young teachers in our Sunday schools? Just rising into life, with buoyant spirits, untamed as yet by life's many cares, who does not feel anxious for their welfare, or desirous of promoting their spiritual good? Helping as they are to form the minds and characters of succeeding generations, the Church of Christ regards them with interest, remembering that upon their instructions is pending the eternal destiny of souls; and it is not wonderful if a feeling of mistrust sometimes mingles with the satisfaction experienced by seeing so many engaged in the work of Sabbath instruction. The path of youth is indeed slippery and dangerous; the world tempts, and Satan allures, and doubts arise whether they are exactly suited to the work they have undertaken. Were all in possession of the one great requisite, "the grace of God," anxiety upon their behalf would in a great degree cease; for, however defective in other respects, He who despises not the smallest service performed with an eye to His glory, will graciously bless their efforts.

But very many of the young teachers in our schools are as yet undecided for Christ, and have engaged in the work with little consideration of its importance, or of their own individual responsibility. They have put their hand to the Gospel plough, enrolled their names as labourers in the vineyard, but from what motive they can scarcely say. The work, however, is a weighty one; the way of life is to be taught, souls are to be trained for eternity. And can these duties be performed aright by the individual unreconciled to God? or can they speak feelingly of a Saviour's love, who have never experienced its blessedness? We would, then, affectionately urge upon young teachers the necessity of possessing personal piety ere they can expect their labours to be acceptable to God, or prove beneficial in their results. The tongue may inculcate morality, and *speak* of the things of God, but their teaching will lack the fervour, the energy, the life-giving influences of the Holy Spirit. An interest in Christ should be sought, as the first requisite for faithfully performing the duties of Sabbath school instruction, and then the Church will reap the benefit of the hopefulness and ardour inherent to youth, and feel encouraged zealously to prosecute the good work of the Lord.—*Union Magazine.*

**OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.  
TENTH MONTH.**

**LIFE OF CHRIST.**

**I.—DESERT OF BETHSAIDA—TO MAGDALA.**

(*Read Matt. xv. 29—xvi. 4; Mark vii. 31—viii. 12.*)

**HE THAT WAS DEAF AND DUMB RESTORED.**—(Matt. xv. 29-31; Mark vii. 31-37.)

**JESUS FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.**—Matt. xv. 32-38; Mark viii. 1-9.)

**THE SIGN FROM HEAVEN.**—(Matt. xv. 39—xvi. 4; Mark viii. 9-12.)

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**II.—TO BETHSAIDA—AND NORTHWARD.**

(*Read Matt. xvi. 4-28; Mark viii. 13—ix. 1; Luke ix. 18-27.*)

**THE LESSON OF THE LOAVES MULTIPLIED.**—(Matt. xvi. 4-12; Mark viii. 13-21.)

**THE BLIND MAN MADE TO SEE.**—(Mark viii. 22-26.)

**WHO THE SON OF MAN IS.—JESUS BLESSES PETER—FORETELLS HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH—HIS DISCIPLESHIP AND KINGDOM.**—(Matt. xvi. 18-28; Mark viii. 27—ix. 1; Luke ix. 18-27.)

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**III.—CÆSAREA TO MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.**

(*Read Matt. xvii. 1-18; Mark ix. 2-27; Luke ix. 28-42.*)

**JESUS IS TRANSFIGURED.**—(Matt. xvii. 1-8; Mark ix. 2-8; Luke ix. 28-36.)

**HIS DISCOURSE ON THE COMING OF ELIAS.**—(Matt. xvii. 9-13; Mark ix. 9-13.)

**HE HEALS A DEMONIAC—WHY THE DISCIPLES WERE NOT ABLE.**—(Matt. xvii. 14-18; Mark ix. 14-27; Luke ix. 37-42.)

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**IV.—AGAIN TO CÆPERNAUM.**

(*Read Matt. xvii. 22-27; Mark ix. 30-50; Luke ix. 43-50.*)

**JESUS AGAIN FORETELLS HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH—THE TRIBUTE MONEY FOUND.**—(Matt. xvii. 22-27; Mark ix. 30-33; Luke ix. 43-45.)

**LESSON OF THE CHILD IN THE MIDST OF THE DISCIPLES.**—(Mark ix. 33-39; Luke ix. 46-50.)

**JESUS' AWFUL WORDS OF REBUKE.**—(Mark ix. 39-50.)

## MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

### LETTER FROM MADRAS—CONVERTS.

I HAVE the pleasure now to reply to yours of the 31st August last more fully. You refer to the convert Gergooloo (now David John), who, after renouncing heathenism, was baptised in June last. I am glad to say he continues to live consistently with his Christian profession, and seems a very promising young man. We have not had many converts from heathenism this year; yet I baptised another Hindoo convert, a female, aged 18 years, on the 6th September last, and just now, there are two young men who are very pressing to be admitted into the Redeemer's Church. One is a teacher, and the other a lad who took refuge with us in the Mission House, about four years ago, for several months, in order to be a Christian, but who at last, seduced by his relatives, left us, and has since been living among heathens. Of course, we are most desirous to win over and admit into the Church as many as possible, if their hearts have been touched by divine grace; but you are by this time aware, that however sorry to do so, we are constrained to keep many back from baptism till, after a due period of probation, we have good evidence that the Holy Spirit is indeed working in their souls. Nothing has done more harm to the native Church in this part of India, than admitting claimants for baptism too readily into the position of professing Christians. Hence, we wish the two individuals in question to be longer on trial.

### LETTER FROM BOMBAY—THE SEALKOTE SUFFERERS.

I heard yesterday from Mahomed Ismael. He and Nusroola are very anxious to return to the Mission at Bombay. Although their return must entail some expense on the Mission, yet, as they have expressed a wish to rejoin us, we have deemed ourselves bound to afford them the means; and I have written, directing them to make such arrangements as they can, for their downward journey. They inform me, that the Rev. Messrs. Gordon and Hill, of the American Mission at Sealkote, have most kindly advanced the funds for their journey to Kurrachee, from whence we will arrange for their passage to Bombay. I fear their journey may not be altogether without danger, but I trust that God who has hitherto protected them, will, in His great goodness, restore them safe to us.

The American missionaries have been exceedingly kind to them, taking them, when they found them destitute and forsaken, into their family, and treating them with the utmost consideration. These gentlemen write me in very favourable terms of Mahomed, whom they knew previous to the melancholy death of our friends: and we have all been gratified by the tone of his communication to us since the sad event. Together with a warm affection for those whom he terms his parents in Christ, and whose loss he deplores with unaffected expressions of deep sorrow he exhibits great fortitude and firm religious principle. I feel sanguine that, if spared to return here, both he and Nusroola will be valuable aids in the Institution.



## HYMN

### FOR A DYING CHILD WHO LOVES JESUS.

WHAT, going to be with Jesus!  
What, going to be with Thee!  
A little child so happy,  
Thy lovely face to see!

More happy than the children,  
When bless'd of Thee below;  
For from Thy glorious presence  
I'll never have to go.

Among the holy angels,  
Oh, am I then to stand,  
In white and shining raiment,  
In a place at God's right hand?

My happy home in heaven!  
So glorious and fair!  
Lord Jesus! make me pure and good,  
And take me quickly there!

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## OF GOD.

FEAR God for His power, trust Him for His wisdom, love Him for His goodness, praise Him for His greatness, believe Him for His faithfulness, and adore Him for His holiness.

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## NOTICE OF LITTLE BOOKS.

*The Three Talents.*—This beautiful tract is issued as a New Year's Address by the Edinburgh Sabbath School Association. It ought to have a very wide circulation. The three talents are Time, Thought, Truth. Each is illustrated by the writer in a very original way, with great elevation of tone, great beauty of thought and style, and great earnestness of purpose. The tract is something very different from what we often see under the head of addresses to children. For the information of those at a distance, we may state that it is issued at 5s. 6d. per hundred with cover, 4s. per hundred without. The Secretary, Mr. TAWSE, 11 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, will receive any orders.



### LITTLE FREDDY'S PERPLEXITY.

**L**ITTLE FREDDY was one day very serious. He sat a long time on a hassock before the fire in a deep study, while his papa was busy writing at the table. Some one came into the room, but little Freddy never moved. The canary sung his cheerful song in his cage, but Master Freddy never looked at him. The old cat rubbed himself against the hassock, and purred his loudest purr, but still Freddy looked into the fire, and mused away.

It had been a sad day with little Freddy. He had been that morning with his dear papa and mamma to lay in the cold and silent grave his lovely little baby-brother. He had looked on its pretty face for the last time, and felt its pale, cold cheek, and then wept loud as he saw it for ever shut up in that little white coffin from his sight. So Freddy was very sad, and you do not wonder at it. His little breast felt very lonely, and the house seemed very

still, for he missed his baby-brother's cheerful crow, and would rather have heard his cry than know his voice was for ever still in death. Poor little Freddy! It was his heart's first grief, and it was very hard to bear.

But there was something else that made Freddy muse. The kind minister, when he stroked his head, as he turned from that baby's grave, had said, "Don't weep, dear boy; your baby-brother is a bright angel in heaven. Only seek to be forgiven; you shall join him there, and be a bright angel too." And little Freddy was wondering how this was to be accomplished. He felt he could not go to heaven as he was; he knew he had often sinned against his God, his own conscience told him so, and he knew and felt that with those sins he could not enter heaven, and yet he wished much to go there when he died, and longed too to be rid of all the sin that he was guilty of; and there he sat musing about it, and wondering how it could be done—the sin forgiven, and he fitted to become a bright angel in heaven. So the bird sung on, and the cat purred at his side, but Freddy did not move.

"What are you thinking of, Freddy?" at last asked his papa; "you seem greatly perplexed; can I help you?"

"I was thinking," said Freddy, "about my baby-brother—now an angel in heaven—and wondering how I could get my sins forgiven, and be made fit to be an angel too. Can you tell me, dear papa?"

"Most certainly I can, my boy, and will be delighted to do so. You want to know how to get your sins forgiven? The way is very simple, and a few sentences will explain it all. It is just by coming to God, believing in Jesus as your Saviour."

Little Freddy looked puzzled. "Just by coming to God," he repeated, "believing in Jesus as your Saviour. Papa, I do not understand it."

"Then I will try to make it plain to you. You have heard of the way the Jews used to come to God in the olden time. God, by His servant Moses, told them, that when they sinned, and desired to return to Him and seek His pardon, they must take a lamb and kill it, bind it upon the altar, pour out its blood before Him, and then, while it is burning, and the smoke was going up towards heaven, they must approach, and lifting up their heart to Him in prayer—believing God's own promise, that if he thus came he should be pardoned—ask for, and obtain at once forgiveness. The Jew, in killing the lamb, owned in that act that he deserved to die like it; but he placed it before

God as his substitute, and looked to Him to accept of it as his substitute dying instead of him, and so, for its sake, forgive, and pass by his sin.

“Now, this is something like the way you have to come. You have no lamb to bring. Jesus Christ is already provided as your lamb. Eighteen hundred years ago He was sacrificed on Calvary, in behalf of sinners. God accepted Him as their Great Substitute, and now declares, that whoever will come to Him, simply looking to what Christ has done, and resting on it for acceptance, he shall at once be received and pardoned. What, then, have you to do? Simply to come to God, resting on that death of Jesus, believing that God will receive and pardon you, because He says He will, if you thus approach Him. Just, in fact, as the Jew did; only, that you come through a better sacrifice. Coming so, God must and will forgive you; for He sweetly says, ‘Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.’”

Freddy felt this was the way—the only way he could come. He saw at once that in Jesus was all he wanted as a sacrifice, and that night he felt he could rejoice, because he could believe that God did just what He said He would do,—accept and pardon all who came to Him through Christ.

Have any of my young readers ever felt Freddy's perplexity? Then, the way is for them just as it was for him; and not more willing was God to pardon Freddy than He is to pardon every little boy and girl who will come to Him through Christ.—*Lamp of Love.*

## IRISH MISSION SCHOOLS.

### IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH VISITOR.

IN these schools our readers have taken much interest from time to time. Their interest and contributions are now craved as earnestly as ever. It will be satisfying to them to read the following sentences of a letter written by the Rev. A. B. Gould, an English clergyman, who has visited and addressed many of the schools. He states as encouragements:—

“(1.) The intelligence of the converts already under your care. I do not, of course, speak of their Christian attainments, but I was greatly delighted to hear them give expression to their views of divine truth with clearness and

precision, and I may add, with apparent heartfelt interest. I have no reason to believe that those I questioned were above the average in point of intelligence; but certain I am, that they were able to give me a clear and scriptural reason for the hope that was in them. I could, therefore, have not the slightest doubt that their adhesion to the Church of England was, to say the least, the result of the clearest conviction of their minds. But when I remember their devout behaviour in church, their apparent interest in the Word, and their almost enthusiastic reception of missionary tidings, I could not but believe that the work, among very many of them, is far deeper than that I have ventured to name.

“(2.) The standard of scriptural information to which your schools have been raised, altogether astonished me. I carefully examined some of your schools in Tuam, Westport, Achill, and Connemara, and I do not hesitate to say that I found an amount of scriptural information such as we are, usually, unaccustomed to in England. I questioned the young persons and children on all the leading doctrines of Christianity, and found their acquaintance with the Word of God truly astonishing. On the whole, I never felt more encouraged to expect a deep work of God as the result of well-sustained efforts, than when I visited these well-ordered and well-taught nurseries. The unwearied pains taken by the clergy and missionaries in the instruction of the young, in these districts, is, to my mind, a certain pledge of your ultimate success. Such precious seed can never be scattered in vain.

“The hands of your missionaries I found were greatly strengthened in this department of their work, as I doubt not they were in every other, by the self-denying and affectionate co-operation of devoted Christian ladies, and the result is manifest. Not only are your own children a praise to your Society, but many of the children of Roman Catholic families, as I was credibly informed, weep in secret because they are prohibited by their bigoted parents from joining your happy bands. ‘The hearts of the dear children are all with us,’—so said many of your missionaries, and their witness, I believe, is true.

“(3.) The only other ground of encouragement I shall name is the prayerful spirit which appeared to me to pervade your Missions. The great variety of agencies employed by your Society for the conversion of the Roman Catholics cannot but strike a stranger—your controversial classes, ragged and hedge schools; your endless showers of

handbills, in addition to our parochial machinery, all give one the idea of work being done: but that which inspires one with confidence in all this external effort, is the spirit of prayer in which it is all carried on. It was, indeed, refreshing to be asked every morning, wherever I went, the same question, 'Would you have any objection to join the prayer-meeting of missionaries and Scripture-readers with which the proceedings of the day commence?'

"But I must not further trespass on your time. I have thought a parochial clergyman's view of your work might be encouraging to you, and I have endeavoured to give it in as few words as I could. The Roman Catholic mind seemed to me to be awakened—arrested—though in some cases irritated at seeing his religion so assailed. The priest's power, moreover, is certainly on the wane; and the time, I trust, is not far distant when the oppressive yoke which is bowing down the followers of the man of sin in your island will be broken for ever. At all events, whatever grounds you might have had eight or ten years back for commencing this Mission, you have surely infinitely greater now for its continuance. Pray, sir, with your Committee, take courage. Let not your hands be slack—cease not to importune us for more aid, if more aid is needed. If it is regarded as a high privilege by our dear brethren in the Sister Island to conduct this Mission, we must not think lightly of ours, if, in any way, we can strengthen their hands in their work of faith and labour of love."

We trust our Sabbath school children in Scotland will not be unmindful of their little brothers and sisters being gathered in from the waste places in Ireland. They seem to stretch out their hands and still to say, "Come over and help us!" We can surely give them a share in the little treasure of our missionary boxes, and we can give them the aid and the blessing of our prayers.

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## ADELINA G——; OR, THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE SHOWN IN A LITTLE GIRL.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

(Continued from page 8.)

ADELINA's mother used to make her study Genesis; but of her own accord she used to search for passages in the Gospels about Christ; and she was particularly fond of

the following: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" of Luke ii. 46-51, specially of the words, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and of Luke x. 39, "Mary, who also sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word." "I too," she said, "would like to be very attentive to the voice of my Saviour."

When she was five years old, her desire to go to her Friend in heaven, as she used to say, became very great. "But are you not content, dear," said her mother, "to stay here with your papa and me?" "Oh, mamma, think!" she answered; "I am, of course, content; but you know very well that Jesus loves me much more than you two do. Don't you like me to say so? Have you not often told me that I ought to love Him more than you? Indeed, dear mamma, if He were to take me to-night, I should be so very, *very* glad. To-morrow I should be singing songs before Him."

She was very fond of making little hymns of her own; and would often say to her papa, "Dear papa, shall I sing you a hymn?" And often she would send her little brother to sleep singing with her sweet voice the praises of the Lord.

Her conversation with her brother was generally about heavenly things. We will record some of their dialogues, in order to give some idea of it.

An idiot used often to come to their door and beg. The little boy was frightened by his wild cries. One day he said to his mother, "Mamma, N—— N—— will not go to heaven—will he? He is too bad, he frightens me." Adelina was present, and instantly replied, "Jesus died for him also, and I hope we shall see even him in paradise." "But I should be frightened to find myself with him up there," he answered. The mother was about to speak, when Adelina said, "Never fear, Theophilus; when you are in heaven, the idiot will be quite different to what he is now. His body will be left in the grave—the worms will eat it; but Jesus will raise it up again, and then, how beautiful it will be! He will not howl any more, but he will sing songs like this, 'Jesus, my Saviour! I love thee with my whole heart, and so thou wilt take me to thyself into thine own arms.'" She had made these words into a little song, and she often sang it.

One day she asked her aunt, "Dear aunt, do you love Jesus?" "Not so much as I wish to love Him," was the

answer. "And you, Adelina, do you love Him?" "Oh yes! I love Him." This aunt was tired one day when carrying her home from a walk; so a man named D—— T——, who happened to pass, offered to take her. Adelina refused; but when told by her aunt that D—— T—— also loved Jesus, she immediately stretched out her arms to go to him.

One of the last days that she went to school, she said to one of her companions, as they came out, "Do you wish to go to heaven?" "I don't know what you mean," the child replied. "Oh!" said Adelina, "it is, that my best friend is in heaven, Jesus."

A few days before she died, her father, grieved to see her ill (although she was not yet seriously so), asked her, "My child, are you not afraid to die?" "Oh no." "And why?" "Because Jesus has died for my sins." The day she fell ill she asked her mother to read to her from the Bible. "What part shall I read?" "Read about the child Jesus being left behind in Jerusalem." When the reading was finished she said, "All these sayings I keep in my heart." Her illness became more serious; quinsy came on, for which the doctor ordered her leeches. Her mamma warned her that these little creatures would hurt her, but that, with God's blessing, they might cure her. "Think, dear," she added, "of the Lord Jesus, whose hands and feet were pierced, and He will help you to bear your pains." The child lay perfectly still, and twice stretched out her neck without a murmur for the operation, so that the doctor himself was astonished.

She had a little money of her own. "You will give it," she said to her mother, "to the men who go and talk about Jesus to people who know nothing about Him." Of course her wish was complied with.

Twelve hours before her death she was relieved from the quinsy, which had seemed likely to suffocate her. "Be comforted," said her mother, "it seems as if the Lord would allow you to recover; you will stay yet a while with us." Adelina did not rejoice; she became, on the contrary, rather more grave when she heard this; but after a little while she again began to smile, raising her hands, and her sweet face to heaven. From that time she caressed her parents more tenderly than ever, stroking the face now of one, then of the other with extraordinary affection. Suddenly she said to her mother, "In heaven there shall be no more death." "No," she replied; "there is nothing but joy and bliss in the Saviour's presence." Adelina smiled.



"Why do you smile?" said her mother. Another smile was the only answer. Her parents are quite sure that she felt her death was near, but that she would not say so, lest she should grieve them, for she loved them dearly, particularly her mother. Two or three hours before leaving them for ever, she said twice, "Good-bye, mamma! good-bye, mamma!" but with so joyful a voice and manner, that it never occurred to her mother this was her last farewell.

Death took away this dear child as she slept. The only symptom of her approaching end was the cold sweat on her cheeks. Otherwise she had been quite at ease since the quinsy had left her. The doctor thought all danger was past. No one suspected the end so near, when she fell asleep, smiling, in the arms of the Saviour she had loved so well. That smile did not leave her in death; when the day came to bury her, it still brightened her face.

May this simple narrative excite any parents who read it, to lead their children betimes to the good Shepherd Jesus Christ; and not to neglect for this purpose either prayer or the correction necessary, and according to the Lord. These were the means employed by the father and mother of Adelina, and which the Lord in His mercy was pleased to bless. He will bless them whenever used.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is my Father's kingdom."—(Luke xviii. 16.)

### THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I FEEL so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Henry, "that I really must ——"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Kate.

"No, look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Kate, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writings in a round text-hand.

"Here it is," said Henry; then read aloud: "*March 8. Ben lent me his new hat. Here again: June 4. When I lost my shilling Ben kindly made it up to me. Well,*" observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good fellow, after all!"

"What do you note down in that book?" said Kate, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that ever are shewn me; you would wonder how many they are! I find a great deal of good

from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory; so I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humoured again, if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down," said Kate. "Let me glance over a page:—

"Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed.

"Mrs. Phillips gave me five shillings.

"Old Martha asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put 'Father and Mother' at the top of every page?" asked Kate.

"Oh, they shew me so much kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names, to remind myself of my great debt of love. I know that I never can pay it! And see what I have put at the beginning of my book, '*Every good gift is from above*;' this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have, were given to me by God, and that while I am grateful to them, I should, first of all, be thankful to Him."

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time would find it an excellent plan to keep a Book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down yet keep a book of remembrance of past kindness in their hearts!—*Union Magazine*.

### THE CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

We take this touching little extract from a letter to the Secretary of the Ladies' Association:—

"CALCUTTA, 24th November 1857.

"Since Miss Hebron wrote the accompanying letter for you, another girl has been removed by death. 'Catherine,' long long delicate, pining and ill, quietly departed yesterday morning, and was buried in the evening in the Scotch burial-ground. There is, blessed be the God of all grace, much reason to hope that she is safely housed where no human care is needed. A few minutes before she expired, Miss Hebron, remarking on her approaching end, asked, 'Would she like to go to heaven?' Her answer was, emphatically, 'Yes.' 'Do you love the Lord Jesus?' 'Yes.' 'Who is He?' 'The Son of God, my Saviour,' twice repeating this in Bengali."

## LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You may remember that I gave you a short account of the early history of the Rev. Mr. Ross, in a letter I was privileged to address to you in this Magazine (*October 1856*, page 111). In July last I invited my children, who were anxious to know about far distant Africa, and Mr. Ross's labours therein, to write along with me and to ask any questions they pleased for their own information, and also for that of their companions. The following is the result. Commending you all to the care of the great and good Shepherd, I am, yours ever,

R. F. F.

“LIKATLONG, *September 1, 1857.*

“MY DEAR J——,—I was truly happy to receive your small but interesting letter. . . . You tell me that your church is warm and comfortable. My former church at Taung\* was wonderfully comfortable, too, although it was built by my own hands. Little did I think, when helping to build, as a journeyman wright, at the Parish Church of Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, Perthshire, that some of the same tools would be employed in building a house for the worship of the God of our fathers in the very midst of heathen darkness; for, although I was then directing my thoughts to entering the ministry in order to go to the heathen to tell them of Jesus, yet I knew not whither. The church where I preach at present is also astonishingly comfortable, built as it was by my excellent colleague in the ministry, Mr. Helmore, now in England. . . . Almost everything in this land of South Africa is new to such as you. The day with its burning sun gives much pleasure in its early morning. The bustle of busy midday becomes very fatiguing, but the evening and the night are truly splendid. Mercury is often seen in the course of the year. Venus is magnificent, either as the evening or the morning star. Jupiter with his four moons is a sight full of splendour here. Mars with characteristic bloody appearance is easily found out; and Saturn with his belts and seven moons is particularly interesting. Herschell have I not yet observed. The Magellan clouds, the Milky-way, and the Southern Cross, are not seen in Scotland—I mean, the part of the Milky-way seen in this

\* Taung, I may mention, is a town of four thousand inhabitants, not one of whom, when Mr. Ross entered it, knew of Jesus, or wished to hear His message.

land; they are all beautiful even beyond expression; while the whole and every one of them proclaim the glories of their 'Original.'"

"MY DEAR J——,—I thank you for your first letter to the Cape of Good Hope, and which has safely reached me here so far in the interior. I have only one little horse, but as it had to be sent away on account of horse-sickness, I have not seen him for eight months past. . . . . Though we have had lung-sickness for a long time, I have still two spans of draught oxen, all inoculated. I require more. These are very useful to us, particularly in journeying from place to place in the Lord's work. I have slept among lions, and been awaked out of sleep by their roaring, but I have not seen one in this land, nor do I wish to see one but at a respectful distance. I have killed many serpents, and been obliged to do so. I do not shoot wild beasts, but I see them often in hundreds and thousands."

*(To be continued.)*

## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### ELEVENTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### I.—DISCOURSE TO THE DISCIPLES.

*(Read Matt. xviii.)*

THE LESSON OF THE LITTLE CHILD.—(Matt. xviii. 1-14.)

STRENGTH OF HEARTS UNITED IN LOVE AND FAITH.—  
(Matt. xviii. 15-22.)

PARABLE OF THE KING HOLDING ACCOUNT WITH HIS DEBTORS.—(Matt. xviii. 23, to the end.)

#### II.—JESUS IN JERUSALEM.

*(Read John vii.)*

JESUS APPEARING IN JERUSALEM—HIS BRETHREN'S ADVICE ABOUT SHEWING HIMSELF—THE JEWS' OPINIONS OF HIS CHARACTER.—(John vii. 1-13.)

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.—(John vii. 14-30.)

SCENE OF THE LAST DAY OF THE FEAST.—(John vii. 31-53.)

#### III.—IN THE TEMPLE.

*(Read John viii.)*

THE WOMAN TAKEN IN CRIME, AND HER ACCUSERS.—  
(John viii. 1-11.)

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.—(John viii. 12-20.)  
WARNINGS TO THE UNBELIEVING—PROMISES TO THE  
BELIEVING.—(John viii. 21-32.)  
JESUS AND ABRAHAM.—(John viii. 33, to the end.)

IV.—STILL IN THE TEMPLE.

(*Read John ix.*)

HEALING THE MAN BLIND FROM HIS BIRTH.—(John ix.  
1-12.)  
THE PHARISEES' CAVIL ABOUT THE SABBATH-DAY.—  
(John ix. 13-23.)  
THEIR HARSHNESS AND BLINDNESS, AND JESUS' REPLY.  
—(John ix. 24, to the end.)

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

(*A Hymn learned and sung by the children in the Orphanage, Calcutta*)

We sing of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confess'd,  
But what will it be to be there—  
There—there—there—  
Oh, what will it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care—  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there—  
There—there—there—  
Oh, what will it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the First-born above,  
But what must it be to be there—  
There—there—there—  
Oh, what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, amidst pleasure or woe,  
Our spirits for heaven prepare,  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there—  
There—there—there—  
Oh, then what will it be to be there?



## LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

*(Continued from page 23.)*

**M**Y DEAR FRIEND H—— H——,—Through divine mercy we are all in good health at present. We have a very interesting time just now, as many are seeking the Lord, and seriously inquiring what they must do to be saved. I am sure you would like to see them, and teach them too. But you could not do that well unless you yourself are taught of God. I hope that you are so, or, if not, that you will soon know this heavenly teaching. Pray often and with all your heart, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." I had 160 scholars in our school when your letter arrived, and that day I was the only teacher, as the native schoolmaster was from home. I have lately baptized 53 boys, 48 girls, and baptized and received into the Church 26 men and women. When I visited Moruane once, I baptized 53 children in one day, and at another time 26. But there is a baptism of the

Holy Ghost and of fire. May they all, and you and I also, be so baptized, and we will be happy in time and in eternity. I am sure you would like to see all the places that I frequently visit in my ox-waggon. It may indeed be called a slow coach, compared with your airy flight of steam coaches. They made me sickish sometimes. Our ordinary speed is not more than perhaps two and a-half or three miles an hour. But you know a righteous man is merciful to his beast. Sometimes the oxen run with desperate fury when they feel the scent of a lion; then it is generally a waggon-break or wreck, and frequently a complete tumble-over. In the "Colony," horse waggons are common; eight or ten horses are an ordinary span, and they do go over the ground in style. You would be delighted, as my own children are, with the tame pretty goats and sheep.

MY DEAR LITTLE M——,—We are all able and willing to work, both with our bodies and minds, and that is so desirable. I would like to see your pretty garden, with its earliest flowers. I plucked an "everlasting" for my Maggie on her last birth-day, and about the hour when she was born, and *said* as I travelled along,—

I plucked an "everlasting" flower,  
For Maggie in her birth-day-hour;  
The flower's not pretty, but the name  
*Has charms* which ever are the same.  
The name in truth is not for this,  
And he who gave it named amiss:  
The Rose of Sharon, only He,  
*Can claim* that name *eternally*.

In our garden we have the pretty wild olive, the beautiful syringa, and the silverised almond, so like the whitened locks of an old man.—(See Ecclesiastes xii. 5) We have also dahlias, sweet-williams, minor convolvulus, the starch plant, and others I cannot at this moment specify with botanical names. We have many bulbs of great beauty when in flower; while not a few of the trees and shrubs, and beautiful creepers, are well worth the attention of a botanist. But, besides flowers, we have also splendid fossils in limestone rocks, and of recent formation, as geologists calculate; the golden asbestos, and also the blue, which draw out like thread. It is reported that cloth has been made of this stone, which fire cannot burn.

MY VERY DEAR J—— M——,—I got your funny little letter, and I rejoice, though I am no more young, to

answer it. I was once a little boy like you, and loved to speak of things of which you write. The Bechuanas have no barrows, but I have one that I made myself; that is perhaps more than you can do, but you may also learn, as I did. Some of the great men have ploughs, but they are of the Dutch Boer sort, and some are from America. The people have seven or eight books; one is the Bible, the best of all, and it is translated into their own expressive language. They have several tracts, and are immediately to have a newspaper. We, the missionaries, are to be editors. Would you like to see your letter in our *Sechuana Monthly*? There are here little animals I consider to be squirrels; also monkeys, springboks, blesboks, gnus, hartebeste, cameleopards, elephants, tigers, wild cats, dogs, wild ox buffaloes, zebras, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, and crocodiles; also, lions, wolves, jackals. Our hares are almost like your rabbits, but they do not burrow. I think many Bechuana children like to hear of Jesus; they sing prettily, and understand too.

MY DEAR LITTLE BABY C—— M——,—I think about sixteen months ago, we parted sorrowfully with our little Robert, about your age. We were then very sorry, and are still very sad when we think of him. He sung, "There is a happy land," "Glory, honour, praise, and power," and "Little child, do you love Jesus?" so feelingly that his whole frame was moved. I asked him the day before he died, "Would you like to get better, Robert, to serve God in life, and then to go to Jesus when you die?" He said, "Yes." "Where does Jesus dwell?" "In heaven." "Do you wish to go there?" "Yes." I said, "Gentle Jesus will take care of you, as you have often prayed." He said, "I wish to look at you, mamma." In the morning he died, and I believe he is now happy, happy with holy Jesus, the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in His arms, and carries them in His bosom." Good-bye, my dear children. May God bless you all.

WM. ROSS.

### ~~~~~ VALUE OF TIME

Oh, that our dear young people knew the value of Time! An eternity depends upon it. Though its moments pass so quickly, yet all that is needful for your soul's peace at death, at judgment, and through unending ages, must be done in time! A quaint old writer (Thomas Fuller) thus



forcibly descants upon the value of time: "Coming hastily into my chamber I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass. Fear lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it; but alas, how much precious time have I cast away, without regret! The hour-glass was but crystal; each hour a pearl: that but like to be broken; this lost outright: that but casually; this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me but to be in me; 'Teach me to number my days.' An hour-glass to turn me, 'that I may apply my heart to wisdom.'" Every hour of Time is of immense value, bringing with it offerings of heaven's treasure which a quick hand can snatch ere it passes. Indeed, what more valuable "talent" has the Divine Master conferred upon us than this common and therefore undervalued one of Time? Therefore, young readers, as you value the future, and your welfare for eternity, *redeem it.*—*The Three Talents.*

### REDEEMING THE TIME.

To redeem time is a duty the most momentous: *how* to redeem it, the one great question of life. The very first step is to find Christ, and give your souls to Him in terms of His own earnest invitation. Once in Christ, the redeeming of time then becomes possible; but certainly not till then. You might read hard—study hard—cultivate the mind—apply the faculties to great schemes, rising early and sitting up late; and yet, in all that, there be no true redeeming of time. Some men, famous alike for genius and for industry, have greatly failed here. By their diligence and intense application, they have redeemed time in a certain sense; but they have redeemed it for self or for vain-glory, or for some inadequate and unworthy end. Find first the soul's Centre,—its Rest—its Peace, which you can find nowhere else than in Christ; and then the first grand step is taken to the right redeeming of time. The unction is then upon your soul, that will in the end teach you all things. Once in Christ, all things are yours. Like Abraham on the mount, you may then hear the Divine voice say to you, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it for ever."

Then endeavour to fix it in your mind that the value of Time is so very great that it is the very highest wisdom to attempt the redeeming of every moment of it. Some, for an earthly crown, do weigh the very minutes of their time. An ancient painter is admired for avowing it as the grand principle which prompted the intense labour of his life that he painted *for eternity*. He collected his strength up to improve, if possible, every moment of time; and he applied his collected force, not for a momentary gratification, but to secure an immortality of fame. It was but an earthly crown after all. But do you endeavour to bring the same intense application—the same earnest redeeming of time—from your high vantage-ground in Christ. Then you will labour for eternity in a higher sense. Your readings, your workings, your learnings, all you do shall prosper, and shall exist throughout eternity in Christ. Only aim at the noblest studies, and the most elevating application of your faculties. “Oh, I have lost a world of time!” exclaimed the learned Salmasius on his deathbed. “Were one year more to be added to my life, it should be spent in reading David’s Psalms, and Paul’s Epistles.” The world would not have judged of him that he had needlessly lost a moment, so immense were the stores of knowledge he had collected, and so rich the honours he had reaped:—“Oh! I have lost a world of time!” is his own bitter cry on life’s last brink. The near view of the eternal world gave him new ideas, and rectified his estimate of things. Bear it, then, deeply in mind, that Time is a most precious jewel:—do not hang it round an idol’s neck; do not give it up to Mammon, or Belial, or Self; but give it up to Jesus, in a holy, willing, and entire surrender. —*The Three Talents.*

### THE “ONE DAY BEFORE YOUR DEATH.”

RABBI ELEAZAR said to his disciples, “Turn to God one day before your death.” “How can man,” was the reply, “know the day of his death?” “True,” said Eleazar; “therefore you should turn to God *to-day*, perhaps you may die to-morrow. Thus every day will be employed in turning to Him.”

### THE FIG-TREE.

THIS tree may well be esteemed very highly, for it produces three crops in the course of a year. First of all

come the early figs, that ripen about the end of June. These drop as soon as they are ripe, and, according to the beautiful words of Scripture, "fall into the mouth of the eater upon being shaken." As the early figs swell out and approach perfection, other little buttons make their appearance in the tree, and these are the summer figs. They are of a red or violet colour, and are gathered in August, when they are dried, packed in boxes, and sent to England and many other countries. Lastly, the winter fig begins to grow; it is of a longer shape and darker colour than the others, and hangs and ripens on the tree after the leaves are shed. The fruit of the fig-tree always comes before the leaves have begun to unfold; therefore, when our Saviour saw a fig-tree in full vigour, having leaves, he might naturally look for fruit.—*Plants of Land and Water.*

### THE HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

THE remarkable manner in which the future lawgiver of Israel was preserved from the murderous designs of the Egyptian monarch, has a counterpart in modern times in the history of John Wesley. Many Sunday scholars have seen the engraving which represents the deliverance of that eminent preacher, when a child, from a fire which happened in his father's house.

The fire, we are told, had made considerable progress before discovered by Mr. Wesley, sen. Himself, his wife, the servants, and all the children, except John, made their escape from the burning house; but the little lad was, in the confusion, forgotten, and left asleep. At length he was heard crying. His father attempted to rush up the stairs, but they fell beneath his weight. "Being utterly in despair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and, in agony, commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, had climbed up a chest that stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder; but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another, and thus he was taken out. A moment after, the roof fell in."

### THREE GUIDES.

ONE evening, late in autumn last, I was one of several passengers on board a little steamer, coasting in the narrow seas between Scotland and the Irish shore. It was an

evening beautiful, calm, and free. The sea shone smooth as glass, the sky overhead was pure in the fading flush of day, and on either side the hills in dark masses threw their shadows down upon the wave. Night stole on softly but deeply, till the hum of the deck subsiding, as one passenger after another went below, I was left all but alone near the seaman who stood guiding the wheel; and as I listened to the rapid throbbing of the paddle-wheels upon the water, I perceived the night was moonless, and its darkness, though thick with stars, yet becoming intense.

I watched the seaman at the wheel musingly; and, connected with his movements, three things caught my notice.

*One thing* was, burning clear in the dark, with its strange sign and trembling finger, always pointing true, the starlike compass, shrouded in its case, and lying like an open book on the deck under the seaman's eye. He did not gaze much directly at this. He had evidently the coast chart familiarly in his mind, and was so familiar with the quick sensitive gleamings of the compass also, that a very occasional glance towards it was all he needed.

*Another thing* was, that in the black shadows of the hills and crags that lined the coast, there shone here and there a lighthouse beacon. One was steady and soft as a planet, another revolved and twinkled like a star. The seaman may have casually glanced at these also, but he evidently knew their headlands too well to need to make them his study now. Only had they been blotted out in darkness, it is equally evident he would have been greatly at a loss.

*Another thing* was, that the seaman kept his gaze for the most part steadily, and as if even anxiously, forward. In moving the wheel to and fro, in answering briefly one or two remarks I made to him, he never withdrew *this* gaze. I could not very well see where it rested. It was through the tracery of the rigging, *forward* and *upward*. Perhaps it was a star that was his sign in the heavens, or some mark of light on the horizon, or the steadiness of attitude with which the ship was keeping her pace upon the sea. Be it one or other, this gaze *forward* and *upward* seemed with the seaman the main and almost absorbing thing.

Reader, it struck me at the moment that of these three features there might be, for such as you, three beautiful applications. I will only point them out, leaving you to follow the applications fully for yourselves.

The three things were *three grades*, which, being faithfully,

and skilfully and constantly observed, led us safe upon the awful deep. They were little matters to appearance; but, nevertheless, it was these kept us safe on the unseen gulfs we were passing by and over.

So, to you, the *compass* is—God's Word. It points always true. It explains the chart of your voyage. Its finger, gentle but steady, is homeward and heavenward. You just need to keep it open before the eye,—quite familiar to you, but still always open, and placed where, in a moment, the glance can light upon it. This is *one guide*.

Again, to you the *lighthouse beacons* are—the lamps of faith. They are set everywhere along the dangerous shore. You do not read that shore by sight, but faith kindles gleams enough upon its edge to shew you what the general region is, so that you may be guided boldly, yet not presumptuously—confidently, yet not without a sense of how suddenly these lights may be dimmed or darkened, and you wrecked in the treacherous night. You need to have these beacons, too, well by heart; so that, even when sometimes they may fail to rise and shine, you may still have a ready instinct that will lead you, were it in the deepest gloom. Here is your *second guide*.

To you, lastly, the *looking forward and upward* is—prayer. It is the most constant, the most absorbing, the truest, of the three. As you move, keep this gaze upward to where Jesus is. As you glance often and quietly at the compass and at the beacons on the shore, yet revert always and most chiefly to prayer. While your hands work with diligence and energy, keep looking up. This shews greatest progress. It gives you the sense most of drawing nearer and nearer home. Its signs are of most importance, its warnings are the truest. From that gaze, forward and upward, *never* turn aside, if you are to be wise, skilful, safe, in your way towards the better land. Recollect what perils, deep waters, and mighty depths, that way lies across. Prayer, then, is the *third guide*; and this guide, most of the three, dear reader, will, linking you to Jesus in the heavens, "save your soul from death, your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling." W. R.

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**"NONE OF THEM IS LOST."**

"I HAVE often promised to relate to you some of God's most gracious dealings towards me in my early life, shewing how manifestly His people are *preserved in Christ Jesus, and called*. With Paul I may say, I have been in *deaths oft*

by land and sea, by fire and water. The first remarkable event of my life was a sudden recovery from illness when about five years of age, after I had been given over by my father to die. But a more striking providence followed. Soon after my almost miraculous restoration as from the grave, I accompanied my parents, during the French war, on a visit to England. Our vessel was a light barque, carrying a few guns, and but ill furnished for severe conflict with the enemy. On entering the Channel, and midway between the English and French coasts, a ship of war hove in sight. It was towards night, and as she appeared to bear down upon us, our captain prepared for action. My mother and I were hurried from the cabin to what was thought a place of greater safety below. My father remained on deck. All was confusion above us, while I was astonished at being thus suddenly removed from my comfortable berth to the dismal quarters beneath the decks. We had not been long there, when I observed a boy come occasionally to the place of our imprisonment, and, with a large horn in his hand, take something from out of a barrel, having first fixed a lighted candle upon its edge and leaving it there. Observing, as I sat upon my mother's lap—who was too absorbed in anxiety to notice the circumstance—that the piece of candle was nearly burnt to the edge, I got down, put out my hand and took it away, saying, 'Mamma, this will burn the barrel.' It was a cask of gunpowder! Had I not removed it at that moment, or, in removing it, had a spark fallen from the lengthened wick, the vessel and all on board must instantly have been blown to atoms. What a wonderful preservation from instantaneous and eternal destruction; for it is not supposed that there was a single person on board who knew the Lord!"—*Life of Mrs. Winslow.*

### THE LIGHT WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

If you stand outside any building that contains a painted window and look up at the window, how dull and cold do the colours appear! You see indeed the light streaming through, and you fancy you can trace out some of the patterns on the window. But enter the building, and what a rich sight do the varied colours of that bright window present; how minutely is every tracing visible! How gloriously is the light reflected on all things around!

Just such is the Christian. You can see indeed from his outward conduct, that he is illuminated by the light

of God's Spirit; but if you want to know the workings of that light you must look *within*. Look, if you can, right into his heart, and see how gloriously does the light illuminate him, and extend its irradiating influence to all his thoughts, motives, and actions! He is indeed a light shining in a dark place.—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly Magazine*.

### A GOOD LESSON.

I.—*THE matter* of the lesson; including under this head, the aim of the teacher in giving it, the value of the information conveyed or of the mental exercise involved, its fitness for the class to which it is given, the completeness and accuracy of the teacher's knowledge of his subject, the logical sequence and proportion of his divisions and subdivisions, the logical soundness of his reasonings.

II.—*THE manner* of the lesson, meaning by this the gesture and bearing, the energy and vivacity of the teacher, the sympathy which he succeeded in creating between himself and his class, the vigilance with which he controlled all tendency to inattention, and the skill with which he adapted himself to incidental circumstances, especially to the children's answers.

III.—*THE illustration*, including here the proper use of the black-board; the supply of all suitable apparatus, models, maps, and the like, or fertility in the invention of substitutes; and, lastly, and especially, the suggestion of sound and striking analogies.

IV.—*THE language*, that is, both the correctness of pronunciation and grammar, and also the choice of simple and appropriate expressions.—*Ibid*.

### OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

#### TWELFTH MONTH.

##### LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### I.—DISCOURSE IN THE TEMPLE.

(*Read John x.*)

THE HIRELING DENOUNCED.—(John x. 1-6.)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—(John x. 7-21.)

HATRED OF THE JEWS.—(John x. 22, to the end.)

#### II.—JESUS IN BETHANY.

(*Read John xi. 1-44.*)

THE SLEEP OF LAZARUS.—(John xi. 1-16.)

**THE RESURRECTION—THE SORROW OF JESUS.**—(John xi. 17-83.)

**LAZARUS RAISED FROM THE GRAVE.**—(John xi. 84-44.)

**III.—BETHANY TO EPHRAIM—THENCE TO CAPERNAUM.**

(*Read* John xi. 45-54; Luke ix. 51-62; Luke x. 1-24.)

**THE HIGH PRIEST'S PROPHECY.**—(John xi. 45-54.)

**INCIDENTS AND SAYINGS BY THE WAY.**—(Luke ix. 51-62.)

**THE SEVENTY SENT FORTH—THE POWER GIVEN THEM.**—  
(Luke x. 1-24.)

**IV.—CAPERNAUM.**

(*Read* Luke x. 25, to the end; xi. 1-13.)

**PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.**—(Luke x. 25-37.)

**MARY'S CHOICE.**—(Luke x. 37, to the end.)

**JESUS TEACHING HOW TO PRAY.**—(Luke xi. 1-13.)

### DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN HERO.

IN a foremost rank among the unhappy results of the Indian mutiny stands the death of the gallant General Havelock, who died from the effects of fatigue and anxiety on the 25th of November, the day before a baronetcy had been conferred upon him. He lived to see the desire of his heart accomplished in the relief of Lucknow, and the security of the women and children for whom he had so bravely fought. As a true Christian, he has entered into the enjoyment of purer happiness and nobler honours than this world can afford. God has rewarded him. We cannot therefore grieve on this account, great as is the loss to the nation. We are glad to learn that a life of this excellent Christian soldier is in preparation.

### MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

**BOMBAY—BAPTISM OF A HINDOO.**

"I must leave to Mr. Sheriff the pleasing duty of informing you of his own operations, and of the success and cheering promise bestowed on his indefatigable labours. He baptized a Hindoo clerk in the General Post Office named Tyan Amboo, on Sunday week—a man of mature years, who was duly admitted to the Lord's Table at our communion in St. Andrew's Church, Madras, last Sunday.



He continues at his duty in the Post Office; and I do not apprehend that he will experience any formidable annoyance from the step he has taken."—*Letter from Rev. Mr. Cook.*

ALLAHABAD—A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT.

At this place, after the mutiny broke out, the atrocities of his brethren had a remarkable effect upon a venerable Mussulman of eighty years of age, named Mohammed Taki. He had long been an inquirer into Christianity, and had protected a son of his, who was baptized in 1844, from the persecution of the rest of the family, but he could never decide on professing the faith of Christ until the mutiny broke out. When he saw the fiendish spirit manifested by the Mohammedans, he resolved to cast away all human considerations, and asked for baptism, which was administered on the 19th of July.

CHRIST THE BEST FRIEND.

One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.

Which, of all our friends, to save us,  
Could, or would, have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God:  
This was boundless love indeed;  
Jesus is a friend in need.

When He lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was His name;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same;  
Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above:  
But, when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.



### LIGHT IN THE DARK.

**A** FATHER and a son were on a journey. It was late in the afternoon, but still clear day, when they came to a cottage by the road-side, and the father went in and borrowed a lighted lantern. The young man was exceedingly amused, and perhaps he was a little vexed. If any one should meet them carrying a lamp in the sunshine, it would look so absurd; and what in the world was the use of it? But the older traveller took the young man's jibes good-humouredly, and only answered, "The night cometh." And it did come. They passed no more cottages, but they got into a thick forest, where the daylight faded so rapidly, that the lantern already shone a welcome companion. Not only was the sun gone down, but the last streak of twilight had vanished. It was dreadfully dark; but the good little lantern spread a cloth of gold before the steps of the travellers, and did not let one shadow or phantom come near them. At last the road divided. "Straight on!" cried the youth. "Not so fast," said the elder; for though the path to the right

was less trodden, perhaps it was the one they should take; when fortunately they espied a finger-post, and, holding the lamp as high as they could, they read the direction, and found that they would have gone utterly wrong, had they not taken the narrow and neglected footway. Rejoicing at their escape, they pushed on merrily; and by-and-by, with his frisky spirits, the youngster went ahead, and was far in advance of the lantern, when the old man heard a plash and a shout, and, running up, was just in time to help ashore his impetuous boy, who had soused into a stagnant pool, and who crawled up the bank pale and shivering, with the leeches and duckweed clinging to his garments. "You see the road was not through this pool, but round it. You should walk in the light;" and so they again set out together. As the stillness deepened, they sometimes heard a rustle in the bushy undergrowth, and distant howlings or a sharp snarl near-hand warned them that the beasts of the forest were abroad; and once or twice they could see a pair of fiery opals glaring at them, but as soon as they turned the full flame of the lantern in that direction, the goblin retreated. We need not tell the whole adventures of the night; but at last they came to a place where a heavy moan arrested them, and, searching in the copse, they found a man stretched on the ground and badly hurt. He had either received a blow on the head, or he had inhaled some stupifying ether, for at first he talked very incoherently. It turned out, that as he had been coming along a gentleman in black had prevailed on him to cast his lantern into the ditch, and that soon after some footpad had knocked him down and dragged him off the road, and robbed him of all his money. As soon as he was somewhat restored, they set him on his beast, and journeyed on together. The day was breaking, and the forest was thinning off on the margin of a magnificent domain. They looked forth on vine-clad hills and a shining river; and though the palace itself could be descried but dimly—it was so far up in the dazzling sunrise—they could easily make out many mansions. "I am home!" cried the old man; and the full morning was reflected from his face as he added, "Mine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." And as he embraced his comrades, he handed over the lantern to his son, and said, "Keep this as a light unto your feet, and a lamp unto your path." The youth prized the keepsake. He found constant occasion for it. He brightened up the four windows, by which it sent its

light backward and forward and on either side; and with the point of a diamond he traced these mottoes on them:—

“Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to thy word.”

“When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light.”

“We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts.”

“If we walk in the light, as God is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”—*The Lamp and the Lantern.*

### INDIAN ORPHANAGES.

[*Extract from letter of the Rev. W. Bain, dated Perth, Canada West, 21st January 1858, and addressed to John Paton, Esq., Treasurer to the Indian Orphanage and Juvenile Mission Scheme, Kingston.*]

I HAVE the melancholy yet pleasing duty of requesting your acceptance of the enclosed Gold Dollar, on account of the Hindoo children in our Orphanage in India.

This coin is the gift of the late Emeline Malloch, daughter of Judge Malloch of this place. “Emi” sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on the evening of the 14th day of this month, in the fifteenth year of her age, after a protracted illness from an affection of the heart, which she bore with the most patient, uncomplaining resignation to the will of her heavenly Father.

Studious, intelligent, and thoughtful, in many respects beyond her years, her character at the same time manifested a childlike simplicity and an artless confiding affection. Devotedly attached to her father and friends, she was yet willing to die, and tranquil and cheerful in prospect of death.

During the night before her death she called her sister to her bedside, and, reminding her of the sum of money in her purse, expressed a desire to give it to me, to be sent to the children in India. On the following forenoon when I called, after having conversed with her, and prayed with and for her, as about to enter into the presence of her

Judge, when prayer was ended she took her purse from under her pillow, where she had placed it in expectation of my calling, and with the greatest composure of feeling, and distinctness and appropriateness of expression, gave it to me for the purpose for which I now send it, in the presence of her father and other relatives and friends, not one of whom could witness the scene with the composure with which she went through it, although conscious of being in a dying state, and, in point of fact, within a few hours of her death.

This sum, therefore, in my estimation, possesses a moral value far above its material value. It is "Emi's" seal to the truth of Christ's declaration, that those who seek Him early shall find Him. Being dead, she yet speaketh by this to all her youthful companions.

More especially, my dear sir, receive this coin as the testimony of an intelligent and pious youth, when about to enter heaven, to the excellency of the work in which you have manifested so much diligence and commendable zeal. It is perhaps the nearest approach to a voice from the dead, to a voice from the spirits of the young made perfect, to a voice from God himself and from God's dear Son, encouraging you and all others engaged in this benevolent work, and calling upon us to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know our labours shall not be in vain in the Lord.

[*Extract letter from the Rev. W. Johnson, dated L'Orignal, Canada East, 4th February 1858, enclosing money from his Sabbath school for the support of an orphan at Bombay.*]

The following little incident you may think worthy of notice. We have in the school two little children, a brother and sister, whose mother is dead, and who are residing with a very kind uncle. A few days ago I learned that they declined asking their uncle for his money for the Bombay Orphanage, thinking it more praiseworthy to give their own. So they have agreed to abstain from the use of butter and preserved fruits a sufficiently long time to earn the required sum. I am happy to say no one is more regular or liberal than they.

### OBJECTS OF VISITATION.

THE well-furnished Sunday school teacher should have a considerable acquaintance with the character and circumstances of those he is trying to teach. A complete orator

has an equal knowledge of his subject and his audience. The "application" is a very important part of a sermon, and of all instruction intended to work upon the affections; and it is a difficult thing to make an effective application without such a knowledge of the spiritual whereabouts and special needs of our hearers as can only be gained from some familiarity with their individual circumstances, position in life, relatives and associates. If we wish the truths we utter to "go home," we must give them the name of the street and the number of the door. Random shots are apt to be useless. Only one cannon-ball in sixty of those fired in peradventure does execution. It is true there was a man who "drew a bow at a venture," and it did the Lord's work. "There is one such instance given, that none may despond; but only one, that none may presume." A doctor does not squander his medicines over a table, and request his patients to help themselves to what they like best.

Seven different minds will receive the light of God at seven different angles, or through seven different apertures. Different natures, and even similar natures under different circumstances, must be differently treated. We must humbly imitate the wisdom and discrimination of our heavenly Father. See Isaiah xxviii. 24-29.

Our business is to present to the minds of our youthful hearers truths adapted to work upon the affections, and able to regenerate the will, as soon as the soul has by its capacity of faith vitally received them. To do this business diligently and well, we should endeavour to learn something of the past and present state of their religious affections, something of their individual temptations and difficulties, and the points of character on which they are most frequently assailed.

Every event in life has a religious aspect. If any of our scholars have come in their pilgrimage to new events which have more than usually stirred them, then is the time to give their emotion a religious direction. The power to move them has appeared, and is existing in their souls; but if we know nothing of their private personal history we shall not be aware of, and we shall fail to lay hold of and sanctify, those emotions and that power, and make them do God's work. "He maketh winds His messengers, and flames of fire His ministers;" and we, too, if we do but *know* when tempests of feeling are agitating a soul, may, by the powerful spells of heavenly wisdom and love, bid and compel them to do the Master's will.

It is, indeed, a happy thing if we can excite such affectionate confidence in our scholars' minds as shall induce them to come, alone, to us, and take our counsel on the intimate things concerning their souls' salvation. But let us not think we cannot most usefully and powerfully deal with individual cases and peculiarities, even whilst in the midst of the class, where no names, dates, or places can be safely alluded to. Our remarks may appear to be of the most general kind, and yet the conscience of *one* amongst our half-score of hearers may be startled with a directness and pungency of application that shall touch it to the quick, and drive that soul forward till it finds rest in Christ.

Again: knowledge of the circumstances, employment, and personal incidents of our pupils may furnish us with the happiest figures and illustrations. In Leeds, we must not draw our similes from seafaring life, any more than we should try to render truth perspicuous to a group of sailor lads by reference to scribblers and carders, power-looms and mungo. And so with individuals as well as classes. If a teacher does not even know the trade or occupation of his scholars, or anything of their habits of life, how many opportunities he loses of finding striking homely analogies that would stick in their minds like burrs; and, on the other hand, how much time he may waste in metaphors which, by their unfamiliarity and strangeness, darken instead of illumining his theme, and are little better than explanations given in an unknown tongue.

Again: it is our wish to inculcate on our scholars that true religion will impenetrate the whole daily life, with all its little round of duties. How can this genuine and practical piety, and the contrasted consequences of its presence and of its absence, be effectively exhibited to a lad by one who does not really know *what* that lad's daily life is, what are his most prominent duties and temptations, or how his religion, if he had it, would specially manifest its presence?

Once more: the knowledge we are now recommending will do much to determine our selection of lessons for the Sunday school; or, at least, supposing the lessons fixed by external authority, to which we think it right or expedient to yield, it will materially modify our course of thought and manner of exposition, and will give life and point and vigour to those personal appeals and close searching questionings which must form a part of all impressive instruction in God's Word.

Lastly, let us encourage scholars to *name* from time to time what they consider important branches of religious doctrine and practice; what truths they are in the habit of hearing impugned, and what they wish to be explained and illustrated; what difficulties they meet with; what are their own special religious needs, feelings, hopes, doubts, and desires. By thus occasionally taking our cue from *them*, we shall awaken fresh interest, secure attention, and find a readier entrance for Scripture truths into their minds.—*Union Magazine*.

### AN INFANT'S IDEA.

"BRING me my bonnet, mother," said a very little girl, when on the bed of death; "bring me my bonnet directly, mother." "But what do you want with your bonnet?" said the loving mother. "Oh! Jesus is come to take me to heaven," she replied, and immediately expired. The little one had been instructed in the infant class of the Independent Sunday School at Thame. And may we not hope that the promise of Scripture, "Those who seek me early shall find me," was realised in her experience?

### WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR VOICE?

A MINISTER, while attending church in a strange city, was struck with the surpassing sweetness of the voice of a young lady who sat near him. Being afterwards introduced to her, he inquired whether she loved the Saviour? She replied, "I am afraid *not*." "Then, my dear young friend," said the minister, "what will you do with that voice in eternity? shall it be spent in uttering the wailings of the lost for ever?"—*American Messenger*.

### THE CHILD IN HIS COMING INTO THE WORLD.

THEN those strange contradictory circumstances in the scene itself. The infant in the stable, unattended by even the humblest circumstances of comfort, yet with the splendour of a heavenly herald—a lavish and magnificent example of the glory which He might have had about Him if He would—the star shining in at the humble door lighting His earliest footsteps in the world. And thither



came the wandering princes—men whom Herod even now had received with honour—to pay their homage to the King new born, in the awed and marvelling presence of Mary and Joseph, that Jewish man and maiden, poor but princely, to whom it pleased the Father to confide His Son. They came, these wise men, skilled in all the learning which their age and place could give, laden with such gifts as might propitiate kings, to bow before a child—a child poorly born of the holy but narrow Jewish race, which knew little, and despised what it knew, of the wisdom of the Gentiles. So far as human perception went, a scene more anomalous never presented itself to the common eye—uniting, as it does, bare poverty, humbleness, and limited knowledge, with wealth, distinction, and wisdom, and placing the lower in the higher place. Who can suppose what might be the thoughts of Mary and of Joseph, seeing this first testimony to the Son of God and Son of man? What a course of glory and triumph must their uninstructed thoughts have predicted for Him whom, in His cradle, these princely sages came from afar to worship? The light had but begun to shine, and already its dawning warmed the hearts of distant Gentiles; already the outer world sent in its dutiful homage and offering; and what glorious issue must lie before the man, when already the hoar wisdom of these antique ages worshipped upon its knees before the child!

And perhaps with the wise men, perhaps before them, came another embassy from the antipodes of the human race; the shepherds from the plains, peasants of Judea, homely men of Judah and of Benjamin, knowing the laws of their nation, and the promises of their faith, but doubly excluded from other knowledge—bearing no tribute, unless there might be truly the lamb which the old painters bring in on the shoulder of one of the simple worshippers—shepherds fresh from the moonlight fields, the open country, where the sky was still a-glow with a remembrance of the scarce departed angels. One does not know which is most touching—the wise men travel-worn and laden, laying down their wisdom, in a profound and marvellous humility, before the feet of the infant who was to be the wisdom, the power, and the salvation of our universal race; or the shepherds, ignorant and wistful, scarcely noting from the other lights of heaven that steadfast star which shone upon the place where “the young child was,” bearing still in their startled ears an echo of the angels’ song, and knowing only that this was the Son of David, who, by some

mysterious means, should restore the kingdom to Israel. But the double group of worshippers is singularly symbolical of all the after progress of the Gospel—that Gospel which, with a divine equality, touches the heart of the monarch on his throne, and the beggar by the wayside—which enrolls at once the noblest intellects and the most feeble, and brings wisdom and ignorance, science and simplicity, the one as bare of self-importance as the other, to an equal meeting at the Redeemer's feet. To make the difference greater, the one band were far-travelled, strangers in Jerusalem, bound to depart again to their undiscovered home; the others were at the very door, watching their sheep within sight of the walls of that city of David to which their angel-visitors pointed them the way. These two groups, representatives of two grand sections of humanity, dividing the world between them, stand in our recollection on either side of the Holy Child—they gave Him welcome to the sacred country, consecrated by His own sufferings, and to the wide, dark, heathen world, lying unseen and overclouded, far beyond the limits of Israel, which He had come to save.

If any one had endeavoured from this beginning to make a fictitious Gospel, how strangely different from the real one it must have been! One can imagine the sublime romance which a human imagination would have made of the tale, how the divine infant should have grown, not perhaps into the vulgar glories of rank or empire, but into such solemn, universal, and marvelling veneration, as our own superior knowledge tempts us to suppose we should render to Him now—how every word falling from His sacred lips should have been treasured up in the hearts of the whole people—how all the youth of Judah, a voluntary guard of honour, should have spent their lives, man by man, ere harm or reproach came near the Son of David—and how, if He must die, He should have died at last by some sudden and fierce assault of barbarians without, who never had an opportunity of looking upon His holy countenance. But the real story changes, out of the first solemn morning of rejoicing, with a sad and humiliating revolution. He who, in His cradle, had charmed the subtle souls of the Gentile sages, and the ruder senses of the peasants of Judea—He whom Simeon and Anna hailed in the temple—had to fly straightway by night and suddenly towards the dark old land of bondage, the Egypt from which His mother's race had been delivered—had to fly, strange change, from angel's song and the

prayers of the righteous, with the shriek of murdered children and the mother's agony ringing afar upon His ear! Sweet martyrs! Innocents beloved of God!—dying for Him unwittingly and unawares—dying for Him, in their tender unconsciousness of good and evil, as true a martyr's death as Paul or Peter! Was it of little import in the sight of God that Rachel cried for her children with a voice that would not pause for comfort? Many a Rachel since has echoed that outcry, many a heart fainted in that dismal agony, watching the cruel hand of death how it came upon her child; but God knows how many a hundred years it is since Rachel forgot all her grieving, or maybe even rejoiced to recall it, when she found the little ones again, safe, every blessed head, at the feet of their Lord in heaven. Courage! We who have lost, like Rachel, shall by and by, like her, receive again.

But it is a strange reverse of the picture from that audience in which a fond fancy might have seen the whole world represented, an impressive and solemn guarantee of all honour and reverent appreciation to the newly-come deliverer. When this grand ceremonial was over, the dark world beyond, the unquiet sea of human passions, rose up envious and blasphemous against the hope of Israel. It was nothing to Herod that this hope was the sole remaining glory of his people. He, poor wicked fool, thought only of the peril to his petty tributary crown. There was not in his monstrous sin a single spur even of ambition, nothing but what was mean and ignoble—fear of his own miserable importance, fear of some one mightier than he taking the sceptre out of his grasp. *That* was human too; after the opening scene which shews us the loyal spirits of the race doing their homage, to turn over and find the disloyal and malignant gaining his momentary triumph, sending far away from him as effectually as he could the only possible helper who in heaven or earth *could* deliver him, and staining his own soul, name, and history with the most revolting of crimes, in order that by that means the unfortunate wretch, fit type of his race, might get banished out of his sight, killed, if it could be, all hope and possibility of a higher life; for the miserable murderer knew the Scriptures, and knew that it was *Messias* the prince whom he meant to kill. It does not seem a singular or unexampled instance either. We kill no innocents now-a-days, but we very often do everything we can, not excepting some *little* sin, such small matters as a lie or a fit of passion, to get Christ as far away as possible,

and keep Him off from that full possession of our soul and spirit which we know in our hearts is inevitable if He once gets entrance there. And here, in the holy record, stand in wonderful proximity the two events—the wise men worshipping, sublime in their humbleness, and Herod, the petty tyrant, hiding his insignificance in a horrible tragic mask of crime, trembling in insane terror which, rather than worship, strove to kill—a contrast well worth looking at, well worth thinking over, and not so entirely removed from actual ordinary possibilities of recurrence as one might suppose.—*Sundays, by Mrs. Oliphant.*

## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### THIRTEENTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

#### I.—LAST CIRCUIT OF GALILEE.

(*Read* Luke xi. 14, to the end.)

WHAT FOLLOWED ON THE DUMB HAVING SPEECH RESTORED.—(Verses 14-28.)

THE SIGN OF JONAS.—THE LIGHT OF THE BODY.—(Verses 29-36.)

THE PHARISEES AND LAWYERS REBUKED.—(Verses 37, to the end.)

#### II.—IN GALILEE.

(*Read* Luke xii.)

THE FEAR OF JESUS' FRIENDS.—THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST—THE RICH MAN'S FOLLY.—(Verses 1-21.)

GOD'S CARE OF HIS OWN.—THE SERVANTS WATCHING.—(Verses 22-40.)

THE SERVANTS FAITHFUL AND UNFAITHFUL.—FIRST-FRUITS OF JESUS' COMING.—SIGNS ON THE HEAVENS.—(Verses 41, to the end.)

#### III.—IN GALILEE.

(*Read* Luke xiii.)

WARNINGS OF JESUS.—PARABLE OF THE FIG-TREE.—(Verses 1-9.)

THE WOMAN HEALED OF HER INFIRMITY.—THE SABBATH-DAY.—PARABLES REPEATED.—(Verses 10-21.)

WHO SHALL BE SAVED.—LAMENT OVER JERUSALEM.—  
(Verses 22, to the end.)

IV.—IN GALILEE.

(Read Luke xiv.)

HEALING AGAIN ON THE SABBATH.—(Verses 1-6.)

THE KINGDOM, ITS GUESTS AND PLACES.—ITS MESSAGE  
AND RECEPTION.—(Verses 7-24.)

THE CROSS OF TRUE DISCIPLESHIP.—(Verses 25, to the  
end.)

LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

I know thy works, and labour, and patience.—Rev. iii.

Go, labour on! spend and be spent,—	2 Cor. xii. 15.
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;	Psaln xl. 8.
It is the way the Master went,	Acts x. 38.
Should not the servant tread it still?	John xii. 26.
Go, labour on! 'tis not for nought,—	1 Cor. xv. 58
All earthly loss is heavenly gain!	Luke xviii. 29, 30
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not;	1 John iii. 13
The Master praises! what are men?	1 Cor. iv. 3.
Go, labour on! enough, enough,	Matt. x. 32.
If Jesus praise thee, if He deign	1 Cor. iv. 5.
To notice even thy willing mind,	2 Cor. viii. 12.
No toil for Him shall be in vain.	Matt. x. 42.
Go, labour on! thy hands are weak,	Job iv. 3.
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;	Isaiah xxxv. 4.
Yet falter not,—the prize is near,	Gal vi. 9.
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown!	Rev. iii. 21.
Go, labour on,—while it is day	Ecc. ix. 10.
The long dark night is hastening on;	John ix. 4.
Speed, speed thy work,—up from thy sloth;	Heb. vi. 12.
It is not thus that souls are won!	Rom. x. 14.
See thousands dying at your side,	Psaln xlix. 10, 12.
Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;	Rom. xi. 14.
See millions perishing afar,—	Prov. xxix. 18.
Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!	Jude 23.
Toll on, toll on; thou soon shalt find	Heb. x. 37.
For labour rest, for exile home:	Rev. xiv. 13.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,	Matt. xxv. 6.
The midnight peal, "Behold I come."	Rev xxii. 12.



### ANOTHER LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

**A**N esteemed friend of our young readers has favoured us with the following extracts of a letter he has received very lately from Mr. Ross:—

A commando was lately raised by some Griquas, which swept off all the cattle belonging to the Bechuanas living at Bootchap. Two Griquas were killed, and one Mochuana, one of our Church members. The chiefs in all the land met to settle the matter, and I was highly honoured in having Gasebono, the first chief of the Batlapi tribe, and Mahura, chief of Taung, as my hearers one Lord's day. My text was, "I have a message from God to thee." . . . Gasebono has five wives at present, and is the determined and powerful supporter of heathenism in its darkest shades. Mahura, his uncle, has four wives, and is older and more deceitful, also more successful in destroying his own soul, and the souls of thousands, than his nephew. . . . At

Borigelo there is a very arousing time; the Church members, many inquirers, and the most abandoned heathen, crowd to hear the Word of God. I preached on Sabbath morning *early*, from "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." After the solemn service, I baptized nine adults and eighteen children. Oh, how responsible, solemn, and cheering work! I preached in the afternoon from "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise," &c. Administered the ordinance of the Supper to many. And in the evening held a meeting for speaking of and praying for the heathen. A feast and a good day. Some called upon me in the night and in the early dawn, to confess Christ before man. When the Spirit works, who can sleep or be callous? After examining the school, on Monday, of one hundred scholars, doing well, I proceeded on my journey to visit the Bamaira, and in the afternoon we encountered a most terrific thunderstorm. The Lord was indeed in the fearful hurricane. For when the lightning killed three goats and a cow not far off, we also saw it strike the ground, and about twenty yards from my waggon. Oh, how thin the partition between us and the eternal world! And how necessary to live near God, and as seeing Him who is invisible, to hear our Father's voice, and to witness His wonderful workings among the children of men! At the Bamaira the blessed work is slowly and steadily progressing. The people are much tried by some free-state Boers wishing to put them out of a part of the land the Bechuana have long possessed. As I took on this journey the writings of the Old Testament prophets for the first time, I preached from "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. The great interest it created among my hearers was evident. They said in the evening at my fire, "Come, tell us more of Job and his Redeemer." I met the anxious inquirers by candle-light, and addressed them, that slavish fear might not overwhelm them; afterwards I examined each, and was much pleased at hearing them speak as if they felt deeply what they confessed. Motlabani, the chief's eldest daughter, was one of them. I baptized her husband and children about a year ago. Where these poor people dwell is a complete wilderness; they have only the rain that filleth the pools for their drink. . . . The native teacher Gasebono was sent by the chief to sue for peace among the contending Boers whom I mentioned above. He arrived at the place on Saturday, and on Sabbath-day called the people together to worship God. The

uncouth Boers wished the business settled immediately, even on the Lord's day, but he said, "We do no business to-day; we meet to worship God only." This made the "Christen menchen," Christians, as they call themselves, quite ashamed of their demand. Next I proceeded to Taung, and was encouraged exceedingly to find the revival, of which you heard some time ago, progressing and increasing. The chapel is now too small, and more outside than within. Addressed on Friday from "I will heal your backslidings, I will love you freely," &c., and examined the candidates for Church fellowship, the elders, &c. I chose seven to be received into the Church on Saturday by the vote of the Church members. On Saturday addressed the Church from "Go; tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me." . . . On Monday I examined the school of fifty lively and improving scholars. It would have done your heart good to have heard them sing their 63d Hymn, a translation of "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign," to the tune of "Auld lang syne." Bechuana have no Scotch association of ideas in singing their sweet sacred hymn. . . . I renewed the class boards, and gave instructions to those who account me their spiritual father, the only missionary they ever had, and acknowledged as their own. We met in the evening to speak about and pray earnestly for the heathen, after receiving their willing and voluntary contributions. The whole habitable world was prayed for most scripturally, but Scotland, England, Ireland, and France were specially named by one of the members. At Likatlong the good work is also progressing. More than twenty inquirers are seeking the road to Zion, with their faces thitherward. Large meetings listening to the Gospel. A large school of at present one hundred and thirty improving scholars. Many composing pieces for our Sechuana periodical, called *Mokaeri oa Bechuana* (Instructor of Bechuana). This is likely to be a great blessing to our people, as we can now instruct them in many things that we could not introduce in preaching. It is a collection of pieces from us all who know the language. It is a powerful lever by which we expect to raise many heathen nations in this dark land. Its motto is "Knowledge is power" (*Kico ki nononco*). All the c's are pronounced *che*. Two experienced believers have lately died in faith, commending the work of God to all who heard them. One Morisa, an old man, said, "When the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God, an house



not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The other, Manguegape (the g's guttural), said, "Hold fast the word of God, and continue to confess Christ before men." We receive many solemn warnings from those faithful followers of Jesus. . . . Do you not think it proper, as a Church, to send missionaries to the dark interior of South Africa? The field is ample, the land is in general very healthy, and the expenses are not so great as to other foreign lands. We soon expect to see a new reinforcement of labourers to the Matabele and Makololo Missions. I observe that my friend and brother, Dr. Livingstone, is to turn his attention for some years to the political improvements of the countries he has explored, believing that lawful commerce may be the means of suppressing slavery.

#### LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON.

"GRACE and peace in Christ to my dearly beloved little son. I am glad to know that you are learning well, and that you say your prayers. So do, my little son, and persevere; and when I come home I will bring with me a present from the annual fair. I know of a pleasant and beautiful garden into which many children go, where they have golden little coats, and gather pretty apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; where they sing, leap, and are merry; where they have also little horses with golden saddles and silver bridles. When I asked the man that owned the garden, 'Whose are these children?' he said, 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are pious.' Then I said, 'Dear sir, I have a son, he is called Johnny Luther; may he not come into the garden, that he may eat such beautiful apples and pears, and may ride such a little horse, and play with these children?' Then the man said, 'If he loves to learn and to pray, and is pious, he shall come also into the garden, Philip, too, and little James; and if they all come together, they may have likewise whistles, kettle-drums, lutes, and harps; they may dance also, and shoot with cross-bows.' Then he shewed me a beautiful green grass-plot in the garden prepared for dancing, where hung nothing but golden fifes, drums, and elegant silver cross-bows. But it was now early, and the children had not yet eaten enough, therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'Ah! dear sir, I will go instantly away, and write about this to my little son John, that he may pray earnestly, and learn well, and be pious, so that

he also may come into this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalene; may he bring her with him?' Then said the man, 'So shall it be; go and write to him with confidence.' Therefore, dear little John, learn to pray with delight, and tell Philip and James that they must learn to pray, so shall they come with one another into the garden.

"With that I commend you to Almighty God; and give my love to Aunt Magdalene—give her a kiss for me.

Your affectionate father,

MARTIN LUTHER."

### BEGINNING TO BE USEFUL.

Two little girls who were connected with a Sunday school in Warwickshire, of the ages of ten and eleven years, gave their teacher strong evidence that she had not laboured in vain. The name of Jesus was sweet to them, and a desire to be like Him was manifested in their life. They had received the Gospel as little children, and now in their turn each breathed the simple yet earnest prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" One Sabbath, at the close of the school, these young children were observed by their teacher to hang back, and look anxiously in her face, as if to gain encouragement to speak. She took them kindly by the hand, and soon elicited their confidence, when they told their artless and simple story, which was to the following effect. "Teacher, you have told us that those who love the Saviour will be sure to shew their love by working for Him, and by being useful to others. But we are very poor, and could not think at first what we could do for Jesus, besides being dutiful to our parents, and kind to our brothers and sisters. We get a few halfpence sometimes, but they will not do much. We have at last found something to do now, teacher, and are come to tell you, because we thought it would make your heart glad. We begged the use of Mrs. —'s front room for an hour every evening, which she readily granted us, and we hold there a 'Bible Class' for very little girls; we teach them to read and sing, then talk to them about Jesus, then we give each one a small book, and send them home. *But we want now a secret place to pray in together.*"

Sunday school teachers, next to an earnest desire to lead your little flock to Christ, that they may be lambs of His fold, teach them to be useful; and if their extreme youth, with all its natural impulse, should forbid you to calculate

upon the amount of good they will do now, you may at least (under God's blessing) calculate upon habits of usefulness being formed, which will result in that blessing which faith may suggest.—*Union Magazine*.

### THE MISSIONARY'S MOTHER.

THE Rev. Richard Knill, of St. Petersburg, Russia, gives the following touching account of a visit to his birth-place in Scotland: "My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions; but in my most thoughtless days, I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep: I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last, the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand, and said, 'Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And oh! if all parents could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as pray for them."—*The Presbyterian Sabbath School Visitor*.

### "THE NAILS ARE GONE, BUT THE MARKS ARE LEFT."

ONCE there was a little boy, who had a father who loved him dearly, and wished, as all good parents do, to have his son a good child. So, one day, he told him that he would drive a nail into a post whenever he should do an act that was wrong; and when he should do a good deed, he would pull one out. Now, I think this little boy tried to be good, for though there were quite a number of nails driven

into the post, after a while all had been drawn out. Not one remained.

Don't you think "Bennie" must have been a happy little fellow the day that the last nail disappeared from the post? His father was very much pleased, and was congratulating his little son upon the fact that the nails were all gone; but he was much surprised to see that "Bennie" was weeping, instead of being elated. "Yes," said the dear child, "the nails are all gone, but the *marks* are *there still*."

Oh! children, did you ever think that all your bad deeds will leave *marks*? Yes, marks upon your *soul*, and perhaps upon the souls of others. Think of this whenever you are tempted to do a wrong act. Say to yourself, "I shall make a mark that I shall not love to look at—a mark that cannot be taken out." For even though this sin may be pardoned, as to its *guilt*, and washed away, as to its *pollution*, by the atoning blood of the Redeemer, still it will leave something that will prevent its being forgotten by you. Memory, like a mirror, will often present it before you. How painful the view will be! How you will wish that you could have none but good deeds to look upon!

Then, my dear children, strive to make a mark every day of your lives, but let that mark be a *good* one—one that you will love to see in days to come—one that will bring smiles, and not tears, whenever you think upon it—one that will leave a bright spot upon your heart, and the hearts of others, and not a wound that will keep festering and aching within your heart, or sear your conscience. Lay up for yourself a store of sweet memories that shall refresh you in age—that shall cheer you upon a sick or dying bed, and even be remembered with joy in heaven.—*Presbyterian Banner and Advocate*.

### THE GOSPEL IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE Rev. Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, missionaries at the island of Aneiteum (South Seas), and of the New Hedrides group, in a letter dated 11th November 1856, write as follows—"The entire population of Aneiteum, nearly 4000, have now, with the exception of about 200, abandoned heathenism, professed Christianity, and placed themselves under our instructions. The whole Christian population attend school for an hour five mornings in the week, and also on the Sabbath afternoon. Upwards of 1600 of the natives have mastered the elementary books, and are

reading in the Gospels. About 300 have made considerable progress in writing; a good many of them have also commenced arithmetic. For nearly four years marriage has been established on Christian principles, and without disturbing any previously recognised marriages. The civilisation of the natives is keeping pace with their Christianity. The natives will now sell anything, or work at anything, to obtain European clothing."

### BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—ECCLES. xi. 1.

WERE you going at the right season to Mysore or China, you would see thousands of people planting the corn of those countries. They sow it in the mud, or on the dry soil, and then immediately they turn on a flood of water, so that the whole field becomes a shallow pond. You would think the seed was drowned. But wait a few weeks, and then go and view one of these artificial lakes, and from all its surface you will see green points rising, and day by day that grass shoots taller, till at last the water is no more seen, and till eventually the standing pool has ripened into a field of rich and rustling grain. So that in its literal sense the farmers of these lands are every year fulfilling the maxim of the text. For should the spring come on them, and find their supply of rice-corn scanty, instead of devouring it all, they will rather stint themselves. They will rather go hungry for weeks together, and live on a pinched supply: for the bread which they cast on the waters this spring, creates the crop on which they are to subsist next autumn and winter; and they are content to cast it on the waters now, for they are sure to find it after many days.

Or suppose that you are in the South Sea Isles, where the bread-fruit grows,\* and that by chance or on purpose you scatter some of its precious bunches on the sea. At the moment you may feel that they are lost; but should the winds and waters waft them to one of those reef islands with which such seas are thickly studded, the wandering seeds may get washed ashore, and beneath those brilliant suns may quickly grow to a bread-fruit forest. And should some disaster, long years after, wreck you on that reef, when these trees are grown and their clusters ripe, you may owe

\* The cultivated sort, however, has seldom any seeds.

your sustenance to the bread which you cast on the waters long ago.

Such is God's husbandry. Do the right deed. Do it in faith, and in prayer commend it to the care of God. And though the waves of circumstance may soon waft it beyond your ken, they only carry it to the place prepared by Him. And whether on an earthly or a heavenly shore, the result will be found, and the reaper will rejoice that he was once a sower.

Dr. Dwight of America tells how, when the country near Albany was newly settled, an Indian came to the inn at Lichfield, and asked for a night's shelter,—at the same time confessing that from failure in hunting he had nothing to pay. The hostess drove him away with reproachful epithets, and as the Indian was retiring sorrowfully—there being no other inn for many a weary mile—a man who was sitting by directed the hostess to supply his wants, and promised to pay her. As soon as his supper was ended, the Indian thanked his benefactor, and said he would some day repay him. Several years thereafter the settler was taken a prisoner by a hostile tribe, and carried off to Canada. However, his life was spared, though he himself was detained in slavery. But one day an Indian came to him, and giving him a musket, bade the white man follow him. The Indian never told where they were going, nor what was his object; but day after day the captive followed his mysterious guide, till one afternoon they came suddenly on a beautiful expanse of cultivated fields, with many houses rising amongst them. "Do you know that place?" asked the Indian. "Ah! yes; it is Lichfield;" and whilst the astonished exile had not recovered from his first start of amazement, the Indian exclaimed, "And I am the starving Indian on whom, at this very place, you took pity. And now that I have paid for my supper, I pray you go home."—*The Royal Preacher.*

### MY FATHER.

"WILT thou not, from this day, cry unto me, My Father, thou shalt be my guide?"

"ALL-WISE" He is—knowing every step of the journey, and having guided all the pilgrims of earth, that have ever reached heaven safely, there.

"ALL-POWERFUL" He is—able to drive back every foe, lift over every difficulty, heal every disease, and supply every want that may come upon you in your pilgrimage.

**"ALL-LOVING"** He is—more loving than any earthly friend or parent. Loving in dark days as well as shining ones—in trouble as well as joy.

Oh! will you not take Him for your guide? Thousands have tried Him,—will not you? Bad companions, your wicked hearts, sinful pleasures, will all offer to guide you safely on. But they will only deceive and ruin. God, never! "I will guide thee through life," He says—"I will receive thee to glory.

"Yea, all through life He'll be thy guide,  
At death thy soul receive,  
And after death, in realms of joy,  
A crown of glory give."

—*Lamp of Love.*

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## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### FOURTEENTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

##### I.—LAST CIRCUIT OF GALILEE.

(*Read Luke xv.*)

PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP.—(Verses 1-7.)

PARABLE OF THE LOST COIN.—(Verses 8-10.)

PARABLE OF THE LOST SON.—(Verses 11 to the end.)

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##### II.—LAST CIRCUIT OF GALILEE.

(*Read Luke xvi.*)

PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD.—(Verses 1-13.)

THE DERIDING PHARISEES REBUKED.—(Verses 14-18.)

PARABLE OF THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.—(Verses 19 to the end.)

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##### III.—LAST CIRCUIT OF GALILEE.—AND IN PEREA.

(*Read Luke xvii.*)

OFFENCES.—FORGIVING TRESPASSES.—INCREASE OF FAITH.

—HOLY SERVICE.—(Verses 1-10.)

THE TEN LEPERS HEALED.—(Verses 11-19.)

THE COMING OF THE SON OF MAN.—(Verses 20 to the end.)

IV.—IN PEREA.

(*Read Luke xviii. 1-30; Matt. xix. 18-30; Mark x. 18-36.*)

PARABLE OF THE UNJUST JUDGE AND WIDOW.—(Luke xviii. 1-8.)

THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.—(Verses 9-14.)

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.—(Matt. xix. 18-15; Mark x. 13-16; Luke xviii. 15-17.)

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.—ENTERING THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.—(Matt. xix. 16-30; Mark x. 17-31; Luke xviii. 18-30.)

MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

THE MISSION AT SALONICA.

A FEW weeks ago a new labourer was added in this interesting scene. Her name is Miss Smith. After the most careful training in Edinburgh Normal School, in the course of which she shewed great intelligence and piety, she, of her own accord, offered herself to the Ladies' Committee that she might proceed to the East. She has now arrived at Salonica, and has written letters home, giving a sketch of her voyage thither, and the kind reception she everywhere experienced. On her arrival, she says, the children of the place literally flocked round her in their gladness; and we have no doubt that by and by we shall hear of her having set agoing a flourishing school. This is a most promising enterprise; and for the good lady who has so devotedly given herself to the cause of Jesus in seeking to feed His lambs, we ask our readers' prayers and aid. We shall give an account of Miss Smith's labours from time to time.

THE MISSION AT ALEXANDRIA.

(*Extract letter from Rev. J. W. Yule, who, with his wife and niece, have recently arrived in this quarter, and opened a station there.*)

You will be glad to hear that our ever-gracious God has brought us in safety to the place of our destination. We arrived here on the evening of the 12th instant, after a pleasant voyage of fourteen days. The captain, officers, and passengers, were all very kind and agreeable, which tended in no small degree to our comfort. On the two Sabbaths we were at sea I held service in the saloon, all the passengers who were not sea sick, and the sailors not on duty, being present.

At Gibraltar we received some native passengers, among whom was a Jewish Rabbi, on his way to Jerusalem in order that he might die there. During our voyage I endeavoured once or twice to get into conversation with him, and once or twice he read some portions of the Psalter with me. As long as I said nothing about Jesus being the Christ he was willing to listen to me, but the moment I touched in conversation on this great truth, he shut his teeth, and gave a serpent-hiss, which indicated but too clearly his bitter hatred of that name.



On landing, I was fortunate in meeting with Dr. Philip, though only for a little, as he was on the point of embarking for Malta. He had drawn out a long letter of counsel for me, which will be useful in course of time. . . . There is a Jewish girls' school here, which Dr. Philip had under his care, and the expenses of which were borne by the Ladies' Association in Paisley. You will perhaps understand the present state of the school, if I copy what Dr. Philip has written respecting it. "They (*i. e.*, the ladies in Paisley) sent out a lady from home as a teacher, and the school was daily increasing under her, but she lost her health and was obliged to return home, and there were no funds to send out a successor to her. The ladies here promised to support a teacher for the sewing department, and pay other small incidental expenses, which promise they have hitherto promptly fulfilled, and there are several among them who take a deep interest in the Institution. In the time of the former teacher there were about eighty girls in attendance, and of that number about seventy were Jewesses." Such is the account which Dr. Philip gives of the school. At present the number of scholars is not great, but the field appears to be a promising one; at the same time we must keep in mind that to cultivate it properly will be attended with considerable expense.

### HYMN FOR THE EVENING.

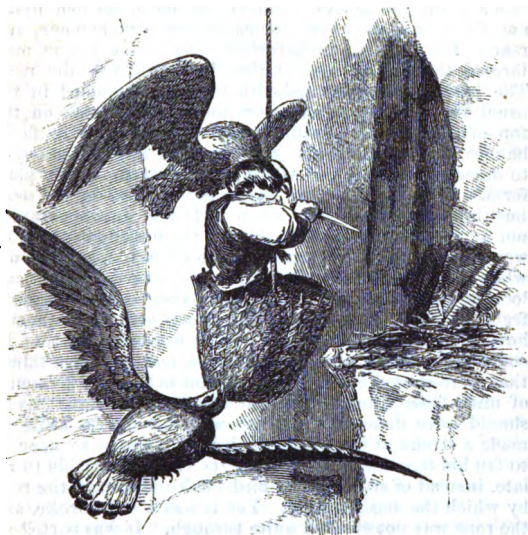
GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose!  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.



### A SINGLE THREAD.

**R**ECOLLECT, in my childhood, a story I somewhere read making on me a very deep impression. To this day I have not lost it. It was the story of a venturesome lad who followed the dangerous craft of gathering birds' eggs from the cliffs on the wild west shores of Ireland. Some of these cliffs rise sheer from the water's edge many hundred feet in height, and to look even from their margin down on the white hovering sea-birds that haunt them in flocks, and on the surfy waves far beneath, is enough to fill the eye and brain with terror. Picture, then, what it must be to be lowered down midway over their face in a sort of wicker basket, attached by a single rope, as is the custom with many of the natives who make a kind of livelihood by taking the eggs of the wild fowl from the shelves and crannies of the rocks.

In the case of which I wish to tell you, a pair of very large and fierce eagles had made their nest on a jutting point that was seen hanging far out above the abyss. It

was a point the boldest climber had never set foot upon, and for long in their eyry the eagles made their home, and reared their young undisturbed. At last a young man formed the daring resolve that he would rob the nest. The basket was prepared—its rope was fastened in the usual way by a party who were to wait his signals on the top of the cliff, and, armed only with a large knife or hanger, the youth, in his frail cage-like apparatus, began to descend. Slowly but safely he reached the giddy platform. A couple of young eagles lay huddled in the nest, but the parent birds were absent. It was an opportunity not to be lost; so, joyfully seizing the unfledged birds, he was about to give the signal that he should be hoisted up, when suddenly the air above him became darkened, and looking upward, he beheld the two parent eagles casting a fearful shadow, and with a fell swoop and wild screams hovering just above his head. They were so near that he could see the fiery glare of their eyes, and the huge talons that were spread out as if to rend him in pieces. Presence of mind failed him, and instead of giving the signal, as he should have done, to be raised, with his drawn knife he made a stroke at one of the eagles, as it swept so near as to fan his face with the edge of its wing. Horrible to relate, instead of striking the bird the knife struck the rope by which the basket hung. Yet it was a side stroke, and the rope was not severed quite through. It was parted all but a *single thread*! What a moment of stricken horror! The great foaming abyss below, that made the head now whirl to look down—and all that saved him from it, only this *single thread*! And where the gash had been made, too, was just so high up as to be beyond the reach of his hand to grasp over it. For a minute he dared not stir. His eye was wild—his face blanched—the next breath of air might carry him into the hideous depth. Yet for dear life he made one great venture—he sprang clear of the basket, catching, as he did so, desperately at the rope above its divided threads—the effort was successful, although no more than barely so—just over the *single thread* his hand seized the cord with a grasp of iron; those on the cliffs felt the strain, and fearing some peril had befallen, they began to raise it by a quick and timely effort. In a few minutes the young man was brought safely to the solid ground above, but, as the story tells, by the horror of that brief but awful period his hair was bleached white as the locks of age.

Whether, dear readers, the *single thread* of this story be a  
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fiction or no, I cannot say; but I am quite sure that, in the lives of those who are not safe in Jesus, it is an awfully true thing. They hang over a gulf—oh, how dark, deep, and full of terror! The life God gives in this world is the cord by which they hang, but then it is a cord so slim and fragile, that any moment it may snap. And what then? Nay, so bad is the case of some, that with their own hands they do blindly and rashly cut it almost in twain. Every sin is just a cutting of the soul in this way off from God—it is a severing of the cord well nigh through, even till but a *single thread* remains. How long, long, and patiently God attaches some souls to Himself, by no more than this single thread, giving yet a chance, waiting yet in mercy, not willing yet that they should perish! Then, when some are awakened to their danger, how desperate often does the case seem. The *single thread*—the stroke given that cannot be recalled—the gulf below! Yet, one great effort, if the heart has courage to make it, may save the soul, after all, alive. Above the thread, *He* stands who is mighty to save. The instant He feels the anguished grasp, and hears the heart's deep and stricken cry—that instant He makes haste to help. He is sure to rescue—so as by fire, it may be in the case of many, yet He is sure to rescue. Reader, put Jesus to the test in this way—try His strong arms, instead of hanging over the brink of eternity by a *single thread*. Cast yourself on these, and swift and certain He will draw you up out of all dangers, into the Father's rest!

### THE CROSS.

THE Cross is *the secret of all missionary success*. Nothing but this has ever moved the hearts of the heathen. Just according as this has been lifted up, missions have prospered. This is the weapon that has won victories over hearts of every kind, in every quarter of the globe. Greenlanders, Africans, South-Sea Islanders, Hindoos, Chinese, all have alike felt its power. Just as that huge iron tube which crosses the Menai Straits is more affected and bent by half-an-hour's sunshine than by all the dead weight that can be placed in it, so in like manner the hearts of savages have melted before the Cross when every other argument seemed to move them no more than stones. "Brethren," said a North American Indian, after his conversion, "I have been a heathen. I know how heathens think. Once a preacher came and began to explain to us

that there was a God; but we told him to return to the place from whence he came. Another preacher came and told us not to lie, nor steal, nor drink; but we did not heed him. At last another came into my hut one day, and said, 'I am come to you in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends to let you know that He will make you happy, and deliver you from misery. For this end He became a man, gave His life a ransom, and shed His blood for sinners.' I could not forget his words. I told them to the other Indians, and an awakening began among us. I say, therefore, preach the sufferings and death of Christ our Saviour, if you wish your words to gain entrance among the heathen." Never, indeed, did the devil triumph so thoroughly, as when he persuaded the Jesuit missionaries in China to keep back the story of the Cross.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

#### LETTER FROM CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.

THE following interesting letter has been received from Miss Hebron, Calcutta, by a member of the Sub-Committee of the Scottish Ladies' Association:—

CALCUTTA, SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE,  
*February 23, 1858.*

MY DEAR MISS ROSS,—Your very kind and sympathising letter I ought to have acknowledged ere this, only I have been so busy—our examination was coming on, and I was obliged to prepare them for the occasion, which took place on the 18th inst. Our girls were examined in English by the Rev. Messrs. Herdman and Ogilvie, and in Bengali by the Rev. Mr. Wenger; several friends were present, and I am thankful to say that the girls seemed to give general satisfaction. I often wish that their kind friends and supporters could hear them sing; on the occasion they chanted the 95th Psalm, Bengali words, but set to English music—also the "Child's Desire" in English. I do feel grateful to you and the other ladies of the Committee, for writing such encouraging letters, and I am sure your many prayers ought to stimulate me, but I do humbly hope that the love of Christ constrains me to devote my all to His service, however feeble that all might be; but it certainly is to your prayers that I attribute our peace, and the quiet that we have enjoyed, during that awful disturbance. Though the tempest roared, we were safely nestled under the broad wing of Almighty love. Calcutta is quiet,

I should say too quiet, for such a national calamity—people seem settling down to their former apathy. Oh, that our rulers would take a decided step on the side of Christianity! It depends greatly on them, I think, what effect all this will have on the Mission cause. But the Lord Jehovah reigneth; His purposes are ripening fast, and may we receive power from on high to wait His pleasure, suffering patience to have her perfect work. The districts are still in a disturbed state, and it must take time to restore them to order. The Governor-General has proceeded up country, and Delhi is to be razed. Calcutta is full of refugees, and it is heart-rending to listen to some of their accounts. I do not wonder that some persons have withdrawn their subscriptions from Missions, for unless the grace of God be in the heart, they must, after all the atrocities committed by the natives, take an utter aversion to them. But on that account must we disobey our Lord's command?

I am thankful to add that the children in the Orphanage are in good health just now, and give much satisfaction with regard to their outward conduct,—we use the means, God alone can change the heart. I do often long and pray to see more decided fruit, but the native character is so hard to penetrate, that I think the day of judgment will disclose more than we shall ever be allowed to see in this world. It is indeed “a work of faith and labour of love.” You will kindly excuse this time a hurried letter, as I am alone; my assistant is about to be married, and has left; but I hope to get another on the 1st of March. Continue your prayers for us, and believe me that the friends and supporters of this Institution are always remembered by us at the footstool of mercy.—With Christian regards, I am, &c.,

FRANCES HEBRON.

### A SUCCESSFUL TEACHER.

A SERMON was preached on Sunday evening, March 21st, by the Rev. W. Howieson, at Lion Street Chapel, New Kent Road. The text on which the discourse was founded was 1 Sam. ii. 80—“Them that honour me, I will honour.” Towards the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Howieson made the following remarks on the death of Miss Tresidder, a well-known Sunday school teacher:—

Our deceased friend was brought to the knowledge of the truth while she was a scholar in Horsley Street Sunday school, and from that time till she was laid aside by illness, her life was actively consecrated to the service of

God. She not only became a Sunday school teacher, but for many years she took charge, along with another female, of a class in the Ragged school, and, in addition, instructed the girls during the week in writing and arithmetic. She was a tract distributor, with scarcely any interruption, for fourteen years; nor did her labours end here, for, if asked to visit the sick, to canvass for scholars, or invite the poor to a cottage lecture, she was ready to do it.

But it was as teacher of our select senior girls' class that she was most signally blessed. She took charge of the class on the 20th of March 1853, and during the five years that it was under her care, twenty-eight of the young people were converted and united to the Church of Christ. This is a measure of success unprecedented in the history of our school, and, therefore, it becomes a question of great practical importance to all engaged in the instruction of the young,—How is the success of Miss Tresidder to be accounted for? This question we shall endeavour to answer.

*Her loving spirit* was an important element in her success. Love was a prominent feature in the character of our departed friend. Her work as a Sunday school teacher was conducted in such a spirit as to gain the love of all the members of the class. Her beaming eye, her gentle tone, her winning manner, all told of the irrepressible affection of her heart. Not only did she love her girls with unfeignedness of spirit, but there was an individuality in her affection. She so twined her heart's best regards round each scholar, as to feel for each, in some degree, as a mother feels for her child. Her looks and tones while addressing them indicated that she possessed, in her measure and degree, the same spirit as did the apostle Paul when he said, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." She became the personal friend of each of her scholars, and her constant visits to their homes when they were sick, her kind sympathy with them in all their troubles, and her well-timed efforts to help them forward in the world, secured for her a large place in their hearts, and rendered her the object at once of their confidence, their respect, and their love. In this lies one great secret of her success. Love is the key to the human heart. It is love that God employs to open our own hearts when they are fast locked and barred by Satan. "We love Him, because He first loved us." And it is by the manifestation of love that we must hope to awaken love in those committed to our charge.

Another characteristic of Miss Tresidder as a teacher, was her *deep solicitude to save the souls of her scholars*. Every other aim was kept subordinate to this. She tried to influence the members of her class morally and socially, but she was most intently anxious about their conversion. The mere communication of religious instruction, however perfect, did not satisfy her affectionate spirit. This she ever regarded as but the means to an end, that end being the salvation of her scholars, their renewal in the image of God, their acceptance in the righteousness of Christ, their meetness for "the inheritance of the saints in light." Such being her constant aim, the character of her teaching necessarily harmonised with it. Whatever might be the subject for the day, she always managed to make it lead to Jesus. She dwelt much in her teaching upon God's willingness to pardon sinners for the sake of Christ; and her own experience led her to conclude that conversions take place more frequently as the result of simple and unaffected statements respecting the atoning blood and perfect righteousness of Jesus, than by any other means. The following incident beautifully illustrates the spirit of her teaching. It was her wish to leave a parting gift to each member of her class, and for this purpose some pocket Testaments, neatly bound, were procured. Then turning to one of her brothers, she said, "John, I have been thinking I should like to give my girls a parting motto. What do you think it ought to be?" He replied, "What motto do you think of?" She considered for a moment, and then said, "*Looking unto Jesus*. It is, you know, so comprehensive, so beautiful,—is it not?" For two successive nights she sat up writing this motto in the Testaments, and signing her name; and her brother adds:—"Those of us who witnessed her weak frame and glowing eye, will not soon forget that our dying relative was assuredly herself feasting upon the motto she was writing for others." Yes, our deceased friend *feasted* on Jesus herself. She spoke to her scholars out of the fulness of her heart. For the last four years of her life she had enjoyed, to use her own expression, "uninterrupted peace in Jesus;" and, accordingly, her announcements of the simple Gospel were accompanied with a fervour and affection which her class could not but feel.

*Constant and individual intercourse with her scholars* marked the character of Miss Tresidder as a teacher. Her correspondence with her class was very great. She requested all her girls, on their joining the class, to put down in



writing the date of their birthday ; and it was her practice to send a letter to each on that day. Specimens of such letters I have seen, and they indicate how near her heart lay the present and eternal welfare of her scholars. She also encouraged them to write to her, and state freely their difficulties and temptations ; and she made it an invariable rule to reply promptly to their communications. If she saw any of them affected by the instructions given in the class, she requested them to remain after the others had gone, and spoke to them kindly and pointedly, and then commended them to God in prayer. When her increasing weakness prevented her from being in her place in the house of God, she was accustomed to have one or more of her girls at home with her, in order to make a more personal application of the truth to their hearts and consciences. To such *individual* intercourse with her scholars we attribute much of Miss Tresidder's success.

A fourth characteristic of our departed friend was her *prayerfulness*. A week before her death, her brother John asked her how it was, in her opinion, that God had so blessed her labours ? She replied, "*I owe it all to prayer*. For the last four years I have never failed to pray for each member of my class apart, weekly. I arranged them so, that before a Sunday came round, I had brought each girl's case before my heavenly Father ; and this seems to have made me love them more, and to strive more for the salvation of their souls." Here we have the secret of her success in her own words. Her scholars had a daily place in her prayers. She pleaded for them one by one, bringing each respective case before her heavenly Father, and asking, with holy importunity, that the careless might be awakened, the inquiring led to the Saviour, the tempted delivered, and the afflicted comforted. And if you, my brethren, would be successful as teachers, you must "pray without ceasing." The more you honour God in this way, the more will He honour you. Go from the closet to the Sunday school, and, if possible, from the Sunday school to the closet, and you will find that prayer will become the fountain out of which the piety of your own souls will be recruited, and the seed out of which all your success will germinate.

It is my earnest prayer that this imperfect sketch of what the Lord enabled Miss Tresidder to be and to do, may induce all her fellow-teachers to "go and do likewise."—*Union Magazine*.

### THE MILKY WAY.

ONE starry night, as Gotthold stood gazing at what is called the Milky Way, he thought with himself: This white belt in the heavens, as one of the ancients has said, and as has now been demonstrated, is formed by the shining of innumerable stars, too distant from us to be perceptible, except through the medium of the telescope. To me it presents, first of all, an emblem of Holy Scripture, which, to him who views it superficially, appears obscure and dim; whereas he who contemplates it in spirit, and through the perspective of faith, discovers a thousand sparkling stars of doctrine and consolation. Again, the Milky Way also reminds me of the glorious assembly of the saints in the life eternal. Of this, in our natural condition, we know nothing. But if we take the glass of faith and Divine contemplation, we then discover that verily "the spirits of the blessed shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) And yet all about the heavenly world appears small and scarcely perceptible, because we are still at so great a distance from it. If, however, by the will of God, we one day reach that blessed place, then shall we fully know what it is, and be for ever satisfied.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

### ANECDOTE OF MUNGO PARK.

THE well-known traveller, Mungo Park, relates an incident concerning himself, which presents the passage (Matt. vi. 28-30) in so striking a light that it deserves to be mentioned. It shews how effectually, under certain circumstances, the flowers of the field may convey to a thoughtful mind the lessons which our Saviour would have us derive from them. "One day," he says, "I found myself in the midst of a vast wilderness (it was one of the African deserts), in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from any European settlement. Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. Though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsules, without admiration. Can

that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image! Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed.”  
—*The Life of Mungo Park.*

### THE LAW IN CHRIST.

WHEN we read the commandments, and especially in connexion with our Lord's interpretation and comments in Matt. v., we must be startled to find how very far we are from conformity thereto. That first command, “Love God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength,” is enough to throw us into hopeless despondency. This is what our gracious Father intends; see Gal. iii. 24. We are compelled to fly to the Saviour He has provided. If we seek salvation by good works, or by any other way except a scriptural trust in the atonement of Christ, it is all in vain. Like people in a burning house, we start at the cry of “Fire!” and find all the doors bolted but one.

I remember, when in the Isle of Wight, seeing the “land-slip.” A considerable tract of land on the coast had sunk down bodily, with all its trees and hedges, to a lower level, which you might have imagined to be the original level but for the presence of the tall cliff behind, which shewed from what a height the ground had lapsed. That sunken tract is like human nature, and the cliff is like the law of God. We look up to that awful and holy law, and the angels who walk upon the level of it, and then contemplate our own moral prostration with many bitter sighs. But soon we see Christ coming down to us, and He takes us by the hand, and leads us up again by the “new way.”

The law of God exists for the angels and glorified saints as well as for men on earth; but in heaven it ceases to be outward and visible. It is the golden framework over which the flowers of heaven are trained. It is like the supporting skeleton, without which our bodies would collapse and tumble into ruin.

The law of God is only fearful to those to whom Christ has not given inward power to keep it. We can bear all the superincumbent weight of forty miles of atmosphere,

because the *air is within us* as well as without. If the air were withdrawn from within us, we should immediately be compressed to death. When Christ by His Spirit puts a new life within us, we become, in proportion to its vigour, able to bear the law of God with ease. We cease to feel it oppressive; Gal. v. 22, 23.

Compare Mount Sinai and Mount Calvary, and shew the places they hold between the lost joys of Eden and the same joys regained and glorified in heaven. Connect Gen. ii. 9; iii. 8; Exod. xix. 21; Isaiah liii. 5; and Rev. xxi. 3; xxii. 3. The darkness that came down on Calvary (like that on Sinai) was symbolic of human guilt. That guilt settled on the head of our Substitute, and as He expired it cleared away, and the Sun of Divine love shone upon the world that it had redeemed.

God came down upon both mountains. He was near in the darkness of Sinai, but nearer still in the darkness of Calvary.

The woe that hung over mankind concentrated over Christ's cross, and fell on Him, just as the thunder-charged cloud pours its fire upon the elevated lightning-conductor that saves the house beneath.—*Union Magazine*.

## MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

ALEXANDRIA—REV. J. W. YULE.

I RECENTLY had a visit from the Rev. Mr. Reichardt, connected with the Church of England Jewish Mission at Cairo. He has been over three years in Egypt, during which period he has collected some information and experience respecting his work. His opinion is decidedly in favour of educational efforts. In his school he has about 120 Jews and Jewesses, and he gets at the parents through the children. He thinks Alexandria an excellent field for a school, not only for Jews, but also for Greeks and Latins. The languages necessary to be taught are Italian (which may be considered the language of the place), Arabic, and English. The Jews, Greeks, Copts, Armenians, and Italians, all speak and do business in the Italian language, and English is desired as a means of carrying on traffic with the British. I could get a Florentine Protestant, strongly recommended by Dr. Philip, as an Italian master, and I might possibly procure a Syrian for the Arabic. Some of the residents who are desirous that our mission should prosper, are in favour of an educational movement; and without saying that it is the *only* way to carry on our work, I am inclined to believe that it is worth a trial, and there is no doubt that a wide field lies before us to operate in.

In the event of the Committee giving their sanction to this

department, I would, at the very outset, make the pupils pay—it might be a small sum—for the education given to them. The Romanists have a very large school, and all the pupils pay. The Greeks have a school in which a certain number receive a gratuitous education, and the rest pay. The American missionaries have opened a school in the Turkish quarter, and are giving free instruction; but I think we ought to try the paying principle, of course giving as good value as possible in the way of teaching.

The first difficulty we would have to encounter would be procuring a suitable house, and I do not know of any place at present eligible.

Some friends have suggested, in the event of the Committee coming to the determination to have a school, that we should apply to the Pasha for a grant of a piece of ground on which to build a house, which would answer for a church and school. It is thought that as grants have already been made to the Greeks, Romanists, and Church of England, we might obtain one also.

I am not prepared to ask the Committee to begin any building just now. If I could get an interview with the Pasha, I would ask for the ground, and if I got it, so much the better. I do think, however, that we should set about a school, or rather schools, male and female, at once; and what I now wish to know is, whether the Committee will authorise me to look out for a house, at a rent say of £60, or under, engage an Italian and Arabic master for the boys, as well as send me a teacher for the girls if required. Mrs. Yule would, in the meantime, see to the female department. I know that I am making a large demand, but I do not see at present how the work can be carried on without something like what I now seek.

### GOSPEL TRIUMPHS.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze:  
While the promises are pointing  
To a glorious day of grace:  
Blessed Jubilee!  
Let thy glorious dawning come,

Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Which was won on Calvary;  
Let the Gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions,  
Multiply and still increase:  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around!



**LETTER FROM THE CALCUTTA ORPHANAGE.**

SCOTTISH ORPHANAGE,  
March 22, 1858.

**M**Y DEAR MRS. M——,—Your kind letter was acknowledged last month, but the steamer, "Ava," on which it was sent, was lost; and so the mail also has gone to the depths of the ocean; and, therefore, to clear myself of seeming neglect, I hasten to write a few more lines.

I had known you by name as Peggie's kind supporter; and I think it very kind of you to write, for I ought to have made her write to you on her marriage. Joseph is a good steady man, and I think makes her very happy. He has two boys by a former marriage, and Peggie is very kind to them. He was a Scripture reader; but after six months he left Calcutta with his family, and took employment at Chittagong. She used to come to the Orphanage to see her old companions; and I called several times at their house, to see how they were getting on. You ask if she had adopted European habits? Not quite. We do not

like them to make a great change in their habits, as it would make their mode of living more expensive than was necessary. Some of the Christians, I am sorry to say, have adopted European habits and style of living, and so, of course, their salaries are not sufficient, and their employers are constantly teased to increase their allowance. The poorest Christian's house is always neater and cleaner than their heathen neighbours'. Peggie's house had two rooms; one was the kitchen, and the other the best room, in which was a bedstead, a table, and a couple of chairs; also a small book-shelf, with a few books; and they took their meals in the kitchen on a mat; they ate with their fingers, as all our children do in the Orphanage, sitting on mats. The girls wear petticoats, either of calico or print, and a calico vest which has short sleeves, and fastens round the throat with a band. The elder girls have a covering, sometimes, called a chudder or veil. Peggie looked very elegant on her wedding-day. She had on a very full muslin petticoat over a thick calico one; she wore shoes and stockings (which is not their custom, except when I take them to St. Andrew's on a Sabbath evening; I always take two of the elder ones alternately); she had on a muslin vest, and, over all, was a chudder or veil, which enveloped her whole person. Several friends were present, and Mr. Herdman performed the ceremony. It was a happy occasion for the children; they had a holiday, and were treated with sweetmeats.

Last month we had our annual examination. Rev. Messrs. Herdman, Ogilvie, and Wenger examined them in English and Bengali, in the presence of friends, and all seemed pleased. These children are cared for, instructed, fed, and clothed, like any English school, though we try to keep them to the native habit as much as possible, by cooking, and drawing water, and cleaning their apartments. Oh! may the love of Jesus touch their young hearts, and then they will truly feel grateful to their kind supporters.

How amused your little boy would be to see our school full of black children, and to hear them speak in their own native tongue. When I have been in the Mofussil, the children, sometimes, on seeing me, would run and hide themselves for fear; even now, when they first come to our day-schools, they look quite frightened; but by degrees they gain confidence.

I must now conclude with my kind Christian regards, and, believe me,—Yours sincerely,

FRANCES HEBRON.

### CAN NO ONE STOP THE WHEEL?

Not long since I was passing along the Westminster Road, in an omnibus, and I looked out and saw a sad sight. A little girl, with no father's or mother's hand to guide her, no elder brother or sister to protect her, was wandering in the streets, and as she was trying to cross, she was knocked down by a cart. There she lay, with outstretched arms, between the hoof of the horse and the wheel of the cart. It was but an instant of time, but it seemed an age, as I saw that wheel remorselessly passing on to crush those tender limbs. Could no one stop that wheel? Could no one save that little one from peril? It was impossible; all shuddered as they looked, and there was not one but would have risked his personal safety to rescue the poor child. But what shall we say of thousands of children in London and elsewhere, exposed to far greater perils every day? The wheel of ruin—physical, moral, and spiritual ruin—is rolling over them; hunger and nakedness is crushing them; early bad example is crushing them; fearful ignorance is crushing them; infernal training in human vice is crushing them; most degrading and abominable juvenile amusements are crushing them; early tipling habits are crushing them. There they lie, poor little things, in the dirt in the kennel. Shall we condemn them? Shall we scorn them? Should we be better than they, had we been in their circumstances,—cradled in corruption, schooled in sin? May they not become better than we are? Rough, lustreless, mud-begrimed, your diamond is capable of being cut and polished, so that it may yet glisten in the crown of the Great King. Drooping, dying, they are yet flowers; lilies, roses, capable, by your cultivation, and by the genial influences of the Spirit of God, of putting forth a beauty and a fragrance meet for angels, meet for heaven. Every one of them has an immortal soul, more valuable than all those jewels reported as captured at Lucknow; more valuable than the great Indian Empire, for the preservation of which we are lavishing so much treasure and so much blood; more precious than the great globe itself. Those little ones, since Christ created them, since He redeemed them, and invites them to Himself, we need not hesitate to say are Christ's little ones. We seem to hear Him say, "These are mine; preserve them for me; take these children, nurse them, train them for me." There comes the ponderous wheel of the devil's car rolling on, rolling on, crushing them down,



down, down, body and soul to hell! Oh, Sunday school teachers, shall I not say in the name of Jesus, Come to the rescue? This is your divine mission, and the longest life would not be vainly spent if, in the course of that long life, you were instrumental in rescuing from eternal ruin but one of Christ's little ones.—*Newman Hall.*

### PRAYER IN THE CHILD.

PRAYER is the very life-breath of true religion. It is one of the first evidences that a man is born again. "Behold," said the Lord of Saul, in the day He sent Ananias to him—"behold he prayeth." (Acts ix. 11.) He had begun to pray, and that was proof enough.

Prayer was the distinguishing mark of the Lord's people in the day that there began to be a separation between them and the world. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." (Gen. iv. 26.)

Prayer is the peculiarity of all real Christians now. They pray,—for they tell God their wants, their feelings, their desires, their fears, and mean what they say. The nominal Christian may repeat prayers, and good prayers too, but he goes no further.

Prayer is the turning point in a man's soul. Our ministry is unprofitable, and our labour is vain, till you are brought to your knees. Till then we have no hope about you.

Prayer is one great secret of spiritual prosperity. When there is much private communion with God, your soul will grow like the grass after rain; when there is little, all will be at a stand-still—you will barely keep your soul alive. Shew me a growing Christian—a going forward Christian—a strong Christian—a flourishing Christian—and sure I am, he is one that speaks often with his Lord. He asks much, and he has much. He tells Jesus everything, and so he always knows how to act.

Prayer is the *mightiest* engine God has placed in our hands. It is the best weapon to use in every difficulty, and the surest remedy in every trouble. It is the key that unlocks the treasury of promises, and the hand that draws forth grace and help in time of need. It is the silver trumpet God commands us to sound in all our necessity, and it is the cry He has promised always to attend to, even as a loving mother to the voice of her child.

Prayer is the *simplest* means that man can use in coming

to God. It is within reach of all,—the sick, the aged, the infirm, the paralytic, the blind, the poor, the unlearned,—all can pray. It avails you nothing to plead want of memory, and want of learning, and want of books, and want of scholarship in this matter. So long as you have a tongue to tell your soul's state, you may and ought to pray. Those words, "Ye have not because ye ask not" (James iv. 2), will be a fearful condemnation to many in the day of judgment.

Parents, if you love your children, do all that lies in your power to train them up to a habit of prayer. Shew them how to begin. Tell them what to say. Encourage them to persevere. Remind them if they become careless and slack about it. Let it not be your fault, at any rate, if they never call on the name of the Lord.

This, remember, is the first step in religion which a child is able to take. Long before he can read you can teach him to kneel by his mother's side, and repeat the simple words of prayer and praise which she puts in his mouth. And as the first steps in any undertaking are always the most important, so is the *manner* in which your children's prayers are prayed, a point which deserves your closest attention. Few seem to know how much depends on this. You must beware lest they get into a way of saying them in a hasty, careless, and irreverent manner. You must beware of giving up the oversight of this matter to servants and nurses, or of trusting too much to your children doing it when left to themselves. I cannot praise that mother who never looks after this most important part of her child's daily life herself. Surely if there be any habit which your own hand and eye should help in forming, it is the habit of prayer. Believe me, if you never hear your children pray yourself, you are much to blame. You are little wiser than the bird described in Job, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not her's: her labour is in vain without fear." (Job xxxix. 14-16.)

Prayer is, of all habits, the one which we recollect the longest. Many a gray-headed man could tell you how his mother used to make him pray in the days of his childhood. Other things have passed away from his mind perhaps.—The church where he was taken to worship,—the minister whom he heard preach,—the companions who used to play with him,—all these, it may be, have passed

from his memory, and left no mark behind. But you will often find it is far different with his first prayers. He will often be able to tell you where he knelt, and what he was taught to say, and even how his mother looked all the while. It will come up as fresh before his mind's eye as if it was but yesterday.

Reader, if you love your children, I charge you, do not let the seed-time of a prayerful habit pass away unimproved. If you train your children to anything, train them at least to a habit of prayer.—*Home Truths.*

### THE TRUE RICHES.

HE that has Christ has *the true riches*. A gentleman one day took an acquaintance out on the roof of his house, to shew him the extent of his possessions. "There," says he, "that is my estate." Then, pointing in another direction, "Do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine. Do you see that house?" "Yes." "That is mine, too." Then said his friend, "Do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there is a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Why, how is that! what can she say?" "Why, she can say, *Christ is mine.*"—*Union Magazine.*

### GOD'S GIFT.

GIVE all Thou canst,—without Thee we are poor,  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

### EACH PUPIL.

A LADY had a Sabbath class, to teach which she made diligent preparation; the instructions in the class were necessarily of a somewhat general nature, but she desired that each of her scholars should be converted to God. *Therefore it was her habit to pray specifically for each scholar,* and then to visit each one in her home, for the purpose of special religious conversation. She laboured to save not her class, but the particular souls in her class. It is worth repeating, that this humble, faithful teacher had reason to believe that each of her scholars had become a true Christian.—*Union Magazine.*

# ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE ORPHANAGE.

*(The following portion of a letter has been kindly sent us by a Lady who had requested it to be especially written for the readers of the JUVENILE RECORD.)*

I HAVE had so many kind letters from the friends and supporters of this Institution, that I no longer think it strange, but receive them as from friends, though we have never met in this world, nor is it very likely we ever shall; but you are interested in the same cause to which my heart has been devoted for years, and every fresh letter I receive, I thank God and take courage to go on.

Chundra, I am happy to say, is gradually progressing in her learning, though she never will be able to make any progress in English, so I have kept her to Bengali, which will be of more use to her. She has not much capacity for learning, but I hope soon to be able to make her write a letter to her supporters. She is very hard-working in household matters; cooks very nicely, and does plain needlework, and I think tries to give satisfaction. I have lately promoted her by giving in her charge two little ones; she washes them, and mend their clothes, &c. I have four head-monitors, and each of these has two or three under her, and these under-monitors have two or three under her care, so that only the head-monitors are answerable to me, and by that means I have no need of a matron, but look into everything myself, and by these means can watch them more closely than I could if I had a matron. The missionary cause, I have no doubt, will prosper after this, but yet it must be the work of time. Our brave soldiers are fighting away at present at Lucknow, and there must be hotter work still. Missionaries are labouring in faith and patience, and that is all we can do at present; we must sow the seed, and leave the result with God; He will, in His own good time, gather in the harvest. Chundra was very much interested about your school; and when I told her there were twenty teachers, she lifted up her hands and exclaimed, "Twenty teachers!" Last month we had our annual examination, and I am thankful to say, Mr. Henderson and other friends expressed themselves gratified. They were examined in both languages, and sang in both languages—I am sure your school children would be pleased to hear them—the first was in English, "The Child's Desire," and the second in Bengali, the 95th Psalm,

English Anthem. Pray for us, and pray for benighted India; as Abraham pleaded for Ishmael, so ought Christians to plead, "Oh, that the heathen may live before Thee!"

**FIFTY-TWO PLEAS FOR SUCCESS TO BE URGED  
BY SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

**LORD! SAVE SOULS IN OUR CLASSES!**

1. For thy mercy's sake. Exod. xxxiv. 7; Psa. lxxvii. 8; xcvi. 3.
2. For thy name's sake. Psa. lxxix. 8, 9; Jer. xiv. 7.
3. We plead as Moses did. Numb. xiv. 15-18.
4. We cry over their souls, as thy servant does over their bodies. Lam. ii. 11, 12.
5. Our Master has taught us to expect their conversion. Matt. xxi. 16.
6. If they are not saved, what will they lose? Luke xiii. 28; Lam. i. 7.
7. If they are not saved, what will they suffer in body? Luke xvi. 24; Mark xix. 44.
8. If they are not saved, what will they suffer in soul for ever and ever? Prov. v. 11, 12; Luke xvi. 26.
9. If they are not saved, they will hate thee for ever. Isa. viii. 20, 21.
10. If they are not saved, they will be abominable for ever. Rev. xxii. 11.
11. If saved, how happy they would be. Psa. xxxii. 1; Rev. vii. 14-17.
12. If saved, how they would sing to thy name. Rev. v. 9; xv. 3, 4.
13. If saved, how they would please thee by holiness now and ever. Eph. i. 4; Tit. ii. 11-13.
14. What monuments they would be of the Spirit's power. Zech. iv. 6; xii. 10.
15. What monuments they would be of the Saviour's. Acts v. 31.
16. What monuments they would be of the Father's sovereignty. Matt. xi. 25.
17. Satan would be baffled. Psa. viii. 2.
18. The sum of sin and misery in the universe would be lessened. Ezek. xviii. 32.
19. Lord, do this, for we point to thy words. Eph. iii. 20, 21.

20. Have respect to thy promise, Heb. iv. 16, in connection with 1 Thess. ii. 19.

LORD, DELAY NOT TO COME !

- 21. The time is short. John xii. 36; Rev. i. 8.
- 22. They are getting hardened. Psa. cxix. 126.
- 23. Thy servants are weary. Psa. cxix. 82; lxxviii. 9.
- 24. Their knowledge makes their souls more guilty. 1 Cor. viii. 1; Luke xii. 47.
- 25. Thy Spirit calls "to-day;" oh, let him work to-day. Heb. iii. 7.
- 26. The Lamb is worthy, and the Spirit is the Spirit of Grace. Isa. lxiii. 10, 11, 15.
- 27. Oh, shew that thine ear is not heavy, &c. Isa. lix. 1.
- 28. Oh, shew that thy Gospel is mighty in spite of our weakness. 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.
- 29. Oh, shew that Christ has gifts for rebellious ones still. Psa. lxxviii. 18; Eph. iv. 8.
- 30. Use the Bible, ordinances, catechisms, books, providences, thou that didst use David's pebbles. 1 Sam. xvii. 40, 45, 49.

WE APPEAL TO THEE, YET AGAIN.

- 81. Thy word has said, Gal. vi. 9.
- 82. Thy word has said, again, Isa. xlv. 19.
- 88. Wilt thou not make us glad, O man of sorrows? Psalm lxxxv. 6.
- 84. We have read Acts iv. 31; and we like Psa. cxix. 49.
- 85. See our tears! Psa. xc. 14; Isa. lxiv. 1-8.
- 86. Think on our long sadness. Psa. xlii. 1-6.
- 87. This is the acceptable year; Luke iv. 19. Lord, send now prosperity. Psa. cxviii. 25.
- 88. Thou art He of whom that is spoken, Isa. li. 9, 10.
- 89. We read of Thee doing such things. Psa. cxlii. 7; cxiv. 7; lxxiv. 11, 12.
- 40. Remember *Calvary*! Remember *Pentecost*!

YET ONCE MORE, THOUGH WE ARE BUT DUST AND ASHES !

- 41. Open our mouth and fill it, as Psa. lxxxi. 10, 15, 16, shews thou canst.
- 42. "*Where is thy God?*" is a sword in our bones. Psa. lxiv. 9, 10; xlii. 10; Numb. xiv. 16.
- 48. Oh, make us to sing, Psa. cxxvi.
- 44. Let us not return ashamed. Psa. lxxiv. 21; Luke i. 53.

45. Again we remind thee of such words as Isa. xli. 17.
46. We will, in love to souls, be as the Syro-phœnician. Matt. xv. 22, 25, 27.
47. We will be as Ezek. xxxvii. 3. Be thou as 8, 9, 10.
48. Lord, do as Deut. xxxii. 1-3 says thou often doest.
49. Say to us as Jer. xxxiii. 1-8; Matt. viii. 2, 3.
50. We ask as Jer. xiv. 8, 9; for thou canst save to the uttermost.
51. Oh, think as thine own most solemn words. Matt. xvi. 26, 27.
52. Lord! Lord! John iv. 49; Gen. xxxii. 26; Psa. cxxx.; Psa. cxv. 1; Rev. v. 12.—*Union Magazine.*

### THE GRAIN OF CORN.

"SEE here, father," exclaimed Conrad, pointing to six heavy ears of corn which had all grown from a single grain; "see what an abundant blessing one little corn grain may have! We take little thought of it, but walk by with heedless tread, and every grain is a rich gift of God, in which a whole harvest is enclosed."

"So it is, my son," replied the father. "God hath bestowed on all that is good and profitable an especial blessing. He walks invisible through our fields, and causes the young sown crop to prosper, so that bread may never be lacking to the diligent man. And as He cares for our bodily needs, so hath He his eye directed with double care upon the soul—the much more important part of man. Also for this there is a grain of seed which may bring forth fruit an hundred-fold. It is the Living Word that comes from above, and was given to men in order to spread even further the kingdom of Love and Truth. Oh, my son, a single word of God's honour, spoken in the might of faith—a single deed of love done in His Spirit—may be likened to that seed-corn, and go on increasing ever in fruitfulness from generation to generation. Happy he to whom it is given to strew the golden grains of the Spirit, the costly seed of noble doctrine! He may either see the fruits thereof here below or no—in secret, also, doth the heavenly blessing unfold itself. But one day all shall be made manifest, and then shall it wave to meet Him—the golden harvest of which He sowed the seed, and angels shall bring home the sheaves, and God himself shall rejoice over His wealthy autumn."

"Oh, father," cried Conrad, "thou hast said I should be a farmer and learn to cultivate the field. Oh, that I were also a sower after a spiritual sort, for more dearly than all might I call those sheaves mine on which the heavenly Father looks down so well pleased."

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## OUTLINES OF SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

### FIFTEENTH MONTH.

#### LIFE OF CHRIST.

##### I.—THE FORDS OF THE JORDAN—AND NIGH JERICO.

(Read Matt. xx. 1-34; Mark x. 32-52; Luke xviii. 31-43.)

PARABLE OF THE LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.—(Matt. xx. 1-16.)

THE THINGS THAT SHOULD HAPPEN.—ORDER IN THE KINGDOM.—(Matt. xx. 17-28; Mark x. 32-45; Luke xviii. 31-34.)

THE CRY OF THE BLIND MAN.—(Luke xviii. 35-43; Matt. xx. 29-34; Mark x. 46-52.)

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##### II.—WEST OF JERICO—AND IN BETHANY.

(Read Luke xix. 1-28; Matt. xxvi. 6-13; Mark xiv. 3-9; John xii. 1-11.)

STORY OF ZACCHÆUS.—(Luke xix. 1-10.)

PARABLE OF THE TEN SERVANTS.—(Luke xix. 11-28.)

THE WOMAN ANOINTING THE FEET OF JESUS.—(Matt. xxvi. 6-13; Mark xiv. 3-9; John xii. 1-11.)

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##### III.—FROM BETHANY TO JERUSALEM.

(Read Matt. xxi. 1-22; Mark xi. 1-19; Luke xix. 29-48; John xii. 12-36.)

THE HOSANNAS BY THE WAY.—(Matt. xxi. 1-11; Mark xi. 1-11; Luke xix. 29-44; John xii. 12-19.)

ANSWER TO THE PRIESTS AND SCRIBES.—THE VOICE FROM HEAVEN.—(Matt. xxi. 14-17; John xii. 20-36.)



**THE BARREN FIG-TREE CURSED.—THE MONEY-CHANGERS  
DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE.—**(Matt. xxi. 18-22; Mark  
xi. 12-19; Luke xix. 45-48.)

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**IV.—IN THE TEMPLE.**

(*Read* Matt. xxi. 23—xxii. 22; Mark xi. 20—xii. 17;  
Luke xx. 1-26.)

**FAITH IN GOD.—JESUS' AUTHORITY.—**(Mark xi. 20-33;  
Matt. xxi. 23-27; Luke xx. 1-8.)

**PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS.—PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD  
LET TO HUSBANDMEN.—**(Matt. xxi. 28-46; Mark  
xii. 1-12; Luke xx. 9-19.)

**PARABLE OF THE WEDDING GARMENT.—QUESTION OF  
TRIBUTE.—**(Matt. xxii. 1-14; 15-22; Mark xii. 13-17;  
Luke xx. 20-26.)

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**CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.**

CHILDHOOD's years are passing o'er us,  
Youthful days will soon be gone;  
Cares and sorrows lie before us,  
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,  
Trode Himself this vale of woe,  
Make us His, and make us holy,  
Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark, it is the Saviour calling—  
"Take thy cross and follow me!"  
Jesus, keep our feet from falling,  
Help us all to follow thee!

Soon we part, it may be never,  
Never here to meet again;  
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever!  
Oh, the crown of life to gain!



## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER I.

I PURPOSE writing, from time to time, a simple narrative taken from Dr. Livingstone's large book of his travels in Africa. I shall give my young readers, I hope, in substance, all the most interesting points of that very singular book; and if those of them who are far enough advanced, will follow the stream of adventures by making themselves familiar with a good map of Africa, it will tend very much to deepen their interest as they go along in the changeful story.

The hero of the narrative came of a long line of Highland ancestors. He says his great-grandfather fell at Cul-loden, fighting for Prince Charlie. Their home was in a wild and stormy island, in the western seas of Scotland, called Ulva. From that the grandfather of Livingstone

migrated to a place on the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow, where his sons got employment in the large factories then rapidly rising there. The father of the future missionary grew up a man of pious life, and honest carefulness. He educated his children under a very humble roof, but with great beauty of example, and to the love of God's Word, and the practice of early prayer. If you read that exquisite poem, Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night," you will have a good idea of what this poor man's household was. Livingstone also speaks of his mother with great tenderness. Like many other great and good men, he owed much to the piety and teaching of his mother. "At the age of ten," he says, "I was put into the factory, as a piecer, to aid by my earnings in lessening her anxiety. With a part of my first week's wages, I purchased Raddiman's 'Elements of Latin,' and pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards, with unabated ardour, at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now." Besides tasks like these, if tasks they could be called, the enthusiastic boy also devoured an immense number of books of travel and science; among which he speaks gratefully of two interesting little volumes, called Dick's "Philosophy of Religion," and "Philosophy of a Future State." But that which struck the key-note of his life and heart was, what he tells immediately after, his being drawn to Jesus in His Cross. His parents had taught him about Jesus as a Saviour, but not till at a certain point he could say, "My Saviour!" did he know how precious that Jesus was. He says it was like a man being cured of what is called "colour blindness." Colour blindness is a strange defect

of sight, by which some people see all colours very much the same, or confused the one with the other. So the sinner who is not yet converted to Jesus, sees Him only in a very dim, confused, and blinded way. Once converted, that moment his eye is cleared, and he beholds the King in all His beauty. So says Livingstone: "The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book, drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for His mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since." This was the true turning-point in his career,—as being won to Jesus is the turning-point in every disciple's history. From that point he dates always all that is worthy and true.

In the first glow of his love to Christ, our hero's impulse was to do something for the help of human misery. He thought of going to China, in whose huge wilderness of life and ignorance he believed, that, if he knew medicine, he might open the way for great good! He loved nature intensely, and with this view he set about studying plants, finding out their names and virtues. In this study, as well as in the study of minerals, he wandered over the whole district round the Clyde. "My reading while at work," he says, "was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence, as I passed at my work. I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education, I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children, or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for, and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow, in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have

accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society." This society is the organ of no special church—it is simply an association of *all* churches to send out agents in preaching the Gospel to the whole world. Then, farther on, it is added: "Looking back now on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training!" Let the young reader ponder deeply on this.

Livingstone by and by finished his medical studies; but the opium war was raging in China at the time, and that field was therefore shut against him. He then heard of the labours of Moffat the African missionary, and on casting his eye over the wild and wondrous land north of the Cape Town colony, the idea dawned upon him that he would dedicate his life in holy enterprise there. Under the London society, therefore, after he had spent a little while longer in sacred study in England, he started for Africa. It was the year 1840. He landed on the shores of Algoa Bay, and thence pierced into the far and lonely tracts beyond. In that region he spent sixteen years of his life. Till 1856 few knew anything of his whereabouts. He was buried in the shadows of silent toil, and within an unknown wilderness. At length he re-appeared, and, in this book of his, told his startling story. It is full of manifold adventure, and, as I hope to shew, it illustrates, from first to last, the beautiful faith and words of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." In next chapter we shall enter on the missionary's African career.

W. R.

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### A FACT, AND A THOUGHT UPON IT.

A CIRCUMSTANCE lately occurred to a gentleman visiting the Isle of Man, which at the time greatly affected him, and which was indeed of a nature likely to make a deep impression.

Walking to his temporary abode (it was the house of a friend in Douglas), very late at night, the darkness became so intense that all power of vision failed him, and he was compelled literally to grope his way along the strange road, with arms outstretched and feet feeling before they trod. His progress was slow, embarrassed, and painful, and at last his perplexity was increased by feeling that he moved upon something soft. Stooping down, he ascertained by his hands that it was grass; puzzled and hesitating, he moved onward. Suddenly his extended arm struck against a hard surface—it was rough but regular, he could reach the top; it was a wall, he thought. Feeling with both hands, right over it, he made sure; it was a low wall; and as he groped along it, the soft grass under his feet, no glimmer of roadway meeting his strained and aching eyes, he suddenly thought that he must have wandered into a field, and got this wall between him and the road.

His hands were quickly on the coping; with a spring and a slight effort he was up, and sitting on the top. Still, nothing, not an outline, not a streak could he discern, as he peered about and strove in vain to pierce the pitchy darkness around him. "Surely," he thought, "I have left a field there; the road must be on this side." So keeping hold with his hands, he gradually slid his feet down. But the ground seemed lower here than on the other side, he could not feel it. His hold tightened; he let himself lower and lower, very low at last, almost at full length of his arm, still he could find no foothold. Full of doubt he struggled up again, not without difficulty, and after a moment's pause, jumping down on the side he had mounted from, he sat down to wait for dawn. Its first faint glimmer shewed him the road not far before him. He was sitting, where he had been wandering, on its broad grass edging, and though it was still very dark, he now managed to find his way into Douglas.

The next day he came with a friend to review the scene of his difficulties. They found the wall, and looking over it, he started back in surprise and horror from the view,—the sheer sharp side of a yawning precipice.

His face must have flushed, his heart must have throbbed thick and fast, as he thought how he had hung by his fingers over that fearful death. Had he relaxed his hold of that wall on which he had so lightly leapt, one unheard shriek, one instant of whirling crashing agony, and all would have been over for him in this world.

Does not He who alone saved that man, grant a warning

to all who hear the tale? Oh let not us groping sinners leap hastily over the wall which God has set, though it may seem to keep us from the smooth, the pleasant, or the direct way. That wall is, to most of us, His plainly revealed will; to one more benighted still, it is the curb of conscience, suddenly checking his steps, and forcing him to consider his ways, as, in the thick darkness of ignorance or pride, he gropes for a road to peace and happiness. May the Spirit give us grace to reflect "what is on the other side," before we attempt to leap the barriers His mercy raises. May we live to see by the light of an everlasting day, the wonders of the escape which He alone will have granted to us!—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly.*

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**"I AM DOING THE BEST I CAN."**

At Laleham Dr. Arnold once got out of patience, and spoke sharply to a dull pupil, when the boy looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years after, he used to tell the story to his children, and said, "I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten."

How many Sunday school teachers may blush at reading this fact! The like fault recurs to the memory of most, with the additional aggravation that the sacredness of their office, and the nature of their instructions, should have doubled their caution and tempered the acerbity of their language. It serves an excellent purpose to call frequently to mind that misconception in a scholar is not voluntary, but that it is natural to dulness of apprehension, and that dulness is not a fault to blame, but a misfortune to pity. Angry with a dull scholar! What inconsistencies cluster in the act! If we profess to impart information, why treat the youth as if he had it already? Were the pupil quick, he might dispense with our services. If the ladder of knowledge is to be climbed, step by step, why expect the climber to reach the top at once? Let us chasten the spirit of our reproof, and soften down our tempers to meekness and placidity; and when tempted to the contrary, let us call to mind the uplifted face of the ill-used pupil, and his reasonable cry, "Why be angry, sir?"—*Union Magazine.*

\* Isaiah lix. 9, 10.

### IMPORTUNATE ASKING.

IMPORTUNATE prayer arises from an ardent desire acting upon a hearty conviction of God's power and willingness to grant the objects of desire. If the ardent *desire* is lacking, the prayer is like a paper fire-balloon in which the ignited tow has gone out, and which, therefore, collapses, and sinks down to the earth. The desire is the warm air which carries our words of prayer up to heaven. But there are people who have some sort of desire after priceless, heavenly blessings, but have secret misgivings about God's readiness to bestow them. The words of their prayers compass the noblest gifts of God, but in their hearts they do not *expect*, and therefore do not *receive* a hundredth part. They remind us of a South-sea-islander, who was shewn round an English ship at anchor off his native shores, and who asked for everything he saw. The captain only gave him a knife and two or three trinkets, and was surprised to find his savage guest quite *contented*. He asked him how this was; and received the frank reply, that he thought it would do no harm to ask for everything, but that he did not expect so much as he had got. In this case the islander's doubt of the captain's power and willingness was very just; but many persons treat God in the same way, even with respect to those things God has promised to bestow.

Perseverance is honoured by God. It seems to be the rule of His Providence, that His best gifts shall not fall to the share of the indolent and indifferent. It is the active farmer, who is determined to have a crop, and has faith in seed, soil, and sowing, who wins the harvest. It is the industrious, self-denying, honest apprentice who becomes the esteemed and well-to-do citizen. And yet the fruit of the soil, and riches won in honourable trade, are the gift of God, as much as those blessings which are obtained only by earnest prayer.—*Ibid.*

### STRAIGHT ON.

WE should stop to make no *second* inquiry when our question, whether it be the will of God that we should do such and such a thing? has been answered in the affirmative. We should be like carrier pigeons, which may wheel about in the air a short time, determining which



is the right way, but having found it, shoot off in a direct line; or like a certain migratory tribe of ants, of which I have read that if they come to a house in their line of march, they will not swerve for it, but mount up its side, over the roof, and down the other side. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, we may come to many hideous hills of difficulty, and have to pass many lions; but neither difficulty nor danger must be regarded; for, as Bunyan makes one of Christian's children remark, "*the way is the way.*" I remember that when I was at school, our old drill-master used constantly to be saying to us, "*Eyes right, gentlemen,—eyes right!*—Let every man look straight before him!" So we, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, must look neither to the right nor left, but keep our eyes steadily fixed upon our Divine Captain of salvation, resolved in implicit faith—

“What He bids us, that to do;  
Where He points us, there to go.”

—*Ibid.*

### NO OIL.

A LANTERN on a dark road is pleasant company; but suppose the *oil* has been forgotten, so that the lantern will not burn? Is it of any use then? Must we not get the oil at once before going farther? Pour it in—light the lantern—and how brightly it shines on our path *now*! God's Word is your lantern, to shew you the narrow way to heaven. But suppose that you are holding this lantern in your hand, and yet have not found the way to heaven. I know the reason. Your lantern has no *oil*. You have not got the *Holy Spirit* shining upon the Bible when you read it. Ask *Him* to teach you about Jesus, and you will find your way to heaven quite clear then. Never open this holy Book without *praying* these four words, “Holy Spirit, teach me.” Read John xiv. 26.—*Church of England Sabbath School Quarterly.*

### INFINITELY PRECIOUS.

IF you saw some one carrying a heavy bag of gold into the town to buy something, shouldn't you think it must be something *very* precious he was going to buy, to cost so much gold? How much did God give to buy your soul

back from eternal death?—"The precious blood of Christ." Oh, how precious your soul must be, then, in God's sight. And are *you careless* about this precious soul of yours? Read Mark viii. 36, 37.—*Ibid.*

### SAFE IN JESUS.

Do you call it nothing to look forward to death without fear, and to judgment without doubtings, and to eternity without a sinking of heart? Do you call it nothing to feel the world slipping from your grasp, and to see the grave getting ready for you, and the valley of the shadow of death opening before your eyes, and yet not be afraid? Do you call it nothing to be able to think of the great day of account, the throne, the books, the Judge, the assembled worlds, the revealing of secrets, the final sentence, and yet to feel, "I am safe?" This is the portion, and this the privilege of a forgiven soul.

Such an one is *on a rock*. When the rain of God's wrath descends, and the floods come, and the winds blow, his feet shall not slide, his habitation shall be sure.

Such an one is *in an ark*. When the last fiery deluge is sweeping over all things on the surface of the earth, it shall not come nigh him. He shall be caught up and borne securely above it all.

Such an one is *in a hiding place*. When God arises to judge terribly the earth, and men are calling to rocks and mountains to fall upon them and cover them, the everlasting arms shall be thrown around him, and the storm shall pass over his head. He shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Such an one is *in a city of refuge*. The accuser of the brethren can lay no charge against him. The law cannot condemn him. There is a wall between him and the avenger of blood. The enemies of his soul cannot hurt him. He is in a secure sanctuary.

Such an one is *rich*. He has treasure in heaven which cannot be affected by worldly changes, compared to which Peru and California are nothing at all. He needs not envy the richest merchants and bankers. He has a portion that will endure when bank-notes and sovereigns are worthless things. He can say, like the Spanish ambassador, when shewn the treasury at Venice, "My master's treasury has no bottom." He has Christ.

Such an one is *insured*. He is ready for anything that

may happen. Nothing can harm him. Banks may break, and governments may be overturned. Famine and pestilence may rage around him. Sickness and sorrow may visit his own fireside. But still he is ready for all—ready for health, ready for disease—ready for tears, ready for joy—ready for poverty, ready for plenty—ready for life, ready for death. He has Christ. He is a pardoned soul. “Blessed,” indeed, “is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered.” (Psalm xxxii. 1.)—*Ryle*.

### THE PEACE OF JESUS.

It is related that in one of the late Indian battles, a poor nameless young soldier fell, pierced through with a musket ball. After the rush of victory had passed over him, he lay on the ground alone, faint and bleeding. He knew his last moments were very near. His knapsack was loose on the ground beside him, but so fast was life ebbing, that he had not strength enough to undo its straps. It was very sad, for he wanted to find and read a passage once more from his little Bible. Luckily, at the instant, an officer passed, and, humanely stooping over him, asked if he could do anything for him. The soldier pointed mutely but eagerly to his knapsack. It was quickly unfastened, and out of it the officer drew the little well-thumbed volume. This was all that was wanted. The dying youth laid his hand with fervour on it, and asked that he might read the last few verses of the 14th chapter of John; and so, sitting down on the earth beside him, the kind officer spread out the sacred page, and read these words:—“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” And when he had read thus far, he turned him round and saw, that, with the soft smile of this peace of Jesus on his lips, the young soldier had for ever fallen asleep!

W. R.

### HARD WORK.

NEAR the Franconia Mountains in America, there died a very aged man last August. Shrewd, vigorous, and sturdy, he lived without God in the world, fourscore and four years,—a grasping, passionate, and domineering man, a

thorough-going worldling. But the sudden death of an old acquaintance startled him. He felt that it was time for himself to get ready, and by an exertion almost incredible, he learned to read the Testament. "Yes, it was hard work," as he said to a friend. "At my time of life to begin with the letters and learn to read, was hard work. Sometimes I could not make out the sense. But I would cry to the Almighty to help me, and then I would try again, and He would help me to find it out. So that, now, I have read the Testament through eight times, and here I am in the Epistle of Peter, the ninth time; and oh," he added, with streaming eyes, "it is glory and praise in my heart." He was a sagacious and energetic old man, and, as he said himself, "I wanted a religion that should be good and strong, and that would keep by me, and help me when I came to die. So I cried to the Almighty, and he gave me a heart for the blessed Testament. I found out how to read it, and then I read in it that Jesus Christ made the world, and the rivers, and the mountains. And then I began to pray to Him, that He would give me a new heart; and He gave it to me. And I read, that when He lived on earth, He healed the sick and the blind, and was good to the poor; and then I knew that He would be kind to me; and He forgave me, and gave me a new heart." It was quite true. The change on his harsh and rugged nature was very wonderful; and as he said to the great American statesman, who was his brother-in-law, "I have had done for me, Daniel, what neither you nor all the great men in the world could do for me; I have got a new heart." And returning to his home, Mr. Webster said, "Wonderful things happen in this world, and one of them is, that John Colby has become a Christian."—*The Lamp and the Lantern.*

### THE THREE THINGS TO KNOW.

THERE is a way onward—a way upward—a way heavenward.

This way you will know, dear reader, if you know Jesus,—for He is "*the Way.*"

There is truth simple—truth living—truth everlasting.

This truth you will know, dear reader, if you know Jesus,—for He is "*the Truth.*"

There is life in God—life with God—life for God.

This life you will know, dear reader, if you know Jesus,—for He is "*the Life.*"

W. R.

### WISE WORDS.

LIFE is short. Death is certain. Cease to do evil. Learn to do well. Make good use of time. Give alms to the poor. Mind your own business. Keep your tongue from evil. Sport not with the pain of others. Be lively, but not light; solid, but not sad. Make the Word of God the rule of all you do.

### THE MOTHER.

MOTHER, revere God's image in thy child—  
 No earthly gift thy parent arms enfold,  
 No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told,  
 Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,  
 Rests its weak head. Oh, not by sense beguiled,  
 Gaze on that form of perishable mould,  
 Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,  
 Yet not for thee existence must it hold,  
 For it is God's, not thine. Thou art but one  
 To whom the happy destiny is given  
 To see an everlasting life begin,  
 To watch the dawning of a future heaven,  
 And to be such in purity and love  
 As best may fit it for a life above.

### A CHILD'S ANSWER.

I met a fairy child, whose golden hair  
 Around her face in many clusters hung;  
 And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sung  
 Her household melodies—those strains that bear  
 The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er  
 A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child  
 Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?"—In accents mild  
 She answered, "*Mother's*." When I questioned, "Where  
 Her dwelling was?"—again she answered, "*Home*."  
 "Mother!" and "Home!"—Oh, blessed ignorance!  
 Or rather blessed knowledge! What advance  
 Further than this shall all the years to come,  
 With all their lore effect? There are but given  
 Two names of higher note, "*Father*" and "*Heaven*."

### THE LAST HOLD.

A FEW years ago I recollect seeing, as it went the round of the newspapers, a very fearful narrative of a man having perished in the Falls of Niagara. My readers have both read and heard of these Falls. They are the grandest in the world. They occur in the channel of a great river in North America, and as travellers go down the edge of the broad flood of water, miles away they hear the thunderous roar of the cataracts growing upon them, till at last, when they reach the chasm, the flash of the mighty sheet of waters falling sheer over precipices many feet in depth, and into a gulf boiling, foaming, and raving with myriad, and, as it seems, everlasting torture, makes eye and brain grow sick and giddy.

It happened that, at some distance above the main Fall, a man had put off to cross the river in his canoe. The tide was at that point deep, dark, and rapid, but smooth enough. I do not now remember through what accident it was, but as he was nearing mid-stream, and saw the black waves beneath him flowing with the hurry of a mill-race, he either lost his paddles or was caught in a strong eddy, and, spite of all he could do, was borne downward on the breast of the river with a fearful speed. He heard the din of the great gulf he was nearing. He saw, with reeling eyes, the banks, and rocks, and hills flitting past him on either side like spectres, and presently, to his unutterable horror, rounding a sweep of the river-course, he came full upon the mist, rising and brooding for ever like a huge curtain over the Falls, and the long black slope of shafted waves he beheld before him, down to their very brink! He strove with might and main to right his little vessel, and make head against the current. It was vain—he could not have done it though he had been gifted with the sinews of an hundred hands. Onward the light bark was wafted, like a flake of down in the breeze. Then he rose up and tossed his arms wildly, and with piercing shrieks that were heard even through the howling torrent,

he cried to either bank for help. Luckily, as at first sight it seemed, he was espied, and fast as wild-fire the tidings flew that a man was in the Falls. From every neighbouring place and dwelling people hurried to the scene, but just in time to turn away in sickening horror, as, like a swiftly-spiced arrow, they saw the canoe shoot into the gulf. The quick vision of that wild pallid face vanished as in instant darkness!

It was not so, however. Strangely enough a plank or stem of a tree that had been drifted by the stream, had jammed itself, on the very brink of the cataract, into a cleft of the projecting rock. There it hung out its thin quivering line against the foam—the last thing, certainly, ever likely to have been grasped by human hand. More strangely still, the clutch of the lost man, as he shot into the abyss, laid hold of this last poor anchor; and when the eyes of the spectators could steady and clear their gaze a little, there they beheld him hanging by the spar over the immeasurable waste of waters!

The pallid face—the tossing figure—the arm raised now and again in mute appeal—all were seen through the veil of spray. A cry ran up and down the bank for help. Every bosom throbbed with a kind of agony. Every hand was ready with what aid it could. But what could be done? The flood, holding the wretched man like a plaything on its breast, seemed to laugh a roar of defiance at all human effort. Some proposed to span the river high up by means of a raft and ropes that might gradually be slid down and come within his reach. Others thought of the more daring venture of putting off in a light boat, and by sheer strength of paddle, stemming a way across. But every expedient was tried in vain. Once or twice ropes flung into the stream seemed as if carried within the doomed man's reach, but as often their aim was, after all, missed, and a wild cry of despairing sorrow rose from the clustering crowd. It became evident all hope was over. Men could only look sadly on—they could give no help. For long slow hours of agony the poor castaway was watched hovering on his plank. Who can tell his glimpses

through the driving mist into the abyss below him? or the din of its myriad thunders in his ear? or his vision of the death that was so sure and nigh? or the bitterness of that last look, that he well knew was his last, on either shore so near and yet so far away? By and by he ceased to make any sign. But still, through the curling vapour, now and again the pale spectral face was seen to gleam fixed already in its dim and deathful woe. Many would have gladly fled the sight, but could not. It had a strange and awful fascination in it. Women sobbed and wrung their hands as they looked. Even strong men bowed their heads to weep, while some veiled the face and turned aside to pray. Oh! the unuttered torture of those few hours as their moments passed! At length the end came, as, by an instinct, most of the spectators seemed to know, and, as the gaze was strained across the Fall, the poor tired arm of the castaway was seen to fail, the frame dropped slowly down; once, for a passing instant, the white face was unveiled again, and then the last hold parted, and the dark form shot into the gulf!

My reader, this is surely a terrible tale. But far more terrible is the tale of every soul that is a castaway from Jesus. Smooth and gliding, its way may seem to be in the world, but it is the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below. Ah! how black and hopeless in such a case is the valley of the shadow of death! Yet even at the last Jesus is a mighty Saviour. He saves to the uttermost. Even when the perishing sinner drifts to the very edge of the abyss there is a plank fixed by Him in the waters, which, as *its last hold*, the drowning hand may grasp. Reader, this is the Cross of Christ! Unlike the plank of the poor castaway in Niagara that mocked him with the anguish of a false hope, the Cross of Jesus is safe, sure, and that which can never fail. Once on it, the most hopeless castaway is safe. It is the anchor steadfast even against death and hell. It is true to all eternity. But, oh! let none of you who read my story tempt this peril of thinking you will be able to seize the plank at last among the floods. It is a million chances to one against you. Rather take to the Cross as your ark of



refuge now, while you have a calm, young, and peaceful time, and then, even from a moment's risk, you are safe. In Jesus' hand you can never perish. W. R.

### AN OLD WEAPON.

THERE are wonderful examples in Scripture of the power of prayer. Nothing seems to be too great, too hard, or too difficult for prayer to do. It has obtained things that seemed impossible, and out of reach. It has won victories over fire, air, earth, and water. Prayer opened the Red Sea. Prayer brought water from the rock, and bread from heaven. Prayer made the sun stand still. Prayer brought fire from the sky on Elijah's sacrifice. Prayer turned the counsel of Abithophel into foolishness. Prayer overthrew the army of Sennacherib. Well might Mary, Queen of Scots, say, "I fear John Knox's prayers more than an army of ten thousand men." Prayer has healed the sick. Prayer has raised the dead. Prayer has procured the conversion of souls. "The child of many prayers," said an old Christian to Augustine's mother, "shall never perish." Prayer, pains, and faith can do anything. Nothing seems impossible when a man has the spirit of adoption. "Let me alone" is the remarkable saying of God to Moses, when Moses was about to intercede for the children of Israel. (Exodus xxxii. 10.) The Chaldean version has it, "Leave off praying." So long as Abraham asked mercy for Sodom the Lord went on giving. He never ceased to give till Abraham ceased to pray. Reader, think of this! Is not this encouragement!—*Ryle*.

### UNWISE FATHERS.

THAT which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers, is to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and, as they come to ripe years, to lay great restraint upon them, and live with greater reserve towards them, which usually produces an ill understanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequence. And I think fathers would generally do better, as the sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom of friendship as their age and temper will allow.—*Locke*.

## TRANSPLANTED CHILDREN.

TO MOURNING PARENTS.

IN sending so many children to the place of happiness before you, you are, as it were, glorified by piecemeal; instead of planting families for yourself on earth, you have contributed towards the planting of colonies in heaven; and instead of recruiting the forces of the Church militant, have furnished the trophies of the Church triumphant.—*Ford.*

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## THE GREAT TEACHER.

TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

REMEMBER you are dealing with souls that are to live eternally—that they are now like the melted silver, capable of receiving impressions which will last for ever. Then stamp upon them the image of Christ, and, though it may shew but faintly now, God will bless your faithful, prayerful efforts, and bring out that image to shine as a star in glory. Remember that Christ, the Great Teacher, is your pattern, and that, in order to be a faithful teacher, pleasing God, you must be like Him—

*Like Him in prayer*—The stillness of night and early morn witnessed His earnest supplications for His disciples.

*Like Him in knowledge*—Possessing the knowledge of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

*Like Him in teaching*—The hearts of His hearers burned within them, and their souls were quickened by His words.

*Like Him in spirit*—Peaceful, meek, humble, and pure in heart.

*Like Him by the way*—Ever uttering words of comfort and kindness to all who came to Him troubled.

*Like Him at all times*—Doing the will of your Father in heaven.

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## THE POOR MAN RICH.

I REMEMBER a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and, seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor." But he straight received his answer: "Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."—*Bishop Hall.*



## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER II.

**A** LONG journey beyond Algoa Bay, at a station called Lattakoo, Livingstone began his first missionary start. He travelled far north of this, and for six months cut himself off from sight of all European faces, that he might live wholly among a tribe of natives called Bakwains, of whom we shall hear more by and by. He learned their language, laws, and customs in this way. He even began to think of a settlement among them, for good and all; and, from a river flowing in a full bed, he cut a canal, that he might lead water to fertilise the garden he proposed making round his habitation. When thus far advanced, he took a journey yet farther to the north, where only one trace of a trading white man having ever passed was found, and he had perished of fever, in a range of savage mountains Livingstone saw upon the northern

sky. This long journey among new tribes he made out very much on foot. As he limped along, footsore and jaded, he says:—

“Some of my companions who had recently joined us, and did not know that I understood a little of their speech, were overheard by me discussing my appearance and powers: ‘He is not strong, he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into these bags (trousers)—he will soon knock up.’ This caused my Highland blood to rise, and made me despise the fatigue of keeping them all at the top of their speed for days together, and until I heard them expressing proper opinions of my pedestrian powers.”

When he returned from this exploring tour, he was greatly chagrined to find that the place he had destined for his settlement had been plundered by a neighbouring tribe, and his friends, the Bakwains, driven away. He had nothing, therefore, for it but to go back to Lattakoo, or, as it is oftener called, Kuruman, and make a fresh start in quest of some other region. After some delay he did, in 1843, succeed in reaching, a good way north, the precincts of a beautiful valley called Mabotsa; and here, among a tribe called the Bakatla, a branch of the same Bechuana stock as the Bakwains, he once more pitched his missionary camp.

He tells a wild story which befell shortly after he had fixed his abode here. It seems the village was infested with lions, lodged in great numbers in the neighbouring hills and thickets. They were bold and fierce, so much so, that in the night season it was common for them to leap into the cattle-pens and destroy the villagers’ cows, besides attacking the herds even in open day. The tribe being rather cowardly, had made but one timid effort to drive these enemies away, but in vain. Next time Livingstone boldly headed the attack. The great object was, if possible, to kill one lion. If that be done the rest generally take to flight. In this case the beasts of prey were found sheltered in a thick wood, on a small hill at no great distance; and the plan of assault was, to make a ring of armed men entirely round the hill, then to drive one or more animals from their lair, and, as they attempted

to break through the circle, to shoot or spear them. A companion of Livingstone's (a schoolmaster) named Mebalwe, who with Livingstone was guiding the attack from without the circle, fired at one of the lions as he shewed himself upon a rock, but the beast, after biting fiercely at the stone on which the ball had struck, broke through and escaped. Two others did the same thing. The Bakatia men, it was plain, had not courage enough to face their entrapped foes. At this moment, Livingstone retiring, I suppose, in a kind of disgust towards the village, says :—

“ In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, ‘ He is shot! he is shot!’ Others cried, ‘ He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!’ I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, ‘ Stop a little till I load again!’ When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height—he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partly under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, in both barrels missed fire; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose

life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him (for they believed there was a power of dread witchery given to these beasts of prey), the Bakatla, on the following day, made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm."

After this adventure, a curious history is given of a chief of the Bakwains named Sechele, who, being our missionary's first convert, and doing good service afterwards in the cause of Jesus, deserves to have special mention of him made. His great-grandfather had been the first to travel down to the settlements of the white men, and to bring back to his tribe strange news of the race and marvels he had seen. At that period the Bakwains were a powerful people, and their herds of cattle fed in thousands over plains green and well watered, where, when Livingstone saw them, there were only the dried river-beds, and all far and wide was an arid desert. Sechele's father, chief also of the tribe, had been murdered by his under-chiefs, but Sebituane, chief of a neighbouring race called the Makololo, came to the rescue of his children, stormed the Bakwain village in the night, and put Sechele in his father's seat of power.

The manner of ruling in these primitive tribes is like that of the patriarchs of old. Each man is chief in his own family. His hut becomes the centre round which cluster the huts of his children and kin, and of any poor stranger who seeks a place as a child among them. These clusters again form one great circle round the main dwelling of all, which is the cabin of the sovereign chief, to whom all the other family-heads are as under-chiefs. Kinship is in this way endlessly counted through the tribes, and held very sacred. Then in the middle of each cluster of huts is a

clear space, called the "kotla," round which the different groups sit at their work, or with their kindled fires, or telling to one another their wild evening tales. Such was the simple array of the village over which Sechele reigned as head.

The very first time Livingstone preached, Sechele asked him if his forefathers knew of a future judgment? In reply, Livingstone said they did, and then drew the picture of the great white throne, and Him Who shall sit upon it, from Whose face the heaven and earth shall flee away. The chief said, "You startle me—these words make all my bones to shake. I have no more strength in me; but my forefathers were living at the time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going." The preacher told him of the long impassable seas between the north and south, and how it was in slow ages only the white men came coasting in discovery along the African shores. He then added, that, as Jesus had said, he was sure the whole world would one day know the Gospel. Sechele shook his head, and, pointing to the belt of misty vastness stretching away to the north, over the great Kalahari desert, he said, "You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons, when more than the usual supply of rain falls, and an extraordinary supply of water-melons follows. Even we who know the country would certainly perish without them." He little thought that he was by and by to be the very man who should help the wanderer to penetrate that wide and awful desert.

He quickly learned to read, and to this exercise he gave himself wholly up. Hunting and every other sport was abandoned for it. He was strangely enthusiastic in his praise of Isaiah, and again and again said to Livingstone, "He was a fine man that Isaiah—he knew how to speak!" He was eager also that his tribe should accept the Gospel as he had done. Indeed, in the simplicity of his yet savage mind, he proposed to call his head men together, and with

their litupa (whips of rhinoceros hide) thrash them into obedience in this matter, as he was in the custom of doing in other things. Livingstone, however, taught him better; and for three years he went on steadily clinging to the Gospel, praying himself, and with great and simple beauty too, every day in his family, and setting the example of a just, meek, and upright life in all things. He deplored that he had not heard of Jesus sooner, and that now so few of his people cared like him for His holy name. "Suppose," said he, bitterly, "I love hunting, they all hunt. If I love dancing and music, they all do the same. If I love beer, so do they. But now it is different. I love the Word of God, yet not one of my brethren will join me."

At last, when three years had thus elapsed, he wished to be baptized. Our missionary left the case very much, latterly, to his own heart. Whereupon, lading his wives with gifts, he, with sorrowful but firm kindness, sent them away to their different families. Casting off, in this way, the last heathen practice, he appeared in public, and in face of a great crowd, and on a set day, he and his children were baptized. It was a simple but solemn scene, to see these the first fruits of this dark and boundless land, gathered to the feet of Jesus. Hundreds looked on with eager curiosity. They thought that some mystic rite was to be gone through with "dead men's brains," and it was no little surprise when only sprinkled water was scattered on the swart faces of the converts. Many wept for their chief's folly. But with Sechele there was no going back. The seed was fairly begun to be scattered; and we shall see soon how wondrously the harvest, even in that day of small things, gave promise.

W. R.

## MISSIONARY TIDINGS.

### BAPTISM OF THREE GIRLS—NADRAS.

ON Sabbath, the 6th June, I had the privilege of admitting into the Church, by baptism, three interesting girls who have been living with us for some time in the Mission House. After a very appropriate address by one of the theological students, I questioned the cate-



chamens at considerable length on the nature of baptism, and on the truths of the Gospel generally. All my questions, except one, were readily and intelligently answered. This was very gratifying, shewing as it did that the girls thoroughly understood the important subjects on which they were catechised. And not only is their knowledge of the Bible pretty extensive and accurate, but we believe that they are all more or less influenced by the high and holy motives which it presents to us. . . . Let us pray that they may all continue to walk in a manner worthy of their profession, and thus "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

### CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

Like mist on the mountain,  
Like ships on the sea,  
So swiftly the years  
Of our pilgrimage flee.  
In the grave of our fathers  
How soon we shall lie !  
Dear children, to-day  
To a Saviour fly !

How sweet are the flowerets  
In April and May,  
But often the frost makes  
Them wither away.  
Like flowers you may fade, —  
Are you ready to die ?  
While yet there is room,  
To a Saviour fly !

When Samuel was young,  
He first knew the Lord ;  
He slept in His smile,  
And rejoiced in His Word.  
So most of God's children  
Are early brought nigh :  
Oh, seek Him in youth,  
To a Saviour fly !

Do you ask me for pleasure ?  
Then lean on His breast,  
For there the sin-laden  
And weary find rest.  
In the valley of death  
You will triumphing cry,  
"If this be called dying,  
'Tis pleasant to die !"

R. M. M'CREYN.

## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER III.

You will remember Dr. Livingstone settled down first among the Bakuena, or tribe of Bakwains. You must notice the name—it means “they of the alligator.” So another tribe was called Bakatla, “they of the monkey;” and another, Batlapi, “they of the fish,” and so on. In short, every tribe was named in this way from some animal, plainly shewing that, as with the old Egyptians, the worship of animals had once been common among these Afric races. To this very day each tribe has a superstitious dread of the animal from which it takes its name; and if you wished to ask one of these simple heathen to which tribe he belonged, you would put your question thus, “What do you dance?” meaning by that the dance that formed part of their ancient worship, and according to the particular style of which it would be at once known what creature was both their god and their name.

In the first year in which our missionary pitched his settlement among the Bakwains, one of those fierce droughts, known only in Africa, parched up the face of the earth. Under his advice, the tribe migrated forty miles off, to the edge of a river called the Kolobeng, and here, as in a well-watered garden, built their huts, led off canals into their fields, and set themselves to hunt, fish, and dig. “Our home at the Kolobeng,” says the missionary, “which gave a name to the settlement, was the third which I had reared with my own hands. A native smith taught me to weld iron, and having improved by scraps of information in that line from Mr. Moffat, and also in carpentry and gardening, I was becoming handy at almost anything, besides doctoring and preaching: and as my wife could make candles, soap, and clothes, we came nearly up to what may be considered as indispensable in the accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa—namely, the husband to be a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within.” But the

second year and the third year came and went with scarce a shower of rain. The Kolobeng ran dry. The fishes lay dead, and were feasted on by the hyenas in its sands. The whole face of nature was burnt up, and even the native shrubs and trees drooped under the wrathful sun. The only thing seen to stir was a colony of ants. With the mercury at 132 degrees, these creatures were swarming over the hot stones and earth in full activity; and though their nest was built on a rock seven hundred yards above the bed of the river, it was surprising to find how they moistened soil into mortar for their galleries, and how, when their dwelling was laid open, it was the only humid spot in a desert, every drop of whose water the sun had long ago drunk up. How strange that on these little creatures some mysterious dew should fall, while all the earth besides should be dry! Are my readers thinking of the beautiful story in the Old Testament of Gideon's fleece?

So long was the drought, that at last it was supposed by the poor heathen that our missionary hindered the clouds from giving rain. They came to him, asking earnestly that he would only take away his charm this once, and keep the women and children from dying under the heat, and the whole tribe would then come to school, and learn to read, or sing, or do anything he pleased. They even told him that other tribes, who knew nothing of God's Word, far off among the hills, were being blessed with the showers of heaven, while they alone, the friends of the missionary, were day after day looking for the glancing drops in vain. It so happened this was to some extent true. The colony of the Bakwains alone had suffered most intensely from the raging heat. But what could Livingstone do? It went hard with him to seem to deny the request of the simple-hearted people, especially since, though they looked on him as having charmed away the rain, they yet were kind to him as brothers could be. Every night as he saw the mist curling up the sky, he hoped eagerly rain was near, and yet every morning again when he lifted up his eyes to meet the sun, like a glowing ball rising into the deep cloudless heaven, he turned to his

daily work with a heavy heart. The rain was as far off as ever.

A curious faith prevailed among the tribe in what was called *rain-making*. They believed this power was given to certain native doctors. These men mixed a compound of roots, part of which was given to a sheep, causing it to die in a few minutes in agony; and then the remainder was burnt, so that its smoke rose in a stream towards the heavens. Perhaps rain might fall in quite a natural way in a few days after, but it was quite enough to give the belief that it was this *rain medicine* that had drawn it down. The rain-doctors had a singular way of arguing on the point. They held that God had created the black man without any of the love He had bestowed on the white man—that He had placed him in a wild arid land—and that He had left one of his tribes to be the foes and destroyers of the other, so that, when angry with each other, they could take revenge through charming away the precious rain, and binding it up in its clouds. But then, to compensate for all this, God had bestowed this one gift of rain-making, by which the black man could break the charm, and bring down the soft showers again upon his desert home. It was quite in vain for long, that our missionary reasoned with them on this superstition. Every day, round the little colony, by the dry bed of the Kolobeng, the process of rain-making went on.

During the long drought, there were great hunting matches in the vast plains. Indeed, except a few roots and small supplies of corn, the flesh and blood of the wild beasts that came in great throngs to some fountains near the Kolobeng, were all the tribe had to live on through the drought. An ingenious, though somewhat cruel way was taken to snare the herds. A huge pit was dug, and overlaid round its edges with the trunks of felled trees. Approaching to this was a long lane, hedged closely in with a stout thicket of staves and branches. At its farthest end this lane widened out somewhat in the form of the letter V. All the country, for miles round, was then beat up by the natives, armed with spears and lances, and the

beasts of chase, of every sort, driven from their lairs, and in one great multitude, gradually hemmed in, till they rushed together, choking up the lane, and with wild confusion streaming forward into the deadly trap. Immense numbers were slaughtered thus at a blow. Few escaped. It was a sight of pain to witness the poor animals, many of them of lovely shape and colour, thus huddled together and crushed in one overthrow. This mode of entrapping them was called a *hopo*.

It was with great difficulty, meanwhile, that the missionary found pupils in the tribe. They were so engrossed with the necessity of getting daily food, that they could give little or no attention to the Bible he pressed on them in his school and his preaching. It was a trying and almost disheartening task. It needed, to win these poor heathen to the Cross, that not merely preaching its simple message should be daily carried on, but that the preacher should enter into their life, make himself one with their wants and cares, and, if possible, do somewhat for them in their temporal things, that so he might gain their attention to spiritual things. How could they sit in school, or listen with any strong interest to his sermon, if suffering from the gnawing pangs of hunger, or fearing that every day would see them stripped of the bare necessities of life! So, to do them, and to do any of the perishing heathen good, we must send them not only preachers, but with these preachers all the other means of comfort we can—we must give them a share of *all* the blessings and the comforts the Word of Jesus has brought us, and that they may learn it is not a mere empty sound, but that which makes men better every way, raising body and soul together. If we could but do something to shew the wild but simple-hearted Africans our happy Sabbath classes and our smiling firesides, where all the blessings of the Gospel dwell, and if we could give them but a share in these blessings, it were the best of all preaching, and to them the most powerful of all testimony, that in His Word God is true. We shall see how, in this view, our missionary prospered.

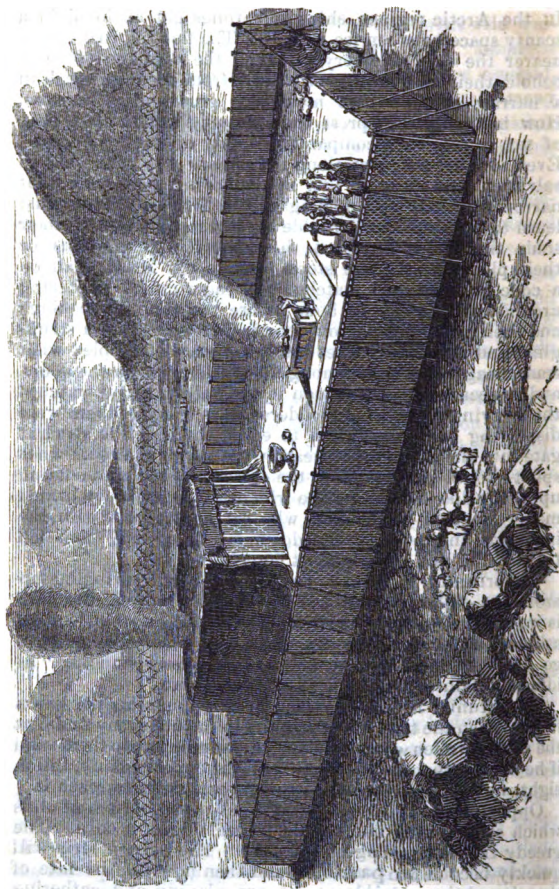
## THE NARROW WAY.

IN the Arctic regions, ships sometimes get enclosed in a scanty space between ice-islands. The floating rocks glide nearer the ship on every side, and the dismayed seamen behold their only chance of escape from the fatal crash in a narrow channel that momentarily grows more narrow. How hurriedly they press their vessel through that strip of sea, to reach the comparative safety of the open ocean! Even so must we press along the narrow way that leads to salvation and eternal life, not knowing how soon that narrow way may be closed against us for ever. Men must learn to take the same trouble about the salvation of their souls that they do about their worldly speculations or their pleasure. I have stood near to our Music Hall on a concert night, and watched the eager crowd clustering around the doorway an hour before the time of opening; and then, when the narrow door is unclosed, what a struggling and striving agitates the dense mass of people! what frantic eagerness to be among the earliest within the doors, and to secure a good position in the hall! I have watched the swaying crowd, and wondered how many of them were displaying equal resolution to enter through the straight gate into the kingdom of heaven. Bunyan shews us what spirit should animate us in the episode of the man coming up to the door of the palace which was guarded by armed men. He said to the man who sat at the door with the ink-horn and book, "Set down my name, sir," and fell to, hacking and hewing most fiercely.

Opportunity is like a favouring breeze springing up around a sailing vessel. If the sails be all set, the ship is wafted onward to its port. If the sailors are asleep, or ashore, the breeze may die again, and when they wish to go on, they may not be able; their vessel standing "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Opportunity is like a string of stepping-stones across a ford. When the traveller comes up to them, he may find that the river, swollen with the rains, is just rising up to them; and if he delays, though his home is on the opposite bank, full in sight, he will have a journey of several miles to reach it.

Opportunity is like a strip of sand at the bottom of cliffs which stretch into the sea on either side of a cove. The greedy tide is lapping up the sand. The narrow strip will quickly become impassable; and then how sad the fate of the thoughtless children who are playing and gathering shells and sea-weed inside the cove!—*Union Magazine.*



# THE MODEL OF THE TABERNACLE.

**T**HIS is a beautiful and complete work of art, designed and carried out by an English gentleman who has the cause of Sabbath schools deeply at heart. The model, which he has exhibited to hundreds of teachers and pupils, is thus described:—

“The model of the Tabernacle is on the scale of one inch to the cubit, the cubit being reckoned at twenty-one inches. The base of the model represents a sandy plain; on the centre of this plain is seen the Court of the Tabernacle, 50 cubits broad by 100 cubits long, surrounded by 60 pillars, the pillars 5 cubits apart, and each let into its appropriate socket, and having at its capital a hook, both inside and outside. They are maintained erect by means of ropes from their tops, and are fastened to the ground by ‘the pins of the court,’ which are ‘of brass.’

“Rods connect the capitals of the pillars; from these rods are suspended the hangings for the Court of the Tabernacle, of ‘fine twined linen.’ At the gate of the Court of the Tabernacle is the ‘hanging of blue and purple and scarlet, of fine twined linen, wrought with needlework.’

“Within the Court is seen the Tabernacle. Before entering it let us notice the various individuals and objects in the Court.—Here is a poor Jew, with his family; he has brought a turtle-dove as a sin-offering, and, kneeling, presents it to the priest. Here are the elders of the twelve tribes, placing each a hand on the head of the animal to be sacrificed, confessing the sin of the nation, for they are about to offer a national sacrifice. Here are lambs, bulls, and rams, all exquisitely carved, to a scale of 1 in 21. Here are also the priests—the high priest distinguished by the ‘plate of pure gold,’ upon ‘the forefront of the mitre,’ by the ephod and the golden bells and pomegranates upon the hem of the robe round about. Here also are the other priests and Levites in their appropriate robes, all on the minute scale, and yet wonderfully finished. The countenance of the high priest is really a study. Here is the ‘laver of brass,’ at which the priests washed before offering sacrifice. Here, in connexion with the altar of burnt-offerings, also, are ‘his pans to receive the ashes, and his shovels, and his basins, and his flesh-hooks, and his fire-pans.’

“We now approach the Tabernacle—we see the pillars at the entrance, the vail worked in three colours. We see



the boards overlaid with gold, of which it is composed; the two sockets for the two tenons of each board; the four bars outside, which bind all the boards together, and the end only of the bar in the midst of the boards from end to end. The boards have at the top of each a hook, from which cords extend to the pins of the Tabernacle, fixed in the ground; the coverings of the Tabernacle are upon it; the pillar of cloud rests upon the roof. Then the pillar of cloud is presently removed, then each separate covering taken off, and its texture or material explained; then the 'hanging for the door of the tent, of blue and purple and scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with needlework,' suspended on five pillars, is removed, and we are introduced to the interior. The golden candlestick of seven branches is exhibited. This has been fashioned from that portrayed on the Arch of Titus. Then the table of shew-bread, with its twelve loaves and appropriate vessels; then the altar of incense,—all these, although on such a small scale, are complete in every particular, and by their exquisite workmanship and glittering appearance, rivet the attention of both young and old. The Vail 'with cherubim,' which hangs upon the four pillars, and divides 'between the Holy Place and the Most Holy,' is then removed. The workmanship of this Vail, with its cherubim in gold embroidered upon it, is really beautiful. In the Holy of Holies is the Ark of the Testimony, and upon it the Mercy-seat with the two cherubims, which stretch forth their wings on high, covering the Mercy-seat, with their wings expanded, and meeting overhead. The Mercy-seat is then removed from the body of the Ark, and Aaron's Rod, the Book of the Law, the two Tables of stone, and the Golden Pot of Manna, are produced.

"To shew the very complete manner in which this model is made, we may mention that the 'two tables of stone' are each about 2 inches by 1 inch, and yet in the small space thus afforded, the Ten Commandments are wonderfully written in *Hebrew*."

### LOOKING BACK FROM HEAVEN.

THE Christian will look back throughout eternity with interest and delight on the steps and means of his conversion: "My father told me this—my mother told me that—such an event was sanctified to me—in such a place God visited my soul." These recollections will never grow dull and wearisome.—*Cecil*.

### THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

HAVING had my attention directed last night to the words (John x. 3), "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name," &c., I asked my man, if it was usual in Greece to give names to the sheep. He informed me that it was, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them by those names. This morning I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd the same question which I had put to my servant, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him to call one of his sheep; he did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and its companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience which I had never before observed in any other animal.—*Rev. J. Hartley.*

### WILLING AND READY.

THE following is from Gotthold's "Emblems:"—"The Christian at his death should not be like the child who is forced by the rod to quit his play; but like one who is wearied of it, and willing to go to bed. Neither ought he to be like the mariner whose vessel is drifted by the violence of the tempest from the shore, tossed to and fro upon the ocean, and at last suffers wreck and destruction; but like one who is ready for the voyage, and the moment the wind is favourable cheerfully weighs anchor, and full of hope and joy launches forth into the deep."

### TIME TO DIE.

A MERCHANT, in full tide of business, once felt sick. He disregarded the ailment for a time, but at length consulted a physician. After examination, the physician said—"It is useless, sir, to conceal from you that your life is in danger, and that your only chance lies in the complete abandonment, for two or three months, of your business, and all your other toilsome occupations." "Well, doctor," rejoined the merchant, "I am obliged by your prescription, but I really cannot comply with it: there is this thing and the other thing demanding my attention, and *I have not time* for so much recreation." "Then, my dear sir," said his adviser, "you will be *obliged to find time to die!*" Let us not permit any excuse to prevent our earnest heed to those things that concern our eternal peace.—*Union Magazine.*

## CRYING "HOSANNA!"

A GREAT thing it is, not from aught in itself apart, for what greatness can there be in crying "Hosanna;" but great, because of Christ's acceptance of it, and the glory which that acceptance creates around it. For there is nothing so mean in itself, but the favour of Christ renders it honourable—nothing in and of humanity so worthless, but Christ's grace can make it beyond all price—nothing so dark but the rays of Christ's favour can illumine it with a halo of glory. Let us, therefore, only succeed to get the children to minister, were it but the smallest service to Christ; and His acceptance makes the act great and everlasting. When the full story shall be told of Christ's triumphal procession through the ages and generations of men, and of the gathering in His own and making up His jewels, the acts of the children that minister before His stately steps—acts made great by the dear love of Him who is pleased to accept them—will be found, not cast aside, but strung together for the choicest honours of His triumph. Not a word or act of service but is made memorable by this connexion with Christ, and in the memory of the great and good of all time, will never be permitted to die or sink into oblivion. The children's hosannas were of themselves feeble floating breath, when they rung out upon the ears of the thronging crowds of old; and had they possessed nothing but their own force to buoy them up, they would not have spanned any great portion of space and time. But when Christ's choice fell upon them, these cries of children became instinct with immortal force. They have come wafted to us across a gulf of wellnigh twenty centuries; and wheresoever the history of the great Saviour's strifes and triumphs shall be related, so small things as the shouts of childish groups—mere motes in the sun—shall be collected as spoils, and preserved in everlasting remembrance—shall be placed indeed as sparkling jewels in the crown of His glory. What a motive have we for striving to bring the children to behold the Son of David in His temple! If we can get them once to see Jesus, and to bind their praises to that great centre of imperishable life, their least wavering song of hope will then live for ever. Their childish acts, thus baptized, will be dowried with an immortality of renown; will become illustrious with the increasing splendours of Christ's onward marching; will gather upon them the glory of a hoar antiquity, and the veneration which the procession of

innumerable ages can create. Despise not the day of small things: such small things possess within them the seeds of unimaginable greatness. This, and all this, can the choice of Christ do.—*Rev. C. M'Culloch.*

### THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

THE meanness of the earthen vessel which conveys to others the Gospel treasure, takes nothing from the value of the treasure. A dying hand may sign a gift of incalculable value. A shepherd's boy may point out the way to a philosopher. A beggar may be the bearer of an invaluable present.—*Cecil.*

### "NOT YET."

A LITTLE boy in a infant class one day said to his teacher, "Our little baby's dead!" After speaking about it for a few minutes, the teacher asked the scholar, "Would you like to die?" He replied, "Not yet." The teacher thought he wished to live until he was grown up, or become a man: but the child was thinking of something else, for when asked what he meant by saying "Not yet," he said, "Not till I get a new heart!" Perhaps some elder scholars could not have given a better answer.—*Union Magazine.*

### A SEARCHING QUESTION.

"ARE we glad or sorry that God knows all our wicked thoughts, words, and actions?" This question was once proposed to a class of girls, and set them thinking closely. At first they expressed themselves sorry that every sin was known to God—with some feelings of shame at the thought of God seeing so much that was evil in them. But after further consideration, reasons were found for thankfulness and joy that all the evil within us is known to God. The wicked, of course, are very sorry that it is so. But King David desired to open all his heart to God.—*Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.—Ibid.*

### TO MAKE YOU TRUTH.

JESUS was the TRUTH; and each of you must be truth itself, each thought, each passion, each desire, each purpose, each look, each act being true, and chiming in with those eternal harmonies of which Christ is the centre, and His thrice holy life the universal interpretation. But how can we make you thus a living truth? Only by the Bible and the Holy Spirit. The Bible transcribed by the Holy Ghost upon the conscience, and translated into the palpitating life, and interpreted in the depths of your being to all the thoughts as they rise—the Holy Bible alone can make you, like Christ, the very Truth itself, and the true worshippers of God.

"God's worship is  
That only He inspires; and His bright words  
Writ in the red-leaved volume of the heart,  
Return to Him in prayer, as dew to heaven."

Therefore in all our Sabbath schools we are striving to interpret God's Word to your understanding, that you all may grow up and go on brave, hopeful, true, blessed yourselves, and a blessing to all around you.—*The Three Talents.*

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### THE SANCTUARY.

Ezekiel xl. 16.

JESUS our Lord! to Thee we call,  
Thou art our life, our hope our all;  
And we have nowhere else to flee,  
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

Whatever foes or fears betide,  
In Thy dear presence let us hide;  
And while we rest our souls on Thee,  
Do thou our sanctuary be.

Quickly the day of light draws nigh,  
Or we may bow our heads and die;  
But, oh! what joy this witness gives!  
Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.

He from the grave our dust will raise,  
We in the heavens shall sing His praise;  
And when in glory we appear,  
He'll be our sanctuary there.

## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER IV.

To the north of Kolobeng, where Dr. Livingstone was settled among the friendly Bakwains, there was scattered a colony of what are called "Boers." The meaning of that name is literally *farmers*, and it does not imply anything rude and uncouth, such as we signify by our word *boors*. They are a people of Dutch descent, and call themselves Christians. But they have wandered into these mountain outskirts, where they live a wild lawless life, cultivating the soil to some extent, hunting game across the desert, and cruelly plundering and oppressing the poor native tribes about them. They are quite a different class from the steady industrious Boers who live on their farms down the country, near Cape Town. They are the rovers or English Bushmen of the land—like Ishmaelites, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. In the shelter of the hills they lie in wait—taking toll of traders—harassing missionaries—keeping the native villages in constant dread of their descents, and, when they do fall upon a tribe, wantonly slaying old and young, carrying away the children to be made slaves of in their desert homes, and leaving the huts of the village smoking in blood and ashes.

Our missionary had in vain treated these dreadful people with every kindness, and addressed them with every entreaty. They were glad enough to make use of his medical skill when they needed it—but he was for them too good a friend of the hapless natives; he taught them too much skill, and too many lessons, among other things, of self-defence and self-reliance, and they became his enemies accordingly, bitterly and outright. For some fancied wrongs they took a terrible revenge. Issuing from the hills, they broke into the Bakwain village, in a crew of hundreds; and though Sechele and his people bravely defended themselves till nightfall, they were compelled at last to flee, leaving many slain, and two hundred children

carried away captives from the mission school. Dr. Livingstone's house, raised at great cost to himself, was destroyed; his library, many of the books of which had been his friends since childhood, was torn to atoms, and his medicines smashed. Of clothes, of furniture, of everything, he saw himself utterly stripped. Yet how, think ye, did the good brave man turn his loss into consolation? Why, he thought with himself: "These wicked men think they will hinder God's servant from crossing that great mountain barrier to the north. But on crossing it, with the Gospel in my right hand, I am bent. They against—I for—we shall see who wins the day. Meantime, I thank them, that by destroying my all, they have set me free to travel on my journey without encumbrance, and all the more lightly, that I am quit of a hundred cares. Courage, then, under God, more than ever."

We shall see by-and-by how, in his great journey, he prospered. For the present, at this point, he coolly turns aside to tell us how they lived in Kolobeng. Every man needs to build his house with his own hands. He himself did so. Trees he cut out of the forest; he sawed them; planed them; made brick moulds of them; and then, brick by brick, after a world of labour, raised his dwelling, and roofed it in. This three several times over in different localities he did. Then in cooking, the meal is ground first, and the wife makes it into bread by putting the cakes first into an oven scooped out of an anthill, with a stone for the door; or by laying them on hot ashes, covering them with an inverted metal pot, and heaping ashes round and on the top of that again. Besides the desert bread thus prepared, the missionary and his wife churned their own butter, and made their own soap and candles. "There is not much hardship," he says, "in being almost entirely dependent on ourselves; there is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk, on seeing conveniences spring up before him from his own ingenuity: and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty striv-

ing housewife's hands." How simple, yet noble, this pair of labourers in the vineyard—and through what a long day of small things the patient way was prepared in the wilderness for the coming of the blessed Lord!

"To some," says the story, "it may appear quite a romantic mode of life. It is one of active benevolence, and such as the good may enjoy at home. Take a single day as a sample of the whole. We rose early, because however hot the day may have been, the evening, night, and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously refreshing: cool is not the word where you have neither an increase of cold nor heat to desire, and where you can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family-worship and breakfast, between six and seven we went to keep school for all who would attend—men, women, and children, all being invited. School over at eleven o'clock; while the missionary's wife was engaged in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labour, as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, or whatever was needed for ourselves or the people; if for the latter, they worked for us in the garden, or at some other employment: skilled labour was thus exchanged for the unskilled. After dinner and an hour's rest, the wife attended her infant-school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered an hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing school, having classes of girls to learn the art—this, too, was equally well relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour till sundown. After that, the husband went into the village to converse with any one willing to do so,—sometimes on general subjects, at other times on religion. On three nights in the week, as soon as the milking of the cows was over, and it had become dark, we had a public religious service, and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. These services were diversified by attending upon the sick and prescribing for them, giving food, and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. We tried to gain their affections by attending to the wants of the body. The smallest acts of friendship, an obliging word and civil look, are no despicable part of the missionary's armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be uncared for, where politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, forms a reputation,



which may be well employed in procuring favour for the Gospel. Shew kind attention to the reckless opponents of the Gospel on the bed of sickness and pain, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love."

Think, reader, how many beautiful applications in your own case, this touching narrative may have! Next, we shall, with our missionary, cross the Great Desert.



### THE DESERT VILLAGE SCHOOL.

**T**HE following letter of a missionary's wife to a young friend in one of our Scottish country manse, speaks for itself. It is sent us that every Sabbath scholar may read its simple story:—

LIEATLONG, April 30, 1858.

MY DEAR LITTLE J—,—Your interesting letter of February I have just received, and, with very great pleasure, sit down to answer your inquiries. As to my sewing school at this station, it generally averages thirty, or more; but, dear, you would wonder to see little black girls sewing and knitting (some very neatly), not dressed, but having only skins of different kinds of animals about their bodies. The first garment that the children wear in this land is a skin petticoat; but the children of the heathen do not even wear this, but are adorned with beads about their necks, bodies, ankles, and arms, their heads being covered with shining stones, powdered and mixed with fat, resembling quicksilver. These are the poor little heathen. I need scarcely tell you that they may all, with their parents, be brought to the feet of Jesus, to learn of Him, and be clothed, and in their right mind.

In the day-school here the children sing some English pieces very well. Some read and write very well, but have not made much progress in figures. As a reading book, they have the "Pilgrim's Progress," translated into their own Sechuana language by Mr. Ashton. Nearly all the girls in the school have a baby on their backs, for they must nurse while their mothers go to work in the fields. Many of these poor little babies have not a garment to cover them; and our people being very poor now (for they have lost nearly all their cattle by a disease called the lung-sickness, which has continued very long), the children are often very hungry as well as cold. We are not able, from our own resources, to do much for them. I am sure if you were here, and many of the Sabbath scholars of Britain, you would all wish often to help them. The women get more help from their husbands now than they used to do. Many take their waggons to bring home their things. Many, too, plough the fields now for their wives. It is very hard work to dig as they do; not with a spade, but with an instrument more like a hoe. They first cast the seed on the surface of the earth, then pick it into the soil.

You ask if we have cows; yes, and make our own butter, soap, and candles. You also inquire about birds; we often see very pretty birds indeed in this country—many of them having very gay feathers. I mean (God willing) to send you some pretty stones and fossils when I can meet with an opportunity. I enclose in this letter a few wild-flower seeds, very common with us, but perhaps they will be new to you. I got the other day some small cala-

bashes, used by the Matabele as *snuff-boxes*; they may grow in a warm place. All the natives take snuff, even the little boys and girls. They cultivate tobacco very extensively; and this season, when every other crop has failed, that is abundant, and they will be able to buy food with it. At some of our out-stations, they have no bell to call their meetings. We were amused the other day to see a man mount a ladder with a bullock's horn to call the people to worship. It was heard in all parts of the village, and, in a few minutes, the people came flocking from all quarters.

The latter half of this slip was to have been filled with questions from some of our Bechuanas, but, owing to the coldness and bleakness of the weather, there has been no school to-day. The next time we write I hope to be able to send you something from them. Such things as bags, aprons, frocks, needles, cotton, &c., would be very useful to me as rewards for the scholars.\* The snow-drop you sent in your letter I shall plant, and hope it may grow. We have none in this country.

I must close, my dear little friend. With much love to yourself, brothers, and sisters, and commending you all to the love and care of Jesus, the children's Friend,—I am, affectionately yours,

FANNY ROSS.

### A LETTER OF THANKS.

ONE of our missionaries (Mr. Buchanan) at Madras had received a donation from a class of pupils he had for some time taught, in St. John's Sabbath School, Glasgow. They had remembered him in his distant home, and sent him their little gift out of their class box, as a memorial of the God-speed they wished him.

Here is his letter of thanks:—

Now I know you will all be anxious to learn what is to be done with the money you have sent me. Our intention at present is to apply it to the support of our branch

\* How much gratified and cheered in their arduous work must Mr. and Mrs. Ross be when they receive little less than five cwt. of useful articles, perhaps of the value, *in this country*, of L.60, despatched in July for them, by a few Sabbath schools of the Church of Scotland, and by other friends of missions belonging to all the evangelical denominations!

school at Trivatoor, a village a few miles from Madras, just about as far as Bailieston is from Glasgow, where we have a teacher labouring with a few classes of Hindoo and Mohammedan boys. I have deemed it better that your donation should be devoted to this individual object, rather than given to our Institution here, where the work is so varied that you could not so well understand how it was applied. I hope this arrangement will be quite satisfactory to you, for this year, at least. Should you be so kind as favour me with your contributions for next year, I may tell you that I would then (should God spare me) appropriate them to a different purpose. Your collections would then be given towards the support of a minister of the Gospel;—yes, a Hindoo minister, one of the young men whom we are at present training for that office, whose name is Jacob I. David, and who will be licensed to preach the Gospel ere long, and afterwards ordained to the charge of the native congregation, among whom he has been labouring for some years, just as the city missionaries do in Glasgow. I earnestly hope you will all be glad to do what you can in assisting to support this native church. No doubt some of you may have few pence to spare; but the greater number of the Christian Hindoos are still poorer than the poorest of you: many of them have much difficulty in procuring as much rice as will keep them living, although that costs only two or three halfpence for each daily. When you know this, you will understand how glad and grateful they will be if you help them to support their minister. I trust, then, you will not forget Jacob and his congregation of poor native worshippers. . . .

Our Institution here is a very large house, nearly as big as Glasgow Jail, and somewhat like it in the front. The roof is quite flat, with a parapet all round, resembling the sides of Jamaica Street Bridge. It is two storeys high. The schools for the boys and girls are on the ground flat, and several hundreds receive instruction there every day, from half-past nine till five o'clock in the afternoon. . . . Our great aim is to tell the poor heathen children about sin, and Christ, and salvation, that they may be turned from their idolatry, and brought to love and serve the only living and true God. And we have a Sabbath school, every Sunday morning, from seven till nine o'clock; and yet, notwithstanding all our pains and prayers, very few of the young Hindoos believe in Jesus. At the same time we do not lose hope; we trust that God will pour out a blessing

on our labours, and the seed which we are now sowing will spring up and bear fruit on some future day, to the praise and glory of our blessed Lord and Saviour. Oh! dear children, if you knew how the Hindoo boys and girls are brought up, and how difficult it is for them to leave their gods of wood and stone, and come to Jesus in the true spirit of meekness—if you knew this, you would pray God to help them to overcome their prejudices, and put their trust in the true Saviour. Yes, and you would be very thankful to God for the privileges which you enjoy, in that you have not been taught to worship idols, and have no fear of anybody beating you because you serve Christ, and profess to be His children. . . .

But the work of the school is only a part of our labours. A considerable portion of our time every day is devoted to the training of a few Hindoo young men for the office of the ministry. These have turned from idolatry to the truth as it is in Jesus, some years ago, and we are preparing them to go forth among their fellow-countrymen and preach unto them in their own language the glad tidings of the Gospel. Three of these are already fitted for going about as city missionaries, and, in this capacity, are endeavouring to bring poor heathen sinners into the Redeemer's fold; one of them, as I have told you, we expect to set apart soon to the charge of a native congregation, and similar spheres of labour, we trust, will be found for the others in due time.

Such, then, dear children, is a brief sketch of the work in which Mr. Walker, my fellow-missionary, and I are engaged. We are toiling and praying, and yet, at present, we see little of the fruits of our labours encouraging us. We are glad when we know that our friends in our native land are thinking about us, and helping us forward in our operations by their money and prayers, and more especially, as in the present case, when we receive such aid from Sabbath school children.

Again I thank you for your contribution to our mission, and beseech you to pray for us, and for the salvation of the poor heathen, and hope you will continue the work which you have begun, and assist us according as God shall be pleased to prosper you. "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season both you and we shall reap if we faint not."

END OF VOL. VII.

# THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECORD.

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## THESE THREE.

### STORIES FOR A NEW YEAR.

**A** CHRISTIAN parent, wishing to teach his child a great secret, once retired into a lonely part of his house, and desired that she might there be sent to him. It was a place of deep darkness, being no other than a wide recess, opened for some purpose or other in the floor of the very lowest room. Thither the little child went with trembling steps, and quite alone. She was full of childish terrors, for the place was very silent, and she had often thought of that black huge hole, under the very foundation of the house, as full of terrible mystery. She entered the room—it was in dim twilight. She called her father by name. There was no answer, and no one seen—only there yawned the deep strange pit, into which she hardly dared to glance. Presently, however, out of its depths came a well-known voice. “Mary!”

“Yes, my father!” was her eager reply. She stepped to the edge of the hole—it was thick in darkness; and though she bent down and tried hard, no form could she see. Only the voice again, very tender and low, she heard saying, “Mary!”

“Yes, my father!” she cried, still more eagerly, for she loved her kind father much. “Oh, I do not see you in the dark!”

“Well, but can you not come to me? I am here; and

though you cannot see me, yet, looking up out of this deep place, I can see you there, dear little Mary, stooping on the edge of the darkness. I will stretch out my arms now—could you not take a bold heart and leap into their embrace?”

Mary's heart beat fast and her breath came quick, and at first she drew back, shuddering. “(Oh, father,” she exclaimed, in grief and fear, “how can I leap where I cannot see? What if I should miss you and fall,—oh, so dreadfully!”

“But, my little Mary, do you not *believe* I am here, though you cannot see me?”

“Yes, yes, I do.”

“And do you not know, that your father so loves his little darling that he would not let a hair of her head be hurt?”

“Yes, yes, I do.”

“Will you not trust him now, then, and leap even in the dark, when he bids you? How can you fear, Mary? Your father's arms are wide and strong, and at this moment they are exactly under where you stand. Come to me, my own child!”

Mary could not resist that voice she knew and loved so well. It was a hard task, but her little heart was brave and full of trust. So, after a moment's pause to take a longer breath, she cried, “Your arms then, father,—I will leap!” And leap she did into the deep darkness, and as she fell, sure enough she was caught on her father's breast, and folded in his arms of love, and was nestled with her own arms round his neck, safe and well. Little Mary broke into a merry musical laugh, as she clung to him with many kisses.

“Now, my child,” said he, “the great secret I wished to shew you is,—that this thing you have done is *faith*. You will never forget what faith means. Your Father in heaven is round you always in the dark; you do not see His form, but you may, if you listen, hear His voice; and when that infinitely tender voice bids you, never hesitate to leap, even into the deepest night—you can never perish;

you will find the Everlasting arms around you, and Jesus, as He saves you, whispering to you peace."

Mary wondered as her father carried her up to the broad daylight, and I daresay she never forgot that *Lesson on Faith*.

Another time there stood a fisherman's cottage on the edge of a bleak sea coast, and under that cottage roof there dwelt, one dark stormy night, a mother and her boy. It was a night of the most anxious watching and fear. The wind was sweeping in great gusts about the hut—the sullen roar of the waves broke every now and then into a wild dash upon the cliffs near at hand, and sent showers of spray like sleet against the door and window; while outside, sky, sea, and land were black as ink. Meantime the fisherman himself was out on the great waters. He had left the shore on the previous day in his little boat, and now, if yet alive, he was caught in, and battling with the tempest. As night drew on, the little boy had seen his mother going to and fro, wringing her hands and weeping much; then she knelt down and prayed, her hand upon his head; after that she arose, wiped her tears, trimmed a little lamp, kindled it, and set it in the window, and then, placing herself beside it, began her long night watch. She had laid her child upon his pallet, thinking he would fall asleep; but he lay instead, gazing on her where she sat, and never once stirring or moving away his eyes. He saw his mother's face very pale, but very calm; sometimes the white lips moved a little—sometimes the hand trimmed the clear lamp anew—but there was no other motion. The eye and heart were set only on the tiny flame. It was the one spot, like a star in the darkness—it had no reply to the voices of the storm; but there it burned steady, pure, and bent over by the watcher's hand when all else had been swallowed up in night.

"Mother," said the little boy at last, trembling in his fear and fascination.

She started slightly, but never turned her head. "Hush,





child," she answered. "I cannot leave the lamp one moment."

He crept from his bed, stole along the floor, and then sheltered himself close at her side. "What," whispered he, in a pause of the storm—"what means the lamp?"

"It is the one thing, dearest," she whispered back, never looking at him yet, "between your father and me. His eye may at this instant be on it out of the awful deep—and what if it flickered or grew dim or was quenched!"

"Could you not look down upon me just once, mother?" urged the boy after a little, for he was chill and terrified.

"No—not once," replied she, brightening the flame once more. "This lamp is my all. Child, it is to me in place of your father. Everything has gone out but this, and while this lasts, small though it is, it is the one last link, and I may not leave it."

A tear fell over the pale cheek upon the boy's upturned and wondering face, and a prayer left the mother's lips even as she had spoken. He clung yet closer. "Mother," said he, "I will help you to watch the lamp."

"Thank you, dear boy," she replied, as he clambered up to kiss her cheek. "This lamp is *hope*, it must not fade or die."

So mother and child watched till the dark night began to change into the gray dawn. Just then, when the lamp was getting feebler, a heavy step struck the threshold, the door was burst open, a dripping figure stood on the floor, and the mother, with a cry, fell on her husband's breast.

"Ah, mother," cried the child in terror, "the lamp is dim, and going out."

"Yes," said she, turning on him, and smiling through her tears, "the *hope* is no more needed now—your father safe home is the *hope fulfilled*."

The boy wondered greatly; and at quiet eventide, after the storm had been hushed into a calm, that good mother took her child to her knee, and taught him thus—"That thing you learned last night is *hope*. You will never forget it. Here in the Bible, which shews us the cross of Jesus, is its lamp; and if you but keep the eye and hand on that cross, you will see it burn clear and beautiful in the wildest night. But you must never leave it or lose sight of it, even for an instant. Then when the day breaks, your Father in heaven appears; you need the lamp no more, and so it fades and goes out; for instead of the *hope* of Jesus, you have Jesus himself, and see Him for ever as He is."

I am sure that little boy never forgot the lamp in the storm, and its *Lesson on Hope*.

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You have read and heard often and again of the temple at Jerusalem. It was a most stately building, adorned with golden splendours within and without. In one corner of it there was erected what was called the Lord's treasury, and into this people of all classes, coming with their gifts of money, poured them down. What was collected in this

way was given by the priests of the temple to feed and clothe the poor, as well as to keep up the worship of the true God.

One day, we are told, a Galilean stranger of simple yet noble aspect entered the temple court. He was followed by a small company of peasant-looking men, also clad in the Galilean dress. As he walked across the floor he paused now and again with a deeply observant eye, watching the crowds from all parts of the country, the rich and the poor alike, who came and went. Save by his own humble companions he was so little noticed, that he was jostled in the crowd like any ordinary visitor; and that he might withdraw a little, therefore, he sat down in a spot over against the open treasury of the Lord, and there watched the offerers who came to cast their money in.

One rich person after another passed by—some with stately gravity—some with careless haste—some with ostentatious bustle—some sweeping in gorgeous raiment—some meanly irritated that they must, like their neighbours, pay this irksome tax—some measuring out their gifts in slow pence—some giving cheerfully and readily enough. Putting all together, the offerings were rich and large, and the treasury was kept ringing to the chink of coin and precious things. So, as this scene proceeded, the stranger opposite read with his deep lustrous glance every face and gesture, as they came out of the crowd, stopped for a moment, and then passed and vanished away. At length a poor widow, stooping, trembling, and alone, was seen making her way among the press. Instantly the stranger's eye alit on her. He watched her in her slow progress step by step—he noted the story of her thin, white, reverent face—he marked the hand timidly advancing its simple mite, and dropping it all but unseen among the golden heaps of wealth. Perhaps there was in the eye a tear, and the lips may have moved with a smile of prayer, as the poor figure crept away again, and in the throng was lost.

Then turned the stranger to his companions, and said these words:—"Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast

into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

The speaker was Jesus—and He taught His disciples a *Lesson on Charity*. You cannot forget any more than they, surely, that lesson of the poor God-fearing heart, that yet was among all the hearts in the temple marked by Jesus as the great heart of Charity.

I have now, dear reader, told you stories of *these three*. They are Faith, Hope, and Charity. The greatest of the three is Charity. But they are all heaven-born sisters; and if you really begin the New Year with them, and make them your companions all through to its close, loving them, cherishing them, and having them dwelling with you day by day, they will teach you more of heaven's secrets than I or any other writer, though we wrote a thousand sermons, could do. With the Holy Spirit of God to bless you through *these three*, I wish you A Happy New Year!

W. R.

### ABOUT THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

THERE is much about the Lord Jesus Christ in *revelation*. There are names, and titles, and expressions about Him there, which we find nowhere else. There is new light thrown on His offices, His power, His care for His people. Surely this alone is no small matter. To know Jesus is life eternal. To abide in Jesus is to be fruitful. If we are indeed born of the Spirit, we can never hear too much about our Saviour, our Shepherd, our High Priest, and Physician. If our hearts are right in the sight of God, we can never hear too much about our King. Like snow in summer, and good news from a far country, so are any fresh tidings about Christ.—*Ryle*.

### ONE ADDED TO THE CHURCH.

THE narrative of the following letter is kindly given us for our young readers, many of whom take so much interest in the Indian Orphanages, and on whose Sabbath school offerings so many of the little pupils depend:—

CALCUTTA, September 21, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is time that I told you of the baptism, on the 19th ultimo, of one of the wards in the Orphanage,—*Elizabeth Baisley*.

Several friends were present on the occasion. Amongst them, the venerable missionary Lacroix, who concluded the service of the day by a Bengali prayer.

After devotional exercises—the children singing that beautiful hymn—

“Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,—  
O Lamb of God, I come!”—

I explained, for the satisfaction of spectators, the grounds on which, in this case, I was about to administer the sacrament of baptism.

The candidate, an orphan aged about fourteen, had ever been a quiet docile pupil, causing little trouble. But it was not till last year she gave any evidence that the Spirit of God was working in her heart. She was at that time visited by severe and protracted sickness, from which her recovery was long thought doubtful. It was then, during that season of trial, that the fear of death alarmed her. Searchings of heart ensued, and she was forced to the inquiry, “What shall I do to be saved?” It would seem that gently and gradually she was led to the Saviour. Daily was the truth brought before her in the Word, and silently the Holy Spirit applied it to her understanding, will, and affections. For months past, she has been remarked for the manifestly conscientious way in which she was striving to do well.

In my repeated conversations with her, I was not only satisfied that she possessed the requisite knowledge to warrant her admission into the Church of Christ, but I was impressed with the conviction that her heart was touched by saving grace. Not more the words in which she expressed her love to the Lord Jesus, and desire to follow Him, than the tone and manner of her utterance, appeared to indicate sincerity. I should have been glad, indeed, to think that she had a deeper sense of sin, more distrust of herself, and a clearer perception how needful it is to watch, how indispensable, that a recovered lamb be kept by the Shepherd's hand. But, after all, the essence of true religion is love to Jesus; and simple faith in His blood, with attachment to His person, did appear to be her

characteristics. Forasmuch, then, as her knowledge was sufficient, and her conduct was consistent, and, so far as one could judge, she was cleaving to the Saviour, who could forbid water? Having satisfactorily replied publicly to a few questions touching her belief, purposes, and engagements, she was solemnly baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now, commending this young disciple to the sympathy of all friends to the Institution, where, there is reason to believe, she has been born again,—I am, &c.,

JAMES C. HERDMAN.

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### THE MIRACLES GOD WORKS.

THERE are as many miracles wrought as a saint is preserved minutes.—*Jenkyn.*

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### WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

#### CHAPTER V.

A LARGE lake, called Lake Ngami, lay several hundred miles into the desert; and to its shores, which had never been traversed by foot of white man, Livingstone now proposed to journey. There was difficulty in setting out. Between, there lay the endless desert, where hundreds even of the natives, seeking to make this passage, had perished of thirst. The way was haunted everywhere with the shadow of death. It was burnt overhead with a hot copper sky, and on either side the glazed and wavering mists hung around it like furnace heat. One chief of a kindred tribe, called Sekomie, who dwelt on the desert's edge, was reported to know a secret-path over the wilderness, comparatively short and safe, but our missionary and Sechele failed to make him tell, and they had nothing for it but to make up their company, and take a track more skirting the desert than through it, and which, though very long, was yet in a line of rain-pools and desert herbs.

How strange the picture of that desert land! It is not, as you may suppose at first, a region of nothing but waste sand. On the contrary, there is a great deal of vegetation all over it. It is true it is flat, boundless, and dreary as a sea; and the soil, for the most part, is loose and sandy: but it is thickly strewed with clumps of shrubbery, and even trees. A thick tufted grass also is scattered over its

face ; and in spots between, where the soil is barer, creeping plants lay their roots deep, and plait their long wiry arms athwart the sand. These very plants are mainly the water-vessels of the desert. Their roots are large and tuberous as a young juicy turnip ; and, being hidden far beneath the sun's rays, when dug up by the traveller they are found deliciously cool. One in particular, called the "water-melon," at certain seasons lies in immense abundance over the plains. Man and beast feed upon it greedily. Lions, elephants, rhinoceroses even, and the numberless herds of animals besides, alike gather to the feast ; and the roaming tribes of Bushmen are seen also eagerly striking the fruit with their hatchets, and applying their lips to suck the gash.

Then the desert is not an unpeopled waste. It is not only roamed over by herds of wild animals of all sizes, thick as clouds of dust, but it is the home of large tribes of Bushmen and Bakalahari, who lurk in its thickets, hunt on its prairies, or pitch their wigwams round its rain-pools. The Bushmen are native born to the desert ; they can bear its scorching heat—and are familiar, too, with its droughts and thirst. They are thin, dark, and agile. They live wholly by hunting, and the beans and roots their women dig from the ground. They have no settled habitations ; they never till a patch of soil, and never gather a single herd. They are wild and untamed as the animals they chase, and flit to and fro, resting nowhere, and calling no spot their home.

The other race is a branch of the Bechuanas, driven at one time by a tide of conquest to seek shelter in the wilderness. They have been wanderers there for many long years ; but, though they have grown like the wild Bushmen in many of their habits, it is remarkable they cannot bear the trials of the desert half so hardily, and that they have not lost the old custom of their tribe of hoeing each year little fields, however wretched, and building their huts, for however short a time, with all the look of a settled village. They are poor, abject people. A single Bechuana of a conquering tribe will tyrannise over a whole village of them ; while, if he meets a few of the Bushmen in the waste, the same man will cringe before them in the very dust.

Such are the desert people. It is a wondrous land—dark, dreary, and solitary in many respects, and yet teeming, too, with life and population. Its great lack, and what gives it the name of desert, is its want of water. There are

no silver brooks rippling among its stones, no river gleaming past its woods, no fountains gushing clear and cool in its hollows. Long deep channelled courses like the beds of ancient rivers there are, but the only approach to water is in the pools formed by the rain, in spots that have been scooped in the hard baked mud here and there, and where the water stands for weeks like dull mirrors, till in the steam of the sun it floats away. The desert people have many curious means of collecting and preserving the precious element. Their vessels commonly are ostrich eggs, numbers of which, bored at one end, they loop together in a network that may be hung over the shoulders. The eggs are then filled in damp spots, where the women, thrusting one end of a straw pipe into the ground and the other into the mouth, suck up the water that has been lodged there, mouthful by mouthful, thus catching its drops, and then squirting it into the vessels ready at their feet. It seems not a process we should much admire, but in that burning land a drop of water to cool the tongue is felt by the traveller more precious far than gold, and he speedily learns to get quit of all nicety as to how it may have been laid up for him in store. In most unexpected places that store is made. Sometimes the egg-shells with their liquid treasure are buried under the very spot where the natives may be cooking a meal on the fire, sometimes in corners of their huts or tents; and nothing more enrages the plunderer, when with all his search he is baffled in finding the watery store; while nothing more surprises the friendly traveller when, worn and weary, he seeks rest in a village where, alas, there is no sign of the shower or pool, but yet where he has scarce laid down his head, till a poor woman draws her shell from its secret place and puts it to his lips.

Over this trackless region our missionary now set forth. You can imagine him, as he entered on his undertaking, calling to mind the promise given by our blessed Lord in the olden time. "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry lands springs of water." We will go as pilgrims by his side, good reader, and see.



### SAVING A BROTHER.

A TRAVELLER was crossing mountain heights alone, over almost untrodden snows. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path; but with the deepening shade and freezing blast of night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself; in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate, his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that; although no stone could be colder, or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body, half-buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his chest and hands and brow; breathing upon the stiff cold lips the warm breath of his living soul; pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life, warmth, and energy: he was a man again, instead of a weak creature, succumbing to a despairing helplessness, dropping down in a dreamless sleep to die. He saved his brother, and was saved himself.

"Go thou in the strength of the Lord and Giver of life, and do likewise."—*Miss Marsh.*

### THE SONG OF THE LAMB.

BY THE LATE "OLD GEORGE ALBANY."

Through eighteen hundred years  
Have men of every tongue,  
Amid their troubles and their tears,  
Messiah's praises sung.

The captive in his chains,  
The martyr in the flame.  
The sufferer 'mid his livelong pains,  
All bless Messiah's name.

The years are musical  
With this heart-cheering word:  
One burthen echoes through them all—  
The coming of our Lord.

Whence, once my heart has known  
The riches of His grace,  
Of Him I'll sing, and Him alone,  
Through all my future days.



### THE LONG-BURIED.

**I**N a slope in one of the pleasant, beautifully-wooded vales of England, there stood, one quiet summer day, three celebrated men. I need not tell you their names—you may find them out by and by; but it is enough to say now that one of them was a great statesman, another a great man of science, and the third a man who had been born the son of a poor labourer, but who, by his own industry and genius, had wrought his way up till he had become the greatest engineer England had yet seen.

The landscape lay stretched like a map, rich and varied, far away under the still sunshine. Opposite to where these three remarkable men stood, across the valley, and along a wooded ridge, there ran a line of railway; and as they talked, and gazed in that direction, suddenly through

the air there burst the whistle of an engine. Then came the hurtling rattle of a train at full speed; and, glinting in and out among the heavy foliage of the trees, it dashed into sight and was gone again, ere one could well draw breath. But, in long curling folds, the white vapour from the engine floated over the crest of the woods, hung there for a little, then was dispersed through the blue heavens and lost.

"What is that?" asked the famous engineer, pointing eagerly to the fleecy waves, as they fast dissolved.

The statesman listened, leaving the man of science to reply. But a right reply was either more than even he could give, or he was too suddenly taken by the question.

"*That*," said the other again, in some impatience, and still pointing across the vale—"that vapour is light! Ages ago there grew in these lands a giant forest, long ere the foot of man pressed the earth. As the huge trees grew, they drank in at every pore of their leaves the sweet air and light of heaven; on that food they grew and flourished. Then, slowly, inch by inch, year by year, these great trees sank into the soil. As dead vegetation gathered round them, deeper and deeper they sank, till from all sight they vanished. Then, in black darkness and silence, they were buried, and for ages lay. God's purposes meanwhile came about—that hidden treasure was needed for the use of man; and so, deep the shaft of the mine was driven into its grave, the old forest was found, and brought up as glistening coal. It was put on men's hearths, in their factory fires, in their engine furnace, and then, at the touch of flame, the light, sucked in by the old forest leaves, long so chained, so still, so dark, broke from its prison, and yonder, in the dancing wreaths of white, you see it springing to its native heavens again!"

The statesman was awed; the man of science wondered like a little child; and the great engineer, who had spoken, looked at both with the eye of strange yet most lowly genius,—as if he had said, "You see what a wonderful storehouse God makes of His world! Nothing—not even one jot of good in it, howsoever to appearance hid and

lost—but one day comes forth to gleam and bless, like a very angel of light!”

Do you also, little readers, take to yourselves some of the many lessons taught us in this story. Not only what you do and give—your mite in the mission box, your kindness to the poor, your gentleness in your class and your home, your words of secret prayer, and even your bright passing smile now and then—not only are these such as God will hide and remember, and bring out in light and blessing many days hence. But, above all, if you have Jesus in your little hearts—that is God’s hid treasure—precious beyond all words—rich beyond all pen or tongue can teach. You may be so small and young and unknown, that for some time yet it may look as if you could not make much of this infinite treasure. Only win Jesus, however, and hold Him deep in the loving heart, and one day, when God wills, He will bring up the unsearchable riches to the sight and use of men, and, touched with the fire of His Holy Spirit, they will then kindle through you the very light of heaven, and the raiment of your common, simple, daily life will become white and glistering!

W. R.

### GOOD NATURE.

DAME GRUNDY was a pattern of good nature—always contented, and consequently happy.

“I tell you what it is,” said farmer Grundy, one day, to his neighbour Smith, “I really wish I could hear Mrs. Grundy scold once; the novelty of the thing would be so refreshing.”

“I tell you,” said his sympathising neighbour, “how to obtain your wish. Go into the woods, get a load of the most crooked sticks you can possibly find, and my word for it, she will be as cross as you desire.”

Father Grundy followed his neighbour Smith’s advice. Having collected a load of the most ill-shaped, crooked, crabbed, crochety materials that were ever known under the name of fuel, he deposited the same at the door, taking good care that his spouse should have access to no other wood. The day passed away, however, and not a word

was said ; another, and still another, and no complaints. At length the pile disappeared.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Grundy, "I am going after more wood. I'll get another load just such as I got last time."

"O yes, Jacob," said the old lady, "it will be so nice if you will, for such crooked, crochety wood as you brought before does lay around the pots so nicely!"—*The Christian Treasury*.

### THE SIMPLE THINGS OF CONVERSION.

I ASKED her the other day respecting her conversion. Somehow she had little to say respecting it. She had been a thoughtless girl like the rest, saw herself a sinner, believed in Christ, gave herself to the Church, and went on her way rejoicing. God had been gracious to her all her days. She had seen His hand all the way through. She thought it best to trust in Him. She took Him at His word. It was wicked to doubt, to cavil, to distrust. He was the All-Good, the All-Perfect, the All-Merciful ; and surely that was enough. She had all she wanted for this world, a little house, a quiet home, plain food and clothes, good health, and, she thanked God, an unc'ounded mind. And beside all this, God was her friend, and heaven was to be her eternal home.—*Life Pictures*.

### WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

#### CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in June 1849, Livingstone, who had been joined by two adventurous Englishmen, formed his party, yoked his oxen in their waggons, arranged his horses in their riding gear, and set out on his desert journey towards the great lake. At first they passed over a flat country, sprinkled with acacia trees. He tells that, at the root of these trees, a singular caterpillar digs its nest. The natives search for it, and devour it with great relish when cooked. At a particular season, out of the hole where, like our own caterpillar, it has lain in a chrysalis state, it emerges a large and beautiful butterfly, spreading its golden wings, and floating away in the sunshine. So often and strikingly

did the party witness this, that, when Livingstone preached to them at evening rest, he would point to this change from earth to sky, from darkness to light, in the case of the lovely insect, as an emblem of the glorious change in the resurrection of the body. The poor rude hearts of the desert were filled with wonder at the thought.

Deeper and deeper, as they left the hilly ground and got into the trackless flats of the desert, they began to see everything burned up with sun and thirst. Old well-pits and river-beds were dry and waste. They toiled on through deep soft sand, in which the waggon-wheels heavily sunk; and the very grass on which the cattle tried to browse shrivelled up like dust when touched. More than once, and for long weary miles, every drop of water failed them; and, in other instances, it was only after long and patient labour they sucked out of the earth a few precious drops. This was their mode of finding it: a large pit, several feet in depth, was dug with spades, till they reached down to a solid bed of sand, on which the looser soil was generally found resting. Had they cut beneath this, every trace of moisture would have vanished; and the great point of skill, therefore, was to preserve the under sheet of sand as the floor on which, in slow tricklings, the water out of many pores at last gathered into a few inches' depth. This was what they called a well; and here, after the thirsty eye had watched like a miser the faint oozing and rippling of the tiny wave, the lips were stooped down, and the cool draught lapped up.

At one spot called Serotli, where a circle of wells had been opened in this manner, an amusing, as well as rather dangerous, incident took place. The region round was so flat, so pathless, and so on every side sprinkled with the same thin dwarf trees, that if any one ventured alone out of sight of the camp, he was in peril of losing the direction, and wandering he knew not where. The two Englishmen, taking a native guide, nevertheless set out in chase of an eland, and were led from the wells far out into the waste. The guide lost his way; and there they were brought to a stand-still in despair. I give you the story entire:—

One of the most common phrases of the people is "Kia ituméla," I thank you, or I am pleased; and the gentlemen were both quite familiar with it, and with the word "metse," water. But there is a word very similar in sound, "Kia timéla." I am wandering; its perfect is, "Ki timétee," I have wandered. The party had been roaming about, perfectly lost, till the sun went down; and, through their mistaking the verb "wander," for "to be pleased," and "water," the colloquy went on at intervals during the whole bitterly cold night in somewhat the following style:—

"Where are the waggons?"

*Real answer.*—"I don't know. I have wandered. I never wandered before. I am quite lost."

*Supposed answer.*—"I don't know. I want water. I am glad. I am quite pleased. I am thankful to you."

"Take us to the waggons, and you will get plenty of water."

*Real answer* (looking vacantly around).—"How did I wander? Perhaps the well is there, perhaps not. I don't know. I have wandered."

*Supposed answer.*—"Something about thanks; he says he is pleased, and mentions water again." The guide's vacant stare, while trying to remember, is thought to indicate mental imbecility, and the repeated thanks were supposed to indicate a wish to deprecate their wrath.

"Well, Livingstone has played us a pretty trick, giving us in charge of an idiot. Catch us trusting him again. What can this fellow mean by his thanks and talk about water? Oh, you born fool! take us to the waggons, and you will get both meat and water. Wouldn't a thrashing bring him to his senses again?" "No, no, for then he will run away, and we shall be worse off than we are now."

The hunters regained the waggons next day by their own sagacity, which becomes wonderfully quickened by a sojourn in the desert; and we enjoyed a hearty laugh on the explanation of their midnight colloquia.

From the wells at Serotli the travellers had a weary journey of three days ere they could reach the next water hollows. The poor oxen almost fainted in the sliding sand and under the broiling sun. A party, sent on before with the horses, lost their line of route; and, after making a far circuit, found themselves at the side of the waggons again. To crown all, there was doubt if the guide on whom Livingstone relied had not got confused and was missing his way.

The brave-hearted missionary, however, was bent on not turning his back on the enterprise. Who knows how often his prayers went up from the midnight tent—how to his serene eye of faith there moved upon the sands the Saviour God of Israel, an awful guide in smoke by day, in flame by night? So the journey was still pressed. A poor skulking Bushwoman was captured, and from her information about distant water-pools was gleaned. With such scraps of hope every face was yet turned to the desert plain.

A curious sight just about this time met their eyes, and drew forth a burst of joy. It was what is called a *mirage*. It is an old story of the desert, as many of my young readers likely know. In this case there was seen a belt of trees many miles in extent fringing the horizon; and beyond these, as in a vast bed, was hidden what is called a *salt-pan*, out of which rose the steamings of the lime deposit with which it is strewn. Suddenly the party came on the edge of this tract. The sun was sinking, and, as he sunk, was shedding through the vapours a blue gleaming light, that made the whole expanse look exactly like a lake of cool translucent waters. Above, there seemed to be the shining wave—beneath, dipped in its depths, was the image of the trees reflected with a fairy delicacy; and so perfect was the illusion, that the very dogs and horses rushed forward as to the brink of a glassy lake. It was a ten-fold sorrow, after such a delicious vision, to stand only in the thick steam of an immense salt-pan.

Proceeding onward, however, at length they struck the course of a deep and beautiful river called the Tonga. On its banks dwell a race called Bakoba; timid, defenceless, yet hospitable. Many of them live on the waters of their darkly-shaded river; cooking, eating, and drinking in their little canoes, hollowed out each from the trunk of a single tree. At night, under the lee of a reed bank, this light shallop is moored by its rude cable; and there, swinging to the lapping stream, these children of the desert go to sleep.



From the settlement of this tribe, the missionary party pressed on still. When they asked, they were told the waters at their feet issued from the great lake Ngami; and, full of enthusiastic projects, Livingstone watched this flowing highway as he went. In some spots it was finely wooded all along its edge—in others, the sloping banks rose away green and smooth with herbage. He saw in it all, from point to point, an opening path for a future Gospel day. He pictured the white man's dwellings rising on the river's brink, the busy thoroughfare of commerce cut along its shining track, and with the voice of God's Word the wilderness and the solitary place far and wide made glad. So he hastened on. The heavy waggons were left at a little village; and, lightened as they neared the end of their toils, the party joyfully proceeded, crossing, as they did so, a second river, a branch of the Tonga, till, emerging at last out of the feathery shrub forest, they stood upon the long-sought shore, and their eyes were greeted with a sight of the broad water. W. R.

### "LITTLE SINS."

ARE there any *little sins*? We hear much said of little sins, as though there were some sins of small moment. One said, "No sins can be *little*, because there is no *little* God to sin against." That is the point. The magnitude of the sin is formed by the being sinned against. How carefully, then, should we guard against little sins so called! All sin is infinitely wrong; but if we could commit *little sins*, the attempt would be hazardous in the extreme, because there is an affinity between sins, and the commission of one makes the way inviting for another, and another,—and we are in infinite danger of being found *great sinners* in the aggregate.

### "IS THIS THE SUN?"

SUPPOSE the case of a cripple, who had spent his life in a room where the sun was never seen. He has heard of its existence, he believes in it, and, indeed, has seen enough of its light to give him high ideas of its glory. Wishing to see the sun, he is taken out at night into the streets of

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an illuminated city. At first he is delighted; but after he has had time to reflect, he finds darkness spread amid the lights, and he asks, "Is this the sun?" He is taken out under the starry sky, and is enraptured; but, on reflection, finds that night covers the earth, and again asks, "Is this the sun?" He is carried out some bright day at noontide, and no sooner does his eye open on the sky, than all question is at an end. There is but one sun; his eye is content; it has seen its highest object, and feels that there is nothing brighter. So with the soul; it enjoys all lights, yet amid those of art and nature is still inquiring for something greater. But when it is led by the reconciling Christ into the presence of the Father, and He lifts up upon it the light of His countenance, all thought of anything greater disappears. As there is but one sun, so there is but one God. The soul which once discerns and knows Him, feels that greater and brighter there is none, and that the only possibility of ever beholding more glory is by drawing nearer.—*Tongue of Fire.*

### A GLIMPSE OF MADAGASCAR.

If you look in the map you will see on the east African coast, separated from the mainland by a belt of sea, a large island. Its name is Madagascar. It has long been counted a dark savage place, and the feet of few white men have touched its shores. Yet the tale of that island at this moment is full of interest. Some thirty years ago it was ruled over by a king, who, though in many ways a cruel despot, had wisdom enough to seek trade and treaty with England. At her bidding he abolished traffic in slaves, and from one of her London societies he welcomed a band of her missionaries. These men lived, wrought, and sowed the seed of God's Word beside all waters in that strange wild land for many years. But changes came. The next king was foully murdered, and in his stead there reigned his widow—a stern, unscrupulous woman, and queen at this day. It was wonderful how the Gospel faith had spread. Many thousands more or less had embraced it. Many, it was known, had died in its peace. This queen, however, hating it, and hating its preachers, began, like the kings

and queens of old, a fierce persecution of the Christian sect. They were harassed in every way. They were fined, exiled, stripped of everything, punished with death in every horrid form. They were driven to the dens and caves of the mountains; and it is said that there, in the midnight gloom of woods, the poor faithful remnant held their gatherings for prayer and praise. What a lonely yet beautiful sound, the floating up here and there among the shaggy hills, and at such a time, the secret hymn of worship so true and tried as that!

After a long time of patient trial, the missionaries, about twenty years ago, left the island. Every tie between it and England was severed. The relentless woman who reigned in it seemed to have her will; and for season after season it remained to us sealed, dark, and dead. At last, very recently, the famous Mr. Ellis, whose book on Polynesia is so charming to every young reader, hearing some chance reports for good, was sent by the London Society to see if in this distant island the door might be opened again. He paid two visits in successive years, but all he was allowed to do was, barely to land, and live a few weeks in a hut near the shore. He describes his first landing thus:—

“The village of Tarntave seemed to be built upon a point of land stretching into the sea toward the south, which we afterwards found to be not more than three or four hundred yards wide, its surface diversified by sand hills thrown up by the wind or sea to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the adjoining level of the water. The low shore appeared generally covered with brushwood, rushes, or grass; and the several species of pandanus near the beach towards the north, with a few tall cocoa palms growing towards the south of the anchorage, gave quite a tropical character to its vegetation, though much less rich and luxuriant than the verdant and beautiful bays among the South Sea Islands. Shortly after we had anchored, a large clumsy single canoe, destitute of outriggers, and paddled by a number of men, came alongside, when a middle-aged man, followed by three or four others, mounted the side. They had neither shoes nor stockings, but wore white shirts under a cloth bound round the loins, with a large

white scarf, the native *lamba*, hanging in ample and graceful folds over their shoulders, and broad-brimmed hats of neatly plaited grass or fine rushes."

In the island there are no roads, no carriages, no liberties, and no education. Yet civilisation has in a kind reached it. The houses are well built, there are regular and efficient laws of government, and a well-planned trade. It is ground, in short, for which the Christian missionary would do an earnest battle of toil and prayer. Mr. Ellis found many still disciples of the Cross; and, above all, the prince next to the throne, and eldest son of the queen, he was told, had openly professed the Gospel. But in his first and second visit, much as he hoped for it, he sought to penetrate into the country in vain. He left the shore with a heavy heart. How he fared a third time, when he saw both queen and prince, I must take another chapter to tell.

### "CHRIST CRUCIFIED."

"BRETHREN," said a North American Indian after his conversion, "I have been a heathen. I know how heathens think. Once a preacher came and began to explain to us that there was a God; but we told him to return to the place from whence he came. Another preacher came and told us not to lie, nor steal, nor drink; but we did not heed him. At last another came into my hut one day, and said, 'I am come to you in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends to let you know that He will make you happy, and deliver you from misery. For this end He became a man, gave His life a ransom, and shed His blood for sinners.' I could not forget his words. I told them to the other Indians, and an awakening began among us. I say, therefore, preach the sufferings and death of Christ, our Saviour, if you wish your words to gain entrance among the heathen."—*Ryle*.

### THE GARMENT ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN.

Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress.

### DYING IN THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

ON his deathbed the sight of Bruce, the famous Scottish divine, failed him; whereupon he called for his Bible. But, finding his sight gone, he said, "Cast up to me the eighth chapter of Romans, and set my finger on these words, 'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Now," said he, "is my finger upon them?" Then they told him it was. He said, "Now, God be with you, my children; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night," and so gave up the ghost.—*Fleming.*

### "WHITHER SHALL I FLEE FROM THY PRESENCE?"

Among the deepest shades of night,  
Can there be one who sees my way?  
Yes; God is like a shining light  
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,  
May I not sin without control?  
No; for a constant watch He keeps  
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,  
Where human feet had never trod,  
Yet there I could not be alone,  
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell,  
He fills the earth, the air, the sea;  
I must within His presence dwell,  
I cannot from His anger flee.

Yet I may flee, He shews me where,  
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly;  
And while I seek for pardon there,  
There's only mercy in His eye.



### THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.

**P**PROMISED in last number to give you some particulars of how Mr. Ellis fared in his third visit to Madagascar. But before doing that, let me turn aside and tell you the brief tale he gathered of the sufferings and deaths of many Christian converts during the fierce persecution of 1849, which swept the Gospel almost clean out of the island. He visited the spots of their martyrdom—sat in the huts of their widows and orphan children—and there, and from the lips of Malagasy (for so the natives of the island are called) eye-witnesses, he learned how the love of the simple converts, like their Lord's, had been strong as death—many waters could not quench it, neither could the floods drown it! Here is the narrative, very much in the words in which it was told him:—

On the 14th of March 1849, the officer before whom the Christians were examined said, "Do you pray to the sun, or the moon, or the earth?" K—— answered, "I do not pray to these, for the hand of God made them." "Do you pray to the twelve mountains, that are sacred?" "I do not pray to them, for they are mountains." "Do you pray to the gods that render sacred the kings?" "I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them." "Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?" "Kings and rulers are given by God that we should serve and obey them and render them homage. Nevertheless, they are only men like ourselves. When we pray, we pray to God alone." "You make distinct and observe the Sabbath-day." "That is the day of the great God; for in six days the Lord made all His works. But God rested on the seventh, and He caused it to be holy; and I rest, or keep holy, that day."

And in similar manner answered all the Christians. And when a man who had kept aloof saw that one, a woman, did not deny God, and remembered that to deny God was followed by compunction, he went and spoke as the others had done. And when these brethren and sisters were bound, the husband of one of them, who had heard their confession, came and said to them, "Be not afraid, for it is well if for that you die." He was a soldier from a distance, and not of the number of the accused. Then he was examined, and as he made the same avowal, they bound him also. And they removed these ten brethren and sisters, and made their bands hard and tight, and confined them each in a separate house.

At one o'clock in the morning, the friends of the accused met secretly, and prayed. A few days thereafter, when one had publicly said, "Jehovah is God alone, and above every name that is named, and Jesus Christ is also God," the people cried out mocking. And to another the officer said, "Rabodampoimerina (the sacred name of our queen) is our god, but not your God." He answered, "The God who made me is my God; but Rabodo is my queen or sovereign." And when he refused other answer, they said,

"Perhaps he is an idiot, or a lunatic." He answered, "I am not an idiot, and have not lost my understanding." Then there was a commotion and buzz among the people, saying, "Take him away." And they took him to prison.

And before it was light on the following day, the people assembled at A—y. Then they took the eighteen brethren that chose God and to inherit life, and to become His sons and His daughters, and they bound their hands and feet, and tied each of them to a pole, wrapped in mats, and placed them with the other prisoners. And of these united brethren and sisters, ten were from Vonizongo; and when the officers and troops and judges arrived, they read over the names of each class of prisoners, and then placed them by themselves, and stationed round them soldiers with muskets and spears, and the sentences were then delivered, consigning some to fine and confiscation, others to slavery, others to prison and chains, some to flogging, and eighteen to death—four to be burned, and fourteen to be hurled from the rocky precipice, and afterwards burned to ashes.

And the eighteen appointed to die, as they sat on the ground surrounded by the soldiers, sang this hymn in their native tongue—

"When I shall die and leave my friends,  
When they shall weep for me,  
When departed has my life,  
Then I shall be happy."

When that hymn was finished they sang another, beginning—

"When I shall behold Him, rejoicing in the heavens," &c.

And when the sentences were all pronounced, and the officer was about to return to the chief authorities, the four sentenced to be burned requested him to ask that they might be killed first and then burned. But they were burned alive.

When the officer was gone, they took those eighteen away to put them to death. The fourteen they tied by the hands and the feet to long poles, and carried on men's



shoulders. And these brethren prayed and spoke to the people as they were being carried along. And some who beheld them said, that their faces were like the faces of angels. And when they came to the top of Nampaminarina they cast them down, and their bodies were afterwards dragged to the other end of the capital, to be burned with the bodies of those who were burned alive.

And as they took the four that were to be burned alive to the place of execution, these Christians sang this other hymn, beginning—

“ When our hearts are troubled,” &c. ;

each verse ending with—

“ Then remember us.”

Thus they sang on the road. And when they came to Faravohitra, there they burned them, fixed betwixt split spars. And there was a rainbow in the heavens at the time, close to the place of burning. Then they sang in the hymn —

“ There is a blessed land  
Making most happy ;  
Never shall the rest depart,  
Nor cause of trouble come ”

That was the hymn they sang after they were in the fire. Then they prayed, saying, “ O Lord, receive our spirits, for Thy love to us has caused this to come to us ! And lay not this sin to their charge ! ”

Thus they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly, gently. Indeed, gentle was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people around, that beheld the burning of them there.

We shall see how, as in all ages elsewhere, so in Madagascar the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the Church.

### THE HEAVENLY PLACE.

ONE distinctive mark of the progress of grace was, the different views given her of the heavenly city. She first talked of its glories ; then a month or two later, she spoke of those whom she would meet in heaven, asking one of her

sisters to name the near relatives she had lost, who had fallen asleep in Jesus, adding, "It would make death easier to think she would meet those whom she knew, when she went to heaven." A few months later she had a conversation with her sister about the employments of heaven, when she remarked, "How exquisitely delightful the music of heaven would be, to those especially who loved music!" Then she spoke of the "golden streets" and the "gates of pearls," questioning whether these could be taken in their literal sense. Her sister said her idea was, that there would be much in heaven to please the eye as well as to satisfy all the capacities of the glorified. Jessie replied emphatically, "Oh yes; Jesus is there, and there's all beauty in Him."

Again, a short time before her death, I repeated to her parts of a lecture of Mr. Gillies, wherein the subject of recognition of friends in heaven was a good deal noticed. This may have led her to reflect upon the subject, as soon afterwards she said, "that she could not realise that the spirits of the departed would recognise each other until their reunion with their glorified bodies." After a good deal of conversation about it, she said, "her conviction was, that the saints in glory would be filled with Christ, that meeting with and recognising departed friends would be quite a secondary thing; Christ would be all in all!" This was, so far as we remember, her last conversation on the subject.\*

## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER VII.

AFTER looking at the beautiful sheet of water spreading away before him till it met the distant sky, Livingstone wished exceedingly to pass beyond it into the country of the famous chief Sebituane, lying many miles to the north. Another chief on the banks of the lake, however, through jealousy, hindered his plan. In vain he stood many hours in the water, with his own hands trying to hew out a canoe such as might float him over the reaches of the lake, and the broad streams in the way. The wood he wrought with was too worm-eaten; and after using persuasions, and giving

\* From a beautiful little memoir we earnestly recommend to our readers, "Patience in Tribulation." Nisbet & Co.

presents, and waiting many days, he was obliged at last to give up his project for this time, and set his face again towards Kolobeng. As he went down the river Tonga, he saw on the banks a whole chain of curious traps in which the natives catch wild animals, and of these he gives the following description :—

“The sloping banks are selected for the pitfalls, to entrap the animals as they come to drink. These are about seven or eight feet deep, three or four feet wide at the mouth, and gradually decrease till they are only about a foot wide at the bottom. The mouth is an oblong square (the only square thing made by the Bechuanas, for everything else is round), and the long diameter at the surface is about equal to the depth. The decreasing width towards the bottom is intended to make the animal wedge himself more firmly in by his weight and struggles. The pitfalls are usually in pairs, with a wall a foot thick left uncut between the ends of each. So that if the beast, when it feels its fore legs descending, should try to save itself from going in altogether by striding the hind legs, he would spring forward and leap into the second with a force which insures the fall of his whole body into the trap. They are covered with great care; all the excavated earth is removed to a distance, so as not to excite suspicion in the minds of the animals. Reeds and grass are laid across the top; above this the sand is thrown, and watered so as to appear exactly like the rest of the spot. Some of our party plumped into these pitfalls more than once, even when in search of them, in order to open them to prevent the loss of our cattle. If an ox sees a hole, he carefully avoids it. And old elephants have been known to precede the herd and whisk off the coverings of the pitfalls on each side all the way down to the water. We have known instances in which the old among these sagacious animals have actually lifted the young out of the trap.”

Arrived and rested at Kolobeng, our missionary, no ways discouraged, resolved on another journey into the country of Sebituane. His great anxiety was to plant a missionary station in the wilds of that far-famed chief, and to connect it by a line of traffic with the eastern coast. Bent on this object, his whole heart was thrown into his plans. On the second journey he took along with him his wife and three children. Again they crossed the weary expanse of desert,

and were within a few miles of Lake Ngami, whither they were turning aside that Mrs. Livingstone might witness the gleam of its waters, when she and her children were struck down with the low desert fever. There was nothing for it again but to halt once more, baffled and disappointed, and travel drearily back to Kolobeng. As they came down the Tonga this second time, Mr. Oswell, of their party, spread his fame through the wastes as a great elephant hunter. Hear how he hunted the magnate of the wilderness:—

“He hunted without dogs. It is remarkable that this lordly animal is so completely harassed by the presence of a few yelping curs as to be quite incapable of attending to man. He makes awkward attempts to crush them by falling on his knees; and sometimes places his forehead against a tree ten inches in diameter; glancing on one side of the tree and then on the other, he pushes it down before him, as if he thought thereby to catch his enemies. The only danger the huntsman has to apprehend, is the dogs running towards him, and thereby leading the elephant to their master. Mr. Oswell has been known to kill four large old male elephants a-day. The value of the ivory in these cases would be one hundred guineas. We had reason to be proud of his success, for the inhabitants conceived from it a very high idea of English courage, and when they wished to flatter me would say, ‘If you were not a missionary you would just be like Oswell; you would not hunt with dogs either.’ When in 1852 we came to the Cape, my black coat eleven years out of fashion, and without a penny of salary to draw, we found that Mr. Oswell had most generously ordered an outfit for the half-naked children, which cost about £200, and presented it to us, saying he thought Mrs. Livingstone had a right to the game of her own preserves.”

Setting forth for the third time on their desert route, the missionary band went on without mishap, till, as they kept away more to the right, and skirted a long line of salt-pans and hot-springs, they entered on a new tract, wilder and lonelier than they yet had seen. Over this region they were led by a native guide, called Shobo, who lost his way, and at last left them in great peril. They had just refreshed themselves at a chain of rain-pools, when the narrative adds:—

"It is impossible to convey an idea of the dreary scene on which we entered after leaving this spot: the only vegetation was a low scrub in deep sand; not a bird or insect enlivened the landscape. It was without exception the most uninviting prospect I ever beheld; and to make matters worse, our guide Shobo wandered on the second day. We coaxed him on at night, but he went to all points of the compass on the trails of elephants which had been here in the rainy season; and then would sit down in the path, and in his broken Sichuána say, "No water, all country only;—Shobo sleeps;—he breaks down;—country only;—and then coolly curl himself up and go to sleep. The oxen were terribly fatigued and thirsty; and on the morning of the fourth day, Shobo, after professing ignorance of everything, vanished altogether. We went on in the direction in which we last saw him, and about eleven o'clock began to see birds; then the trail of a rhinoceros. At this we unyoked the oxen, and they, apparently knowing the sign, rushed along to find the water in the river Mabábe, which comes from the Tamunak'le, and lay to the west of us. The supply of water in the waggons had been wasted by one of our servants, and by the afternoon only a small portion remained for the children. This was a bitterly anxious night; and the next morning the less there was of water, the more thirsty the little rogues became. The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible. It would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe, but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value."

A most remarkable fly infests some localities of the desert. It is called *tsetse*—not much larger than the common house-fly, and nearly the same brown colour as the common honey-bee; yet its bite is so mysterious and dreadful that let it puncture even once the skin of an ox, the animal dies. From this scourge alone, Livingstone on his third journey lost forty-three fine oxen; and the curious feature of the case is, that while fatal to oxen and horses, its bite is perfectly harmless to men and wild animals. "In the ox," it is said, "this same bite produces no more immediate effects than in man. It does not startle him as the gad-fly does;

but a few days afterwards the following symptoms supervene: the eye and nose begin to run, the coat stares as if the animal were cold, a swelling appears under the jaw; and, though the animal continues to graze, emaciation commences, accompanied with a peculiar flaccidity of the muscles, and this proceeds unchecked until, perhaps months afterwards, purging comes on, and the animal, no longer able to graze, perishes in a state of extreme exhaustion. Those which are in good condition often perish soon after the bite is inflicted with staggering and blindness, as if the brain were affected by it." And another singular circumstance is, that while one of the haunts of this fly may stop the traveller in his way, and make him turn aside in careful circuit to avoid it, a few yards further on, say across a stream, not a trace of it is ever found. It became to the missionary company one of the greatest pests they had yet met.

At last Livingstone's patience was rewarded. He reached the skirts of Sebituane's country; and that chief hearing of his coming, sent him presents, and guides to bring him on the way. It was like a door opened into a new world. The chief's renowned history; the great and unexplored land over which he ruled; the broad line of the Zambesi running to the eastward; and the unbroken pathway, that seemed at length to unfold itself from east to west—all these things filled Livingstone's mind with mightier hopes than ever; and after the toil of years he made sure he was at length near the fulfilment of his enterprise.

In next chapter we shall meet him at Sebituane's threshold.

### TEN GOLDEN RULES.

1. NEVER put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened?
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

### EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS.

JESUS CHRIST is *very great*. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords. He is Maker of all things. He is God Himself. He is Almighty. He is able to do anything whatsoever that He likes.

Oh! what a thing it must be to be loved by Jesus Christ!

And again, Jesus is *very rich*. He has got everything to give away which you can want, either for soul or body. He keeps the keys of heaven. He has got an endless store of blessings in His treasurehouse, far more than I can describe.

Oh! what a thing it must be to be loved by Jesus Christ!

And again, Jesus Christ is *very good*. He never refuses any one who asks Him favours in a proper way. He was never known to say No! to any person who made a prayer to Him with a meek and humble heart.

Oh! what a thing it must be to be loved by Jesus Christ!

Dear children, consider these things. Do you want a *great* friend? Do you want a *rich* friend? Do you want a *kind* friend? Is this the sort of friend you would like? Then be sure there is no friend in all the world like Jesus Christ. There is no love so well worth having as the love of Jesus Christ.—*Ryle*.

### KINDNESS.

DID you ever read the fable of the "Sun and the Wind," both of which undertook to make the traveller part with his cloak: how the wind mustered all its forces of hail and rain, howling, screeching, tearing up trees by the roots, until it came down upon the traveller in a hurricane, demanding his cloak? But the cloak was not to be thus obtained. The poor man wrapped it more closely round him, and bravely withstood the blast. Next came the sun, shining softly at first upon field and woodland, and glancing upon the traveller, who held his cloak more loosely, and smilingly looked up. Warmer and warmer waxed the sun,

and the traveller, unfastening his cloak, laid it back upon his shoulders. Higher rose the sun, and sent forth his most fervid rays; then the traveller hastily threw off his cloak, and sat down, completely conquered.

The sun here is a beautiful illustration of kindness. Did you ever notice with what facility some gentle, good-natured people lead everybody captive? They neither rave, nor scold, nor say what they will *make* people do. There is no need of that; for it is easily shewn what they ~~can~~ make people do.

A pale-faced, small young man once went into a wild-looking settlement, and offered to teach the winter school. The agent surveyed him from head to foot, and shook his head. "It will never do," said he; "the boys here would be too much for you. Why, sir, last winter we had a giant, who carried a long, stout birch into the school, with a 'ruler' two feet long, both of which he broke over the boys on the first day. On the next, they carried him from the school-house, and put him into a snow-drift. Thus ended our winter's school."

In nowise discouraged by this account, the young man insisted upon trying it: promising to give up peaceably if order could not be maintained. Inasmuch as he produced the most unqualified recommendations, the agent at last consented. It was known through the settlement that he entered the school on the first day *unarmed*. This was by some considered presumptuous, for they did not understand the potency of a secret weapon which he always carried about him. Was it a sword in a sheath? a pistol in his vest pocket? a bowie-knife or stiletto in his bosom? No: guess again. Some little reader, who remembers the fable of the Sun and the Wind, answers, "*It was kindness.*" That is right. I have heard of "killing people with kindness," and have always thought it must be an easy way to die. You must understand me now. You know *I* cannot joke with my little friends about death—that is too serious a subject. When we talk of "killing people with kindness," we do not mean laying their bodies in the cold grave, and sending their souls into eternity. Oh, no! that would be dreadful. We only mean that it is possible to destroy the manifestations of enmity, ill-will, anger, and other bad passions which may be excited against us, by simply feeling and acting kindly.

Some of my little readers may say, "Oh, but I cannot feel kindly towards those who are unkind and unjust towards me." Then, my dear, your heart is not right. Of



course, you cannot use the powerful weapon of kindness, if it is not in your possession. Try to get it, my little friends. Think of Him who has been so very kind to an unjust, unthankful child like you. Ask Him to help you. Turn up Luke xxiii. 34; Acts vii. 60; Luke vi. 28; Ephes. iv. 32; 1 Peter iii. 9.

### CONTINUED PRAYING.

FELIX NEFF once made the following comparison:—When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke, because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long while, the water gets low; and when you want it, you must pump a long while, and the water comes only after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer it is difficult for us to pray: for the water in the well gets low.

### THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,

“Come unto me and rest!

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon my breast.”

I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad;

I found in Him a resting place,

And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

“Behold, I freely give

The living water; thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live.”

I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

“I am this dark world's light;

Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,

And all thy day be bright.”

I looked to Jesus, and I found

In Him my star, my sun,

And in that Light of Life I'll walk,

Till travelling days are done.

## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER VIII.

As I have told you, Sebituane was a widely-famed warrior. His name spread terror among the neighbouring tribes. He had fought battles, made conquests, and heaped together simple desert wealth till he was regarded by his own people with a kind of idolatrous reverence. He had long wished to see white men in his country, and nothing could exceed his joy, therefore, when he heard of Dr. Livingstone's approach. Livingstone's plan was, himself to form a mission station in the heart of the Makololo, while Mr. Oswell should go farther north, and strike the line of the Zambesi river, which led out to the sea. Sebituane's activity, intelligence, and good-will promised them all success. There was, however, a most melancholy ending to his tale. Says Livingstone:—

“Poor Sebituane, however, just after realising what he had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated in and extended from an old wound, got at Melita. I saw his danger, but, being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said, ‘Your fear is prudent and wise; this people would blame you.’ He had been cured of this complaint during the year before by the Barotse making a large number of free incisions in the chest. The Makololo doctors, on the other hand, now scarcely cut the skin. On the Sunday afternoon in which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy Robert. ‘Come near,’ said Sebituane, ‘and see if I am any longer a man; I am done.’ He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease, so I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. ‘Why do you speak of death?’ said one of a relay of fresh doctors; ‘Sebituane will never die.’ If I had persisted, the impression would have been produced that by speaking about it I wished him to die. After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant, and said, ‘Take Robert

to Maunku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane.

"We were not informed of his death until the next day. The burial of a Bechuana chief takes place in his cattle-pen, and all the cattle are driven for an hour or two around and over the grave, so that it may be quite obliterated. We went and spoke to the people, advising them to keep together and support the heir. They took this kindly; and in turn told us not to be alarmed, for they would not think of ascribing the death of their chief to us; that Sebituane had just gone the way of his fathers; and though the father had gone, he had left children, and they hoped that we would be as friendly to his children as we intended to have been to himself.

"He was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep dark question of what is becoming of such as he, must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly, the 'Judge of all the earth will do right.'"

The great chief was succeeded by his daughter; and after a little delay the travellers were allowed by her to reach the banks of the Zambesi. It is here the greatest interest in their enterprises begins. They beheld this river rolling its broad watery flood between populous and fertile banks. It struck Livingstone that here was the pathway of trade and missions he had been seeking. With all the ardour of his strong heart, then he resolved to begin, as it were, anew—to abandon Kolobeng, where he feared the mission was not like long to thrive—to send his family to England—and alone, that he might meet danger all the more easily, to return to the Zambesi, and follow out his great effort to open up the depths of this heathen land. Accordingly, he went down to Cape Town, bade his wife and children farewell when he had seen them on board a homeward-bound ship, and, his face again set to the desert, he began his last, longest, and most wondrous journey in the Gospel cause. It was a journey that spread over four lonely years.

He followed his old track up through the country of his friend Sechele. That chief was at the time in much disquiet. The Boers had attacked and plundered Kolobeng; and Sechele, smarting from his loss, was actually on his way to the Cape, that he might take ship for England and lay his griefs before Queen Victoria. His money, however, failed him when he had reached Cape Town, and the long journey of a thousand miles and more he was obliged to retrace with a heavy heart. It was told Livingstone afterwards that he returned, mustered his tribe anew, and by dint of stout arm and heart drove his enemies out. He then took on himself no less than the duties of missionary, and, as chief of a vast and increasing people, was left preaching the Gospel with rude but very earnest power. Livingstone, meanwhile, struck off by the edge of the great Kalahari desert. He tells many things of the different races and tribes he passed through—their feuds, their savage life, their past history, and the promise of their future. He himself loved the wild gipsy sort of existence he led in waggon travelling through the wastes. Everywhere he was kindly met. His fame as a "doctor" went far and near. Sometimes he had it in his power to give to misery real relief; but in the great majority of cases he speaks of the vain prayers of the hundreds who waylaid his steps in their sickness and suffering as heart-breaking to hear. At one part he describes a very curious desert wind thus:—

"Occasionally, during the very dry seasons which succeed our winter and precede our rains, a hot wind blows over the desert from north to south. It feels somewhat as if it came from an oven, and seldom blows longer at a time than three days. It resembles in its effects the harmattan of the north of Africa, and at the time the missionaries first settled in the country, thirty-five years ago, it came loaded with fine reddish-coloured sand. Though no longer accompanied by sand, it is so devoid of moisture as to cause the wood of the best seasoned English boxes and furniture to shrink so that every wooden article not made in the country is warped. The verls of ramrods made in England are loosened, and on returning to Europe fasten

again. This wind is in such an electric state that a bunch of ostrich feathers held a few seconds against it becomes as strongly charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine, and clasps the advancing hand with a sharp crackling sound.

"When this hot wind is blowing, and even at other times, the peculiarly strong electrical state of the atmosphere causes the movement of a native in his kaross to produce therein a stream of small sparks. The first time I noticed this appearance was while a chief was travelling with me in my waggon. Seeing part of the fur of his mantle, which was exposed to slight friction by the movement of the waggon, assume quite a luminous appearance, I rubbed it smartly with the hand, and found it readily gave out bright sparks accompanied with distinct cracks. 'Don't you see this?' said I. 'The white men did not shew us this,' he replied; 'we had it long before white men came into our country, we and our forefathers of old.' Unfortunately I never inquired the name which they gave to this appearance, but I have no doubt there is one for it in the language."

Again he writes of the hardy strength taught in wilderness life :—

"The women pride themselves on their ability to bear pain. A mother will address her little girl, from whose foot a thorn is to be extracted, with 'Now, Ma, you are a woman; a woman does not cry.' A man scorns to shed tears. When we were passing one of the deep wells in the Kalahari, a boy, the son of an aged father, had been drowned in it while playing on its brink. When all hope was gone, the father uttered an exceedingly great and bitter cry. It was sorrow without hope. This was the only instance I ever met with of a man weeping in this country."

And in telling how he passed up the edge of the Kalahari desert, he says :—

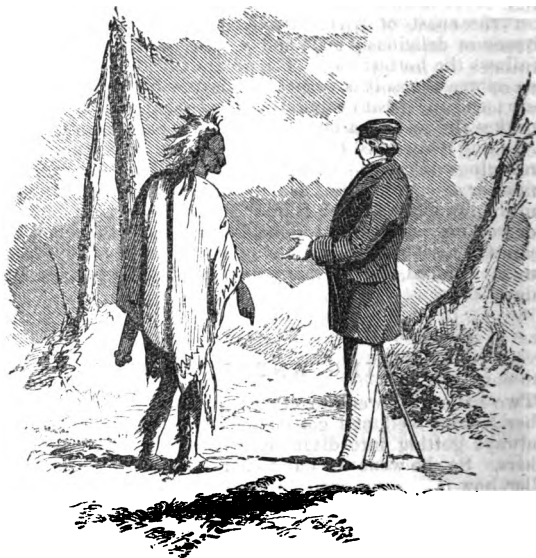
"The climate is the complete antipodes to our cold damp English climate. The winter is perfectly dry; and as not a drop of rain falls during that period—namely, from the beginning of May to the end of August—damp and cold are never combined. However hot the day may have been at Kolobeng—and the thermometer sometimes rose, previous to a fall of rain, up to 96 degrees in the coolest part of our

house—yet the atmosphere never has that steamy feeling nor those debilitating effects so well known in India and on the coast of Africa itself. In the evenings the air becomes deliciously cool, and a pleasant refreshing night follows the hottest day. The greatest heat ever felt is not so oppressive as it is when there is much humidity in the air; and the great evaporation consequent on a fall of rain makes the rainy season the most agreeable for travelling. Nothing can exceed the balmy feeling of the evenings and mornings during the whole year. You wish for an increase neither of cold nor heat; and you can sit out of doors till midnight without ever thinking of colds or rheumatism; or you may sleep out at night, looking up to the moon till you fall asleep, without a thought or sign of moon-blindness. Indeed, during many months there is scarcely any dew."

### PRAYING AND LEARNING.

Two little girls went together to school: one always said her lessons well, and got commended, but the other was always getting into disgrace, because she could not say hers. So she went one day to her schoolfellow, and asked her how it was she could always say her lessons so well. She replied, that she always *prayed* that she might be able to do them well, and then they came quite easy. Well, the little girl thought this was easy enough; she would pray too, and then she should be able to say hers as well. She did so; but the next day, instead of saying her lessons well, and being commended, she did worse than ever, and could not say a word of them; so she came in tears to her companion, complaining bitterly of her having deceived her. Her schoolfellow heard her out, and then quietly asked her if she had tried to *learn* her lessons. "Oh no," said the little girl, "I only *prayed* that I might be able to say them; I thought that was all I had to do!"

Just so I fear it is with many of you: you repeat day by day "Thy kingdom come;" but you are not making any effort to help on the coming of it. But you cannot sincerely *pray*, "Thy kingdom come," and yet neglect to do something yourself, even little though it may be, towards extending the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ.



### THE INVISIBLE.

“**I** AM an old man, and have never seen God,” said a gray-haired Indian to Sir John Franklin, when that distinguished traveller was pursuing one of his earlier expeditions into those arctic regions where he first won his fame and afterwards found his grave. From that fact, the old man argued that there is no God, since, if there were any such Being, he must have seen Him some time, and met Him somewhere, in the course of his long life and wide wanderings. Stupid savage! He would not believe in God, because he had never seen Him. Yet He believed in the wind which he had never seen, as it howled along the dreary waste, or whirled the snow-flakes, or roared through the pine forest, or swept his light canoe over the foaming billows, or roused the sea to burst its wintry chains, and float

away from silent shores their fields and glittering bergs of ice.

We believe in many things we never saw, on the evidence of other senses than that of sight. We believe in music; in invisible voices that roll their waves of sound upon the ear, and by means of which our spirits, shut up within gross material forms, telegraph their thoughts, and hold intercourse one with another. We believe in invisible odours, fragrance of rose or lily, and the sweet-scented breath of a thousand other flowers. Nay, we believe in the existence of what we neither hear, nor see, nor taste, nor smell, nor touch. Though ignorant of what they are, and where they are, we believe in the life that animates our mortal bodies, and in the immortal spirits that inhabit them. Thus, with such knowledge and education as we have, there is no danger of our falling into the mistake of Franklin's savage, or doing anything so foolish and absurd as to doubt the being of God, because His person is not visible. Still, though that circumstance may not lead us to deny His existence, alas! how often does it tempt us—the best of us—to forget it! And as to the ungodly, God is not in all their thoughts. They break in pieces Thy people, O Lord, and afflict Thine heritage! They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless! Yet they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it. Understand, ye brutish among the people; and ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see?—*Dr. Guthrie.*

### THE OLD APOSTLE'S SERMON.

I HAVE heard a story of a good old man, who was too old to be able to preach much to others, but he said he had one thing he wished to say to the people before he died, and his sermon contained only these words—"Love one another." You can all remember this, I am sure. Will you all try? A little girl was asked one day why all her companions loved her so much, and her answer was—"I suppose it is because I love *them* so much!" If we love any one, he is almost sure to love us some day in return. Since our Father's name is *love*, should not our name be *love* too? First love God, and then you are sure to love every one else: for the Bible tells us, "If any man love God, he will love his brother also."



### MR. ELLIS'S THIRD VISIT TO MADAGASCAR.

THIS was in the summer of 1855. Mr. Ellis sailed down the Red Sea, touched at Ceylon, crossed to the Mauritius, and thence took ship to Tamatave. He found the town thronged and lively, and great buildings going on since his former visit. Guides were sent him from the capital, and a hundred men to carry his baggage. After a long journey, up steep rocks, through trackless forests, and rivers swarming with crocodiles, he reached Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, in August 1856. This is his description of its first breaking on his sight:—

“The morning was fine, and we had several good views of the ‘city of a thousand towers’—for such is the meaning of its name—as we approached from the east. It stands on a long oval-shaped hill, a mile and a half or more in length, rising four or five hundred feet above the surrounding country, and being 7000 feet above the level of the sea. Near the centre, and on the highest part of it, or, as the natives express it, on the crown of the town, stands the palace, the largest and loftiest building in the place. It is about sixty feet high; the walls are surrounded by double verandahs, one above the other; the roof is lofty and steep, with attic windows at three different elevations. On the centre of the top of the house there is a large gilt figure of an eagle, with outspread wings. Adjoining the north-east angle of the Queen’s house is the residence of the Prince Royal, her son. It is smaller than that of the Queen, but, in other respects, resembling it, and also surmounted by a golden eagle. Below these are the houses of the other inhabitants, constructed almost entirely of wood, with lofty, narrow roofs, thatched with rushes or grass, and ornamented at the ends, with the long rafters projecting above the gables. The houses along the sides of the hill are built on artificially levelled terraces, from twenty to forty feet wide.”

Mr. Ellis was provided with a nice clean comfortable house, and there, on the evening of his arrival, he received a visit from the Prince.

“Punctually at the time fixed he came, accompanied by a friend. Considering his age (twenty-six), his appearance

struck me as juvenile, but extremely prepossessing, frank and open in his bearing, and easy in his manners. He is short in stature, but well proportioned, with broad shoulders and an ample chest. His forehead is small, his hair jet black, and somewhat curling; his forehead slightly retreating and round; his eyes small, but clear and penetrating; his features somewhat European in caste and form; his lips full, his nose aquiline, and his chin slightly projecting. He wore a black dress coat and pantaloons, gold embroidered velvet waistcoat, and white cravat."

Such was the Prince—the one hope of the Gospel in Madagascar, as it appears. Mr. Ellis conversed with him often, and took several excursions with him into the wild and beautiful country near the city. He spoke cautiously but earnestly of the many true Christian hearts beating in the island for the coming of Christ's kingdom. He knew several books, and was acquainted with events in Europe very wonderfully; while Mr. Ellis's apparatus for taking photographic portraits particularly interested him. Indeed, the whole court was in a ferment on this point; and every day before sun heat, Mr. Ellis's house was crowded by chiefs, and chiefs' wives and families, beseeching their miniatures to be done.

At last he was taken to see the Queen. He was robed by one of the chiefs in some very gay garments he happened to have with him in his trunks, as things he might offer in presents. In this costume he felt himself foolish, but he was told, the more show the more state. He was led through a vast crowd to the court of the palace, which was filled with soldiers. The Queen was seated in a verandah or gallery, surrounded by her court, and covered by a large red umbrella. He addressed her in a loud voice—assured her of the friendship of the English people and Queen—and then, according to the custom of the country, presented her with a sovereign. The Queen answered through her orator with much kindness. A great many compliments were thus exchanged, and then the interview closed. Afterwards the Queen sent Mr. Ellis many presents, and spoke to him with every friendly interest; but when he begged to be allowed to remain in the country

a few months, she declined. She was firm in wishing him to depart, and, greatly to the sorrow of the Prince, he was obliged to yield. But his visit was evidently not lost. No one knows how many great results may spring from such a little beginning. Meantime, the Queen has ceased to persecute the Christians, but her bloody laws against them still remain unrepealed. And were the Prince to die, or be murdered—for the attempt has been made—there might be another dark day for the poor converts. May God rather remember and deliver His own, and may this little door opened by good Mr. Ellis be made broader and more beaten, as the highway of the Cross!

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### "GOOD FOR NOTHING."

A GENTLEMAN, while addressing some children, took out his watch, and asked what it was for.

"To keep time," the children answered.

"Well, suppose it won't keep time, and can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing," they replied.

He then took out a lead pencil, and asked what it was for.

"It is to mark with," was the answer.

"But supposing the lead is out, and it won't mark, what is it good for?"

"It's good for nothing."

He then took out a pocket-knife, and asked what was its use.

"To whittle with," said some. "To cut," said others.

"Suppose it has no blade, then what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Then a watch, or pencil, or knife, is good for nothing, unless each can do the thing for which it was made?"

"No, sir," the children all answered.

"Well, children, what is a boy or girl made for?"

The children hesitated.

"What is the answer to the first question in the Catechism—'What is the chief end of man?'" asked the gentleman.

"To glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever."

"Now, then, if a boy or girl does not do what he or she is made for, and glorify God, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered, without seeming to think how it would sound,

*"Good for nothing."*

Well, if children are made to glorify God, and they don't do it, are they good for anything? That is, it is so much more important that they glorify God, and become prepared to enjoy Him for ever, than anything else, that if they fail to do this, it is as though they failed in everything. Without love to God, all other things are as nothing.

Dear boy or girl, are you answering the end for which you were made? If not, what are you good for? Think of the children's answer—

*"Good for nothing!"*

—*Christian Treasury.*

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### "WHAT WILL I GIVE?"

AN Indian chief once heard a missionary preaching about the love of Christ, and asking what he would give in return for all that Jesus had done in dying for him. The Indian thought for a few minutes, then said, "Will the Lord Jesus accept the poor Indian's hunting-dog—it is the best of all our tribe?"

"No," said the missionary; "He will not have that."

Again the Indian thought; then, taking a fond, lingering look of his cherished rifle, he tendered it to the missionary, saying:—"Here, will the Lord Jesus accept the poor Indian's rifle?"

But again the missionary rejected his offering.

Once more the Indian stood pensive and disconcerted; then, stripping himself of his richly-ornamented blanket, he presented it to the missionary as the choicest gift he could offer to his Saviour and Redeemer. But to his great grief and disappointment, the missionary assured him that the Lord Jesus cared not for such offerings. The Indian was sorely troubled—he had fully offered all that he had held most dear, as a tribute of his love to Jesus, but the missionary had steadily refused them all. What more can he offer?

"My son, give me thine *heart*," urged the missionary. Then the Indian, holding out his hands to him, said, "Will the Lord Jesus accept the poor Indian himself?"

"Yes, truly," said the missionary, "He would have you for a willing and obedient child."

So, dear children, it must be with you. God wants you to give *yourselves* to Him first, that He may reign in your

hearts. If you have not yet done so, oh, remember, when you again say that prayer, "Thy kingdom come," that you ask from your hearts, that it may come to you, and be set up in your own hearts. And remember, that you can never expect that any blessing will attend your efforts to extend the Redeemer's kingdom, among those who are now the slaves of Satan, unless you have first yielded *your own hearts* unto Him, and become His willing children.

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**"CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN."**

BLESSED be God, He loves not according to our deserts, but according to our necessity! Is it not written, His blood can cleanse from all evil *we* see, but from all that He sees. Many chambers within are yet unopened to us: we see but through the crevice; yet His blood gets entrance and drowns all.—*Lady Paverscourt.*

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**H Y M N.**

There is a morning star, my soul,  
 There is a morning star;  
 'Twill soon be near and bright, though now  
 It seems so dim and far.  
 And when time's stars have come and gone,  
 And every mist of earth has flown,  
 That better star shall rise,  
 On this world's clouded skies,  
 To shine for ever.

The night is well nigh spent, my soul,  
 The night is well nigh spent,  
 And soon above our heads shall shine  
 A glorious firmament;  
 Unutterably pure and bright,—  
 The Lamb once slain, its perfect light,—  
 A light unchanging and divine,  
 A star that shall unclouded shine,  
 Descending never.



### THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

**Y**OU remember the story in Covenanting times of the drowning girl on the Solway sands. She was in the deepest pit of Satan. On yon side the black creeping wave, the moaning sea-blast, the dying shriek of her relative farther in—on this side the ring of pitiless faces, the tempter's malignant bait, the promise of her life if she would but deny the Lord who was laying on her His awful cross. For a moment the poor maiden's heart failed—young life is so very dear and so hard to give away—and a few false words half escaped her; but next moment God's strength rushed into the smitten soul, she clasped her Bible and her stake together, and while Satan said, "Die then in your folly!" she did die, but in dying she lived again: there was that in her, that from

the white face and the sinking hand rose godlike out of the wave—*her love*—strong as death; many waters could not quench it, neither could the floods drown it! Satan and his myrmidons had no weapon that could strike down or even touch that—nay, in turn, it rather smote them with a recreant fear; for as they shrank away they must have bethought themselves what God would do with that death—that whosoever His Gospel should be published abroad, this that this woman had done should be told for a memorial of her! Little children, may you not all be as strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might?

W. R.

### GOD'S GUIDE BOOK.

RESOLVE from this day forward to prize the Bible more. Let us not fear being idolators of this blessed book. Men may easily make an idol of the church, of ministers, of sacraments, or of intellect. Men cannot make an idol of the Word. Let us regard all who would damage the authority of the Bible, or impugn its credit, as spiritual robbers. We are travelling through a wilderness: they rob us of our only guide. We are voyaging over a stormy sea: they rob us of our only compass. We are toiling over a weary road: they pluck our staff out of our hands. And what do these spiritual robbers give us in place of the Bible? What do they offer as a guide and provision for our soul? Nothing! absolutely nothing! Big swelling words! Empty promises of new light! High-sounding jargon; but nothing substantial and real! They would fain take from us the bread of life, and they do not give us in its place so much as a stone. Let us turn a deaf ear to them. Let us firmly grasp and prize the Bible more and more, the more it is assailed.

Reader, God has given you the Bible to be a light to guide you to everlasting life. Do not neglect this precious gift. Read it diligently. Walk in its light, and you shall be saved.—*Ryle*.

### WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

#### CHAPTER X.

IN the town of Linyanti, on the north bank of the Chobe, which he had reached through such toil and risk, Living-

stone spent a month. In that time he was laid down with the marsh fever, but, after failing to derive any good from the strange, rude cures of the native doctors, by a vigorous use of his own medicines, and the exercise of strong cheerful spirits, gradually recovered. A new chief, brother of Sebituane's daughter, and named Sekeletu, was now the head of the Makololo tribe. He was full of friendship for our missionary, as indeed were all the chief people of the tribe. But for this friendship, Livingstone would have found it hard to live, and harder to travel. He tells that £100 a-year was all his income, and off that he had to live, pay extra expenses in the desert, as well as provide for his family. It was no easy task, especially when there were presents to give to native chiefs, and losses of property, often very heavy, to sustain. Still he went forward full of faith and power,—teaching those of the Makololo who would learn, to read; preaching the Gospel in the open air about their stations; and, wherever an open door was given, seeking there an entrance for God's word.

At the end of the month he set out upon his northward journey again. Sekeletu and a band of an hundred and sixty attendants convoyed him. He gives the picture of their march thus:—

“We had the Chobe on our right, with its scores of miles of reed occupying the horizon there. It was pleasant to look back on the long-extended line of our attendants, as it twisted and bent according to the curves of the footpath, or in and out behind the mounds, the ostrich-feathers of the men waving in the wind. Some had the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, hussar fashion, and others great bunches of black ostrich-feathers, or caps made of lions' manes. Some wore red tunics, or various coloured prints which the chief had bought from Fleming; the common men carried burdens; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, and had servants to carry their shields; while the ‘Machaka,’ battle-axe men, carried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent off a hundred miles on an errand, and expected to run all the way.”

Again, here is how they were received at the different villages in their way:—



"When we arrived at any village, the women all turned out to lulliloo their chief. Their shrill voices, to which they give a tremulous sound by a quick motion of the tongue, peal forth 'Great lion!' 'Great chief!' 'Sleep, my lord!' &c. The men utter similar salutations; and Sekeletu receives all with becoming indifference. After a few minutes' conversation and telling the news, the head man of the village, who is almost always a Makololo, rises, and brings forth a number of large pots of beer. Calabashes, being used as drinking-cups, are handed round, and as many as can partake of the beverage do so, grasping the vessels so eagerly that they are in danger of being broken.

"They bring forth also large pots and bowls of thick milk; some contain six or eight gallons; and each of these, as well as of the beer, is given to a particular person, who has the power to divide it with whom he pleases. The head man of any section of the tribe is generally selected for this office. Spoons not being generally in fashion, the milk is conveyed to the mouth with the hand. I often presented my friends with iron spoons, and it was curious to observe how the habit of hand-eating prevailed, though they were delighted with the spoons. They lifted out a little with the utensil, then put it on the left hand, and ate it out of that."

The huts they dwelt in were of the rudest:—

"If we slept in the tent in some villages, the mice ran over our faces and disturbed our sleep, or hungry prowling dogs would eat our shoes and leave only the soles. When they were guilty of this, and other misdemeanours, we got the loan of a hut. The best sort of Makololo huts consist of three circular walls, with small holes as doors, each similar to that in a dog-house; and it is necessary to bend down the body to get in even when on all fours. The roof is formed of reeds or straight sticks, in shape like a Chinaman's hat, bound firmly together with circular bands, which are lashed with the strong inner bark of the mimosa-tree. When all prepared except the thatch, it is lifted on the circular wall, the rim resting on a circle of poles, between each of which the third wall is built. The roof is thatched with fine grass, and sewed with the same material as the lashings; and, as it projects far beyond the walls, and reaches within four feet of the ground, the shade is the best to be found in the country. These huts are very

cool in the hottest day, but are close and deficient in ventilation by night."

At last the party struck the course of the Leeambye, a large river coming from the north-west, and into its current they launched themselves in a fleet of no less than thirty-three canoes. The face of the water was covered with this lively fleet, and in the midst of great excitement they paddled away against the stream. The river is described thus:—

"The river is, indeed, a magnificent one, often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length. Both islands and banks are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian, or *Ficus indica*. The islands at a little distance seem great rounded masses of sylvan vegetation reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scenery of some of the islands is greatly increased by the date-palm, with its gracefully curved fronds and refreshing light-green colour, near the bottom of the picture, and the lofty palmyra towering far above, and casting its feathery foliage against a cloudless sky."

Another picture on the river is this:—

"At the falls of Gonye we were obliged to take the canoes out of the water, and carry them more than a mile by land. The fall is about thirty feet. The main body of water, which comes over the ledge of rock when the river is low, is collected into a space seventy or eighty yards wide before it takes the leap, and a mass of rock being thrust forward against the roaring torrent, a loud sound is produced. Tradition reports the destruction in this place of two hippopotamus-hunters, who, over eager in the pursuit of a wounded animal, were, with their intended prey, drawn down into the frightful gulf. There is also a tradition of a man, evidently of superior mind, who left his own countrymen, the Barotse, and came down the river, took advantage of the falls, and led out a portion of the water there for irrigation. Such minds must have arisen from time to time in these regions, as well as in our own country, but, ignorant of the use of letters, they have left no memorial behind them."

And so on the singular company went on the bosom of the deep strong tide.

## PASTOR FRUHAUF AND THE FARMER.

*(From the German.)*

THE old and venerable pastor Fruhauf of Christiansfeld, who died there some thirty years ago, was accustomed, in his walks, to pray aloud for himself and others. He liked solitary walks, because they seemed to him the most suited for his intercourse with his Saviour. It was to him a cheering thought that the kingdom of God would soon come everywhere, and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Most of the fields and meadows in the neighbourhood of Christiansfeld, in Schleswig-Holstein, are surrounded with hedges, the entrances being by a gate not unlike a toll-bar. Such a meadow, near Christiansfeld, had been used by the inhabitants as a thoroughfare, and the proprietor, a farmer, resolved to suffer this no longer, and decided upon protecting his fields by force. To this end, armed with a stout cudgel, he concealed himself behind a hedge, about the time that the inhabitants of Christiansfeld took their usual walk.

He had not waited long, when the gate opened, and, lo ! the venerable pastor Fruhauf steps into the beautiful meadow. The deep rural stillness appears to make a pleasant impression on him. He lifts up his eyes towards heaven, folds his hands, and, as he passes along, prays aloud in the following words:—"Bless, O heavenly Father, the owner of this beautiful possession. Reveal Thyself to him through Thy Son Jesus Christ, who also suffered for him upon the cross to obtain forgiveness for his sins."

Not a word that the worthy old man uttered escaped the farmer in his hiding-place. He let the stick fall. He did not know how it happened, but involuntarily he fell down on his knees, and remained in that position a long time. When he arose his first idea was to hasten after the man ; but the field was still as the grave. Lost in deep thought he returned home.

His wife, who knew of his intention, asked him, "Well, have you caught one?"

"Ah! only think, my dear wife, there was one, but he has caught me."

"But how so? Could you not defend yourself?"

"Ay, but he was stronger than I, for he had quite other weapons. When it was late in the evening, some one entered upon my meadow, who offered up for me the most earnest prayer that I ever heard in my life; and that prayer threw me down on my knees before God, for I am a great sinner. I will go to-morrow to the pastor in Christiansfeld, and ask him how I can become like the old man who walked across our meadow, and you will go with me."

When the farmer, the next morning, stepped into pastor Fruhauf's house, he was still more astonished to find the very man before him who had prayed for him so earnestly yesterday. "That is the man of God himself," said he to his wife, "of whom I spoke to you."

The pastor made them both be seated beside him, and now learned, from his visitors, what effect had resulted from a prayer for his neighbour which he had offered up to God, who had filled his heart with peace, and of whose love his tongue could never be silent.

The man was thoroughly aroused, and this occurrence made a favourable impression upon his wife also, so that both of them, by doctrine and instruction, were directed to Jesus Christ, in whom alone redemption is to be found.

A. D.

### CONFESSING TO PARENTS.

LITTLE boys and girls, and many of a larger growth also, are disposed to conceal wrong-doing, so far as possible, from their parents. They never think of going to them to confess wrong, unless there is a pretty fair prospect of being found out therein. This is a very great defect of character; and it often prepares the way for greater evils. The following incident in the life of a boy six years of age, presents a pleasing contrast with this too frequent error among the young.

He was left with his grand-parents, during the absence of his father and mother upon a journey. One day he was not in so good humour as usual, and every little trial disturbed him. The consequence was that he became disobedient before night, and the necessary reproof was administered. On the following morning he experienced some harrowing regrets as he reflected upon his ill behaviour of the previous day. His grandmother saw the traces of penitence in his eye. Moved to pity, she said to him, in the kindness of her heart, "If you will be a good boy during the remainder of the time your father is absent, I will not tell him of your naughtiness yesterday." Immediately the little fellow made this brave reply: "*If you don't tell him, I shall; I always tell my father when I am naughty.*" Was not this noble? It made the father's heart glad to hear of this when he returned. Indeed, the boy had confessed his sin to him before the grandmother communicated the above fact. Perhaps, if he is an impulsive, unruly, unaffectionate boy by nature, this readiness to confess his wrong-doing, instead of concealing it, may save him from ruin. It is quite certain that a lad who labours to conceal his evil deeds will be much more likely to continue to do wrong than he who confesses them.

You may believe, young reader, that confession is degrading. Many persons older than yourself have this opinion; but it is erroneous. Did it degrade the brave little fellow named above to make known his faults? Did not his grandmother think more highly of him for this trait? Did not his father love him more on account of it? Does he not appear a better and nobler boy in your own view in consequence? There is only one answer to these questions. Confession is never degrading. Concealment is degrading whenever and wherever it is practised. He who would cover up his evil deeds is a deceiver and hypocrite.

Let children learn a lesson. If they would rejoice the hearts of parents; if they would save themselves from greater sins; if they would win the confidence and esteem of those around them; and if they would please God,—let them cheerfully and openly confess their errors to their parents. And remember at the same time that there is One who is greater than parents, to whom confession should first and most of all be made.—*Phocion.*

### READING THE BIBLE.

"FATHER," said a little boy one day, "I do not see any use in reading the Bible; I do not see that it does people any good." Little Johnny said this in a rather cross and pettish way, and his father thought it best not to begin reasoning with him. "Johnny," he said, "put on your hat, and come out and take a walk with me."

Johnny's father took him first to a house where there was an old woman who was very poor, and he talked to her about her poverty. "Sir," said the old woman, "I do not complain. I have read in the Bible these words, 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.'" "Johnny," said the little boy's father, "hear what the old woman says."

They went on to another house, where there was a young woman who was very ill, and never likely to get better. Johnny's father asked her if she felt afraid to die. "No," she said, "I find it written in the Bible, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'" "Johnny," said the little boy's father again, "hear what the young woman says."

Children, when Johnny and his father came home that afternoon from their walk, his father asked him one question. "Johnny," he said, "do you think it is of any use to read the Bible? Do you think reading the Bible does people any good?"

And now what do you think Johnny said? I will tell you. He held down his head, and said nothing. But his face got very red, and he looked very much ashamed.

Children, from that very day Johnny was never heard again to say, "It is of no use reading the Bible."

Beloved children, remember my parting words. The way to get through the world with the least possible "crying," is to read the Bible, believe the Bible, pray over the Bible, live by the Bible.

He that goes through life in this way will have the least "crying" in this world. And best of all, he will have no crying at all in the world to come.—*Ryle.*

### LITTLE SHIPS.

"And there were with Him other little ships."—MARK IV. 36.

I WONDER whether you, the dear child who is now reading this—whether you are one of these "little ships;" I wonder

whether you can be said to be sailing across the "Sea of Time" under Christ's convoy! Yes—I wonder!

All children are not. I must say that I know a great many children who are sailing about hither and thither just as they please. I have gone very near some of them and warned them, and besought them in Christ's name to be wise, and come away after Him. I have put my trumpet to my lips as we passed, and shouted, "*Where are you bound?*" And when they have answered, "We don't care," I have shouted again, "*Beware of quicksands,—beware of the great pirate,—beware of storms!—Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*" And when they have answered again, "*What is the fear of the Lord?*" I have said, "*It is to 'eschew evil, and do good; to seek peace, and ensue it'*" (1 Pet. iii. 11).—I have given them the gracious message, "*I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me*" (Prov. viii. 17).

But how few have pondered what they heard! I have watched them with tearful eyes till I could see them no more; and I shall never see them again! Oh, they will be dashed upon the rocks, or they will be upset in a gale, or Satan will make them a prize!

I am anxious, therefore, about you, my dear child. I am anxious to find out what cargo you are taking in,—whether "gold, silver, precious stones, or wood, hay, stubble." I am anxious to find out whose flag you are sailing under,—Christ's or the great enemy's. I am anxious to find out about your crew, whether they are those excellent mariners, Love, Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance; or those traitors, Pride, Envy, Hatred, Strife. Is the "Book of books" your chart? Is your delight in it, and do you meditate in it day and night, and are you steering by its directions? Are you ever "looking unto Jesus" as your pole-star? Does your heart point true to Him, as the needle points true to the north?

I am anxious about all these things, and until I am sure of them, I cannot tell you whether you will have a prosperous voyage or not. But this I can say, that if you have the least desire to put yourself under Christ's convoy, you may. He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Only do not delay. "Get away" at once. Do not wait for others to start; do not wait till you get older; do not wait till you fancy yourself better. Just quietly make up your mind, "I will go after Christ."

There He is waiting for you, calling to you to follow Him. Push off then, and let nothing discourage you. Be sure of this, that nothing can really prevent you. Push off, and! God speed you! Oh, may Jesus draw you to Himself this very day; and then we shall sail together under His Almighty shadow, singing, as we go—

“Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!  
There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.”

—*The Fleet of Fishing-boats.* By Rev. James Bolton.

### A CHILD'S EXAMPLE.

“Oh, dear grandmother,” said a little boy, as he kissed his infant sister that lay in her arms, “I must never be naughty any more, now we’ve got this baby. For you know, if I am naughty, she’ll learn to be naughty off me, and that will be bad for mamma.”

The good grandmother, perceiving the force of the argument, strove to deepen it in the child’s mind. He gazed earnestly at the face of the babe, and wonderingly felt its tiny hands and feet, till its beauty and helplessness seemed to call forth an overflowing tenderness. When his mother approached, he ran to meet her, and, clasping his arms around her knees, exclaimed, passionately,

“Mother, mother, give me that baby for my own!”

Not immediately comprehending his state of feeling, she made some inquiries. But all the answer she could obtain was the repetition,

“Oh, mother! say it shall be my baby! Will you give it to me for my own baby always?”

Moved by his tears, she answered in the affirmative.

Then a great happiness and a singular sense of responsibility entered into him. To watch over the child seemed his business and pleasure. When he saw his mother so patient in nursing it, so attentive to its little ailments, he never failed to thank her for taking care of his baby. When any sudden wilfulness of childhood came over him, he would check it by saying,



"Baby sees me. Baby hears. It will not do."

So, between his desire of being an educator, and his heightened gratitude to his mother for her care over *his baby*, a wonderful change came over the boy, who had formerly been quick-tempered and selfish; as if the strong brotherly love, coalescing with the grace of God, had given him a new heart, and power to lead a new life.

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**H Y M N.**

HEBREWS xii. 2.

When along life's thorny road,  
Faints the soul beneath the load,  
By its cares and sins opprest,  
Finds on earth no peace or rest,—  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubts and fear,—  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee;  
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,  
Listenest to Thy people's moan;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang Thy members bear.  
Full of tenderness Thou art;  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart:  
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell!

By Thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,  
By Thy power to raise the dead,  
By Thy meekness under scorn,  
By Thy stripes and crown of thorn,  
By that rich and precious blood  
That hath made our peace with God,—  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee;  
Jesus, we will cling to Thee.

Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of heaven;  
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,  
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever—ever—Lord, with Thee.



### LITTLE ANNIE'S PRAYER.

**O**NE Sabbath afternoon, I had been talking of prayer to the sixty dear children who gathered in my infant school. I said that "it is not praying, unless we mind the things we say;" and that "God, for our Saviour's sake, listens to the wants of even His little children." Then, with folded hands, closed eyes, and low voices, we all said, "Our Father; who art in heaven;" and I dismissed the school.

As the scholars, one after another, left their seats, all paused to say, "Good-bye, teacher," till it came to little Annie's turn. She lingered one moment, then pressed close to my side, and, looking up in my face with earnest eyes, said, "Miss A——, if we ask God for anything that we want very much, will He give it to us?"

I had only time to answer, "Yes, dear," and she was gone.

Another six days, and the bright Sabbath afternoon found teachers and scholars assembled once more in the

school-room. The hours passed quickly by. Each child had received a ticket, for they were all good, and of course happy. In our school, every little boy and girl who is quiet and attentive gets a ticket, and, after they have four blue ones, a large pink one; and then, after four pink ones, comes a beautiful book, full of pictures and stories, to keep for their own.

This day, as I was about to say "Good-bye" to little Annie, I thought she looked rather sorrowful. I asked her if she were not well? One second she was silent, and then said, with tearful eyes, and quivering lips, "Yea, ma'am. But you did not tell me true last Sabbath. God will not hear me when I pray." I put my arm around the dear child, and, after the others had gone, I took her on my lap, and said, "Now, my darling, tell me all about it."

"Oh, Miss A—, you know next Sabbath the books are to be given out, and I have only three pink tickets and three blue ones, because one Sabbath I was not here, and did not get any; and I want the book so much! So, last Sabbath, I ran home as fast as I could, took off my bonnet quick, ran up stairs, and, when I had shut the door, I kneeled down by a chair, and turned all the white sides of my tickets up; and then I prayed to God, as hard as I could, to make one of my blue tickets turn pink. But when I looked, they were all the same colour yet. Then I thought, perhaps I did not mind enough the things I said. So I put the white sides up again, and prayed. I told God how much I wanted the book—how happy it would make me; and I said what you told us, to 'ask and ye shall receive.' But it is not of any use; for here they are now—three of each colour;" and she opened her little hand, while the tears streamed fast down her rosy cheeks.

I quietly took one of her blue tickets, and in its place I put a new bright pink one, on which were these words: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake;" and said, "Annie, that ticket is yours. Has not God answered your prayer, dear,—though not in the way you expected?" The little face was quickly upturned to mine, while a happy smile took the place of the tear-drops.

Then I tried to explain to Annie—as I would love to explain to you, dear little readers—that our heavenly Father does hear the prayers of His children, and that it is right that you should go to Him with all your little sorrows and troubles, just as you do to your father and mother in this world—though oftentimes He will see fit to

deny your requests for your own good, and, again, oftentimes answers them in the way you least expect. God does not work miracles any longer upon earth. He did not turn the blue paper pink; but He put it into the heart of little Annie to tell her teacher of her wants, and the longed-for ticket was hers, and next Sabbath she received her new book; and I trust she will never forget, when she turns over its pages, that it was a gift from her heavenly Father, who sent His own Son into the world to die for little children — *The Sunday School Gazette*.

### GOD CALLING CHILDREN.

ELLEN WILSON had been reading the story of Samuel aloud to her mother, when the coming twilight forced her to close her book. So she sat awhile with her little hand pressed in her mother's loving clasp, looking into the blazing fire. At last she said, "Mamma, I don't want to go and leave you, and live alone with a priest like Eli, but I do wish it was the fashion for God to call children now-a-days, just as He did little Samuel."

"Why, my dear, do you desire such a fashion?"

"Because then I would know just how to be good, and what He wants me to do."

"It is true that God does not speak with a voice which sounds in the ear, as the midnight voice did to Samuel, but I well remember that I received many solemn calls from God in my childhood, and I think, if my Ellen would listen with all her heart, she would find that it is still the 'fashion' for God to call children."

"When did God ever call you, mamma?"

"The first time I remember I was about five years old, and read the mention of William Baker's death in the 'Child's Book on the Soul.' Then something seemed to whisper, 'Though you are young, you may die too. Why do you not give your heart to Christ and be prepared?' I felt very sober for a while, but it was a still small voice, and I soon drowned it in play. Then again, two or three years later, when I first saw a dead body from which the soul had gone. Then something seemed to say, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. They that seek me early shall find me.' Then I listened and felt sober for a few days as before, but did not obey the voice, and it soon ceased."

"Did you have more calls, mamma?"

"As I grew older the calls became fainter and less frequent, and, but for God's goodness, might have ceased altogether, but, thanks to His mercy, the blessed voice came again; and as the words 'Quench not the Spirit' sounded from the minister's lips, and were again repeated in my ears as I tossed upon my bed at midnight, I saw my sins, and danger, and Christ ready to forgive and save me. Then I said, '*Here am I*,' and from that time resolved to love and obey Christ all my life. Then peace came into my soul, and I could sleep sweetly, for I had heard and answered the heavenly voice. From that hour I never have been troubled to 'know what to do,' for I find God ever ready to tell me as plainly as He told Samuel. Ellen, have you never heard such a voice? And don't you think, if you listened attentively, you could tell what to do?"

Ellen hung her head, for she had read the Bible, and knew her duty, and had heard God's voice more than once calling her to love and serve Him.

"Yes, mamma, I think I have heard God call, though that is not the kind of voice I meant. I always thought it would be easier to know what to do, if God would speak in my ear just as He did to Samuel."

"No, my dear, if you will not listen *now*, you would not under any circumstances. Childhood soon passes, and the noise and din of earthly care drowns the calls of God, and they are often unheeded until it is too late. Christ loves children, He died for them, and when He was on earth, blessed them, and said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Now, next time you hear His voice, say, 'Here am I, for Thou didst call me,' and, trusting in Christ for help, try to obey His Word. Sometimes He calls with a text of Scripture, sometimes by putting a serious thought into your mind even amidst your play; to-night He calls my Ellen by the story of little Samuel."

The tears ran down Ellen's face at these few solemn words from her mother, and that evening, as she knelt in prayer, she asked that help from God's Spirit without which no child can truly obey God's voice.

### THE ECHO.

HEAR the story of the child who went forth into the mountain ravine. While the child wandered there he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. 'He called again,

and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He called out to him in anger, and with abusive epithets—all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother, and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand, and said, "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hill-side. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. The world will be the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone. Always," said the speaker, "is there a child in the mountain passes—and every man and every woman is that child."

## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER XI.

AFTER exploring the wide and beautiful valley of the Leeba a good many miles up, Livingstone at last fixed his course. He determined to strike a path that would lead him out through the desert tribes to the city of Loanda, lying on the sea-coast, far to the north-west. Deep and dark masses of forest choked up the way on every side, and their depths were full of the deadly tsetse. It is true one path was open to the sea, along which slave-traders had for generations driven their wretched traffic; but Livingstone was resolved the Gospel message should never travel in these polluted steps. So he set himself to find out, at all risks, a new passage across the wilderness; and, for this end, he concluded to embark upon the broad waters of the Leeba. By ascending this river, he thought he should, by and by, get an avenue through these pathless regions to the sea-shore.

After making all his preparations up and down amongst the Makololo villages, this is what he says of his experience:—

“I had been, during a nine weeks’ tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food (oxen being slaughtered daily, sometimes ten at a time, more than sufficient for the wants of all), yet to endure the dancing, roaring and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties: I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits which, to a casual observer, lie beneath the surface and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them.”

He parted from Sekeletu at Linyanti. Before going, a solemn meeting of the tribe was held, at which the great majority supported Livingstone in his bold ideas. He says, at the close of the meeting:—

“The Makololo now put the question, ‘In the event of your death, will not the white people blame us for having allowed you to go away into an unhealthy, unknown country of enemies?’ I replied that none of my friends would blame them, because I would leave a book with Sekeletu, to be sent to Mr. Moffat in case I did not return, which would explain to him all that had happened until the time of my departure. The book was a volume of my journal; and, as I was detained longer than I expected at Loanda, this book, with a letter, was delivered by Sekeletu to a trader, and I have been unable to trace it. I regret this now, as it contained valuable notes on the habits of wild animals, and the request was made in the letter to convey the volume to my family. The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world thus came before me in a pretty plain matter-of-fact form, and it did seem a serious thing to leave wife and children—to break up all

connexion with earth, and enter on an untried state of existence; and I find myself in my journal pondering over that fearful migration which lands us in eternity; wondering whether an angel will soothe the fluttering soul, sadly flurried as it must be on entering the spirit world; and hoping that Jesus might speak but one word of peace, for that would establish in the bosom an everlasting calm. But as I had always believed that, if we serve God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, I wrote to my brother, commending our little girl to his care, as I was determined to 'succeed or perish' in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will; and, considering the light heart now left in my bosom, and some faint efforts to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt that it was better to be the plundered party than one of the plunderers."

At length, with his canoes stored with a few simple necessities, and having twenty-seven of the Makololo men for his crew, our missionary launched his little squadron on the bosom of the Chobe. They had a prosperous voyage as far as the Makololo villages extended up the banks of the Leeambye. At many places they landed; and, at the town of Sesheke, a main spot on the river, Livingstone preached. On this point he says:—

"I gave many public addresses to the people of Sesheke under the outspreading camel-thorn tree, which serves as a shade to the kotla on the high bank of the river. It was pleasant to see the long lines of men, women, and children winding along from different quarters of the town, each party following behind their respective head men. They often amounted to between five and six hundred souls, and required an exertion of voice which brought back the complaint for which I had got the uvula excised at the Cape. They were always very attentive; and Moriantane, in order, as he thought, to please me, on one occasion rose up in the middle of the discourse, and hurled his staff at the heads of some young fellows, whom he saw working with a skin instead of listening. My hearers sometimes put very sensible questions on the subjects brought before them; at other times they introduced the most frivolous nonsense, immediately after hearing the most solemn truths. Some begin to pray to Jesus in secret as soon as they hear of the



white man's God, with but little idea of what they are about; and no doubt are heard by Him who, like a father, pitieth His children. Others, waking by night, recollect what has been said about the future world so clearly, that they tell next day what a fright they got by it, and resolve not to listen to the teaching again; and not a few keep to the determination not to believe, as certain villagers in the south, who put all their cocks to death because they crowed the words, 'Tlang lo rapeleng'—'Come along to prayers.'"

So they went on paddling deeper and deeper into the unknown West. Round them the country was rich and beautiful as an Eden; but yet rank and deadly fevers brooded in its atmosphere. Here is how Livingstone describes their days and nights:—

"When under weigh our usual procedure is this:—We get up a little before five in the morning; it is then beginning to dawn. While I am dressing, coffee is made; and, having filled my pannikin, the remainder is handed to my companions, who eagerly partake of the refreshing beverage. The servants are busy loading the canoes, while the principal men are sipping the coffee, and, that being soon over, we embark. The next two hours are the most pleasant part of the day's sail. The men paddle away most vigorously; the Barotse, being a tribe of boatmen, have large, deeply-developed chests and shoulders, with indifferent lower extremities. They often engage in loud scolding of each other, in order to relieve the tedium of their work. About eleven we land, and eat any meat which may have remained from the previous evening meal, or a biscuit with honey, and drink water.

"After an hour's rest we again embark and cower under an umbrella. The heat is oppressive, and, being weak from the last attack of fever, I cannot land and keep the camp supplied with flesh. The men, being quite uncovered in the sun, perspire profusely, and in the afternoon begin to stop, as if waiting for the canoes which have been left behind. Sometimes we reach a sleeping-place two hours before sunset, and, all being troubled with languor, we gladly remain for the night. Coffee again, and a biscuit, or a piece of coarse bread made of maize meal, or that of the native corn, make up the bill of fare for the evening, unless we have been fortunate enough to kill something, when we boil a potful of flesh. This is done by cutting it

up into long strips and pouring in water till it is covered. When that is boiled dry, the meat is considered ready."

"Before leaving the villages entirely, we may glance at our way of spending the nights. As soon as we land, some of the men cut a little grass for my bed, while Mushauana plants the poles of the little tent. These are used by day for carrying burdens, for the Barotse fashion is exactly like that of the natives of India, only the burden is fastened near the ends of the pole, and not suspended by long cords. The bed is made, and boxes ranged on each side of it, and then the tent pitched over all. Four or five feet in front of my tent is placed the principal or kotla fire, the wood for which must be collected by the man who occupies the post of herald, and takes as his perquisite the heads of all the oxen slaughtered, and of all the game too. Each person knows the station he is to occupy in reference to the post of honour at the fire, in front of the door of the tent. The two Makololo occupy my right and left, both in eating and sleeping, as long as the journey lasts. But Mushauana, my head boatman, makes his bed at the door of the tent as soon as I retire. The rest, divided into small companies according to their tribes, make sheds all round the fire, leaving a horseshoe-shaped space in front sufficient for the cattle to stand in. The fire gives confidence to the oxen, so the men are always careful to keep them in sight of it. The sheds are formed by planting two stout forked poles in an inclined direction, and placing another over these in a horizontal position. A number of branches are then stuck in the ground in the direction to which the poles are inclined, the twigs drawn down to the horizontal pole and tied with strips of bark. Long grass is then laid over the branches in sufficient quantity to draw off the rain, and we have sheds open to the fire in front, but secure from beasts behind. In less than an hour we were usually all under cover. We never lacked abundance of grass during the whole journey. It is a picturesque sight at night, when the clear bright moon of these climates glances on the sleeping forms around, to look out upon the attitudes of profound repose both men and beasts assume. There being no danger from wild animals in such a night, the fires are allowed almost to go out; and as there is no fear of hungry dogs coming over sleepers and devouring the food, or quietly eating up the poor fellows' blankets, which at best were but greasy skins, which sometimes happened in the villages, the picture was one of perfect peace."

# FIVE QUESTIONS.

For one thing I will ask you,—Do you love Jesus Christ? You ought to love Him. He died for your sins upon the cross, that He might save you from hell. He allowed Himself to be shut up in the dark prison of the grave, that your sins might be forgiven, and that you might not be chained in hell for ever. Dear children, think about this! If you love nothing but play, and eating, and drinking, and fine clothes, and story-books, and do not love Christ, you are not in the right way. Take care. If you do not mind, you will come at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT “CRYING.”

I will ask you for another thing. Do you try to please Christ? You ought to do so. I read in the Bible that Jesus Christ said, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” “Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.” Dear children, think about this! If you are selfish, or passionate, or tell lies, or quarrel with one another, or do not do as you are bid, you are not Christ's friends. Take care. If you do not mind, you will come at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT “CRYING.”

I will ask you another thing. Do you keep the Sunday holy? You ought to do so. God commands it, and it is for your good. I once heard of a little boy who went to play upon the ice on Sunday instead of coming home straight from church. “Tommy,” said his mother, “why did you do so?” “Mother,” said Tommy, “I did not remember that it was Sunday.” “Tommy,” said his mother, “that is the very thing God told you not to do. He said in the fourth commandment, ‘Remember,—remember to keep holy the Sabbath.’” Dear children, think about this! If you do not like to give God one day in the week, your hearts are not right. Take care. If you do not mind, you will come at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT “CRYING.”

I will ask you another thing. Do you say your prayers? You ought to do so. God will never be a friend to you if you do not speak to Him, and ask Him to take care of your soul, and make you good. If you never pray, or say your prayers without thinking, your heart will soon be full of mischief and sin. It will never be empty for a day. I once heard of a boy who had a little garden given to him all full of flowers. But he did nothing for it. He never raked it, or weeded it. And after a few weeks the weeds came up so thick that the flowers died. Dear children,

think of this! If you do not ask God to put the Holy Spirit in your hearts, the devil will soon fill them with sin. Take care. If you do not mind, you will come at last to the place where there is NOTHING BUT "CRYING."

I will ask you one more question. Do you read your Bible? You ought to do so. That beautiful book is able to keep you from hell and save your soul. If you use the Bible rightly, you will not be hurt by the devil. I once heard of a little boy in Africa who was sleeping with his father in the open air, near a fire. He awoke in the middle of the night, and saw a great lion close to him, looking as if he was going to seize him. The little boy took up a lighted stick out of the fire, and put it in the lion's face, and drove him away. Dear children, think of this! The devil is "a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." But he cannot harm you if you make a right use of the Bible. If you would drive him from you, you must read your Bible. If you can read, and yet neglect your Bible, you are in great danger. Take care. If you do not mind, the devil will carry you off to the place where there is NOTHING BUT "CRYING."

Beloved children, remember my five questions. Think of them often, and try your own heart by them. I am not afraid about children who love Jesus, and try to please Him, and keep the Sunday holy, and pray, and read their Bibles. I am not afraid that they will go to hell if they die. But I am afraid about children who care nothing about these things. I think they are in great danger.—*Ryle.*

### "I CANNOT DO IT."

"It is impossible—I cannot do it," said Robert, to his tutor, one forenoon, after trying for some time to obtain the correct answer to a question in arithmetic.

"Try to answer it to-morrow; for it is not impossible, although you cannot do it just now. The Indian grain-dealer might have said, 'It is impossible,' when he was asked to tell, by using a pair of scales, the weight of an elephant; and yet he succeeded in giving the exact weight."

"Well," said Robert, laughing, "the question I have to answer is certainly not nearly so difficult; but please tell me how he did it."

Robert having promised to be more persevering in future, the tutor at once agreed to his request, and

said: "In the course of a journey, an Indian emperor came to a ferry; when waiting for the large boat, he noticed a grain dealer using a clumsy pair of scales, which caused him to laugh heartily. The dealer looked up and exclaimed, 'My scales are better than they look, for with them I can weigh even the elephant your Majesty has just been riding!' The Emperor immediately asked him to do it. The grain dealer, after thinking for some time, caused the elephant to be put into the ferry-boat, which, in India, is generally a stoutly built barge; and when it was crossing the river, he marked the water-line down to which the animal's weight had sunk the boat. The dealer then took the elephant out and put stones into the boat, until it sank to the same line; after weighing each of the stones, he told the Emperor that their aggregate weight was that of his elephant."

Robert looked surprised, and exclaimed, "I will never again say, it is impossible."

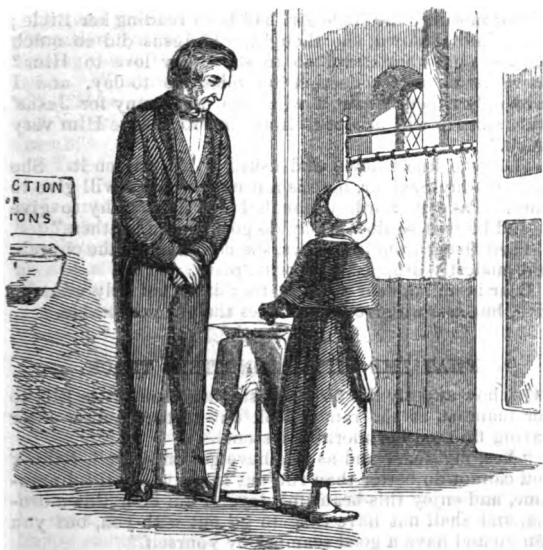
The tutor smiled, and remarked, "There are, however, many things which it is impossible for man to perform. There is only one Being—the great Creator of heaven and earth—to whom 'all things are possible;' and it is only by His aid and permission that we can succeed in any of our transactions. Remember, my dear boy, to ask, in your evening prayer, for strength of intellect as well as for health of body."

May the Giver of all good hasten the time when every child in our land shall be trained and brought up to put confidence in God, by asking—it may be lisping—for assistance from Him in every time of perplexity and doubt.

### H Y M N.

There is a path that leads to God,  
All others go astray;  
Narrow but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.  
Oh, how shall infant pilgrims dare  
This dangerous path to tread?  
For on the way is many a snare  
For youthful travellers spread.

But lest our feeble steps should slide,  
Or wander from Thy way,  
Lord, condescend to be our guide,  
And we shall never stray.  
Thus may we safely venture through,  
Beneath our Shepherd's care,  
And keep the gate of heaven in view  
Till we shall enter there.



### THE TWO GIFTS.

**A** COLLECTION for missions was being made at a church-door. Up walked the richest man in the congregation, and laid a ten-pound note on the plate. The people admired the gift, and praised the giver.

Directly after him there came a little pale, poor girl, meanly clad, with poverty written in all her looks, yet with a countenance full of sweetness, and a tear trembling in her eye, and she laid beside the rich man's note a single penny. The crowd pushed her rudely by. No one noticed or cared for her gift. But the Saviour saw it, and He accepted it, as far more precious than the rich man's offering. Why?

That morning the rich man had said to himself, "What shall I give to the collection to-day for foreign missions? I must give a ten-pound note, for that is what will be expected of me, and I wish my donation to be above all the others."

That morning the little girl had been reading her Bible ; as she laid it down, she thought, "If Jesus did so much for me, oh ! what can I do to shew my love to Him ? There is to be a collection for missions to-day, and I have only a penny, but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and He will accept it from me, for I love Him very much."

Then she knelt down and asked a blessing on it. She said, "O my Saviour, here is a penny, which I will give to Thee. Take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it so that it may do good to the heathen."

Then rising from her knees, she carried it to the church, and modestly dropped it into the plate.

Bear in mind, dear readers, that it is not only *what* we give, but *how* we give, that makes the gift acceptable.

#### WHAT THE LITTLE SONGSTERS TEACH.

"Oh, how sweetly the birds are singing," said little Ella to her mamma, as she ran to look out of the window after having finished her morning lessons.

"Yes, my dear ; and as you have got on so well, I think you cannot do better than run out in the fields till dinner-time, and enjoy this beautiful day. I am busy this morning, and shall not have time to go out with you, but you can go and have a good scamper by yourself."

"Thank you, mamma ; I will run and get my bonnet." It was soon on, and off she set in high glee.

But, though full of spirits, Ella was a very thoughtful child ; and presently, as she looked up into the bright sky, the thought came again into her head, "How very sweetly the birds sing ! and how kind God is to have given them such voices to make us happy by listening to them. And they must be happy themselves too, for they never could sing in that way if they were not. There is a skylark mounting up, up, higher and higher ; I cannot see him ; yes, there he is again in that white cloud. Now I have lost him far up in that lovely blue, but still I can hear his voice as if he would mount up to heaven itself. What a joyful song ! Oh, it must be praising God," she thought. "If I could but mount up there with it !"

While she spoke, it seemed as if a voice within her said, "Ella, if your body cannot mount up there, your heart may be with it. If the bird is praising God, how much more ought you to praise Him for all His mercies to you ; learn from that skylark a lesson of praise."

She had reached the stile that led from the field into a plantation, but before she climbed it she was stopped by hearing the soft coo of a wood-pigeon. She thought an instant, "What does that teach me?" and then said to herself, "How gentle it is! May not I learn to be as *gentle* and meek if anything provokes me, instead of feeling cross?"

"Yes, Ella, that is right; and now look at that little tomtit. What does he say? Let me think a little. Yes, he is a merry, cheerful little bird, always *contented*. I am happy to-day because it is fine; but sometimes, if it is a wet day, I am fearful at having to stop in the house; but he can always make himself happy in rain or sunshine. That is the lesson that he teaches, I see.

"And there I hear a cuckoo going on and on, as if he would never stop. Ah! he does not give up after one or two trials, but still goes on and on. *Perseverance* may be learned even from a cuckoo.

"Well, now, there is a common little sparrow. There is not much to be learned from him, I should think. Don't be too sure of that, Ella. Just look how busily he is picking up materials for his nest. There is *industry*, which you would do well to copy; and he is up in the morning long before *your* eyes are open. And look at his plain dress; he does not trouble his head about fine clothes, but is happy enough in that brown garment which is considered suitable for him. Now will you say that you cannot learn anything from a sparrow? No, indeed, for I see that something may be learned from each little bird.

"Here is a flycatcher, sitting on an old stump. I will stop and watch him a minute. He never stirs; yes, there he sees a fly, darts after it, and returns to his post to watch as motionless as before. I need not be long looking out for that lesson, for it is *patience*. He tells me not to be so fidgety when I am told to sit still or to do anything disagreeable.

"But now I have been so long walking through this plantation, that I must turn homewards by the other path. 'Listen to me first,' a blackcap seemed to say to her. Well, what shall I hear from you? You seem to be mocking other birds; you do not want me to be a mimic, do you? 'No, but listen; I do not imitate the bad songs, but only those which are better than my own, so *you* need not follow the *example* of the bad, but only of those from whom you may learn some good lesson.' Thank you, I understand now," said Ella.

She had now reached a brook, over which was a little



hand-bridge, and as she was going to cross she espied a water-wagtail dipping himself in the stream.

"Ah! I know what you will tell me; to be always *clean and neat*, to keep my hair straight, and put my things on carefully. Next time I am going to do anything untidy, I will think of you."

"And will you not remember me too?" a little robin seemed to ask imploringly, as he hopped on the path before her.

"Yes, I never can forget my dear little friend the robin, so tame and so trusting."

*Trusting*, yes, that is the word that gives you the lesson, Ella. If that little robin has such faith in you, how much more ought not you to have *faith* in your Saviour, who will never deceive you as long as you trust in Him—that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother?

She had nearly reached home when the sweet notes of a thrush sounded in her ear. The song rose higher and higher, but at first she could not find a lesson to be derived from it. Then it seemed to say, "*Hope* is ever mounting upwards, dear Ella. If you are tempted to despair when you think of the many faults you have yet to conquer, remember *me* and hope."

I will remember; but there is one sweeter still than even that dear thrush. Oh, how very beautiful! Those must be the notes of a nightingale. They are, indeed; and the lesson which it teaches is the sweetest of all, which comprises all the rest in one,—the lesson of *love*—of that love which extends to all men and all things on earth—that charity which suffereth long and is kind, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, which *never faileth*, but has for its root and sure foundation the best of all kinds of love,—love to God and His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER XII.

WHILE sailing up the waters of the Lesba, Livingstone spent a Sunday between its deep shady banks. He gives a picture the youngest reader can realise, of the solemn rest in the wild desert river:—

"Rains had fallen here before we came, and the woods had put on their gayest hue. Flowers of great beauty and

curious forms grow everywhere; they are unlike those in the south, and so are the trees. Many of the forest-tree leaves are palmated and largely developed; the trunks are covered with lichens, and the abundance of ferns which appear in the woods, shews we are now in a more humid climate than any to the south of the Barotæ valley. The ground begins to swarm with insect life; and in the cool, pleasant mornings the welkin rings with the singing of birds, which is not so delightful as the notes of birds at home, because I have not been familiar with them from infancy. The notes here, however, strike the mind by their loudness and variety, as the wellings forth from joyous hearts, of praise to Him who fills them with overflowing gladness. All of us rise early to enjoy the luscious balmy air of the morning. We then have worship; but amidst all the beauty and loveliness with which we are surrounded, there is still a feeling of want in the soul in viewing one's poor companions, and hearing bitter, impure words jarring on the ear in the perfection of the scenes of nature, and a longing that both their hearts and ours might be brought into harmony with the Great Father of Spirits. I pointed out, in, as usual, the simplest words I could employ, the remedy which God has presented to us, in the inexpressibly precious gift of His own Son, on whom the Lord 'laid the iniquity of us all.' The great difficulty in dealing with these people is to make the subject plain. The minds of the auditors cannot be understood by one who has not mingled much with them. They readily pray for the forgiveness of sins, and then sin again; confess the evil of it, and there the matter ends."

After toiling many days, and seeing wondrous sights, rare plants, strange animals, villages sprinkled on the river's edge, and wild tribes giving him their rude and sometimes very doubtful welcome, he reached a large native town, the chief of which was a barbarian prince of the name of Shinte. Manenko, a female chief who had with her warriors joined the missionary's crew by the way, shared in the grand reception given them on their arrival. Under the burning sun, here is how the great ceremony took place:—

"The kotla, or place of audience, was about a hundred yards square, and two graceful specimens of a species of banian stood near one end; under one of these sat Shinte,

on a sort of throne covered with a leopard's skin. He had on a checked jacket, and a kilt of scarlet baize edged with green; many strings of large beads hung from his neck, and his limbs were covered with iron and copper armlets and bracelets; on his head he wore a helmet made of beads woven neatly together, and crowned with a great bunch of goose-feathers. Close to him sat three lads with large sheaves of arrows over their shoulders.

"When we entered the kotla, the whole of Manenko's party saluted Shinte by clapping their hands; and Sambanza did obeisance by rubbing his chest and arms with ashes. One of the trees being unoccupied, I retreated to it for the sake of the shade, and my whole party did the same. We were now about forty yards from the chief, and could see the whole ceremony. The different sections of the tribe came forward in the same way that we did, the head man of each making obeisance with ashes which he carried with him for the purpose; then came the soldiers, all armed to the teeth, running and shouting towards us, with their swords drawn, and their faces screwed up so as to appear as savage as possible, for the purpose, I thought, of trying whether they could not make us take to our heels. As we did not, they turned round towards Shinte, and saluted him; then retired. When all had come, and were seated, then began the curious capering usually seen in pichos. A man starts up, and imitates the most approved attitudes observed in actual fight—as if throwing one javelin, receiving another on the shield, springing to one side to avoid a third, running backwards or forwards, leaping, &c. This over, Sambanza, and the spokesman of Nyamoana, stalked backwards and forwards in front of Shinte, and gave forth, in a loud voice, all they had been able to learn, either from myself or people, of my past history and connexion with the Makololo; the return of the captives; the wish to open the country to trade; the Bible as a word from heaven; the white man's desire for the tribes to live in peace: he ought to have taught the Makololo that first, for the Balonda never attacked them, yet they had assailed the Balonda: perhaps he is fibbing, perhaps not; they rather thought he was; but as the Balonda had good hearts, and Shinte had never done harm to any one, he had better receive the white man well, and send him on his way. Sambanza was gaily attired, and, besides a profusion of beads, had a cloth so long that a boy carried it after him as a train.

"Behind Shinte sat about a hundred women, clothed in

their best, which happened to be a profusion of red baize. The chief wife of Shinte, one of the Matebele or Zulus, sat in front with a curious red cap on her head. During the intervals between the speeches, these ladies burst forth into a sort of plaintive ditty; but it was impossible for any of us to catch whether it was in praise of the speaker, of Shinte, or of themselves. This was the first time I had ever seen females present in a public assembly. In the south the women are not permitted to enter the kotla; and even when invited to come to a religious service there, would not enter until ordered to do so by the chief; but here they expressed approbation by clapping their hands, and laughing to different speakers; and Shinte frequently turned round and spoke to them. . . .

“When nine speakers had concluded their orations, Shinte stood up, and so did all the people. He had maintained true African dignity of manner all the while, but my people remarked that he scarcely ever took his eyes off me for a moment. About a thousand people were present, according to my calculation, and three hundred soldiers. The sun had now become hot; and the scene ended by the Mambari discharging their guns.”

Livingstone was suffering from low intermittent fever, which reduced his strength greatly and damped his spirits. He never lost sight, however, of the great mission he had in charge, and was ready for every opportunity of opening a door for the entrance of the Gospel message. Shinte gave him few chances, but such as they were he seized them. He tells a tale of kidnapped children you will be interested to hear:—

“Two children, of seven and eight years old, went out to collect firewood a short distance from their parents’ home, which was a quarter of a mile from the village, and were kidnapped; the distracted parents could not find a trace of them. This happened so close to the town, where there are no beasts of prey, that we suspect some of the high men of Shinte’s court were the guilty parties; they can sell them by night. The Mambari erect large huts of a square shape to stow these stolen ones in; they are well fed, but aired by night only. The frequent kidnapping from outlying hamlets explains the stockades we saw around them; the parents have no redress, for even Shinte himself seems fond of working in the dark. One night he sent for me, though I always stated I liked all my dealings

to be aboveboard. When I came he presented me with a slave-girl of about ten years old; he said he had always been in the habit of presenting his visitors with a child. On my thanking him, and saying that I thought it wrong to take away children from their parents, that I wished him to give up this system altogether, and trade in cattle, ivory, and bees' wax, he urged that she was 'to be a child' to bring me water, and that a great man ought to have a child for the purpose, yet I had none. As I replied that I had four children, and should be very sorry if my chief were to take my little girl and give her away, and that I would prefer this child to remain and carry water for her own mother, he thought I was dissatisfied with her size, and sent for one a head taller; after many explanations of our abhorrence of slavery, and how displeasing it must be to God to see His children selling one another, and giving each other so much grief as this child's mother must feel, I declined her also. If I could have taken her into my family for the purpose of instruction, and then returned her as a free woman, according to a promise I should have made to the parents, I might have done so; but to take her away, and probably never be able to secure her return, would have produced no good effect on the minds of the Balonda; they would not then have seen evidence of our hatred to slavery; and the kind attentions of my friends would, as it almost always does in similar cases, have turned the poor thing's head. The difference in position between them and us is as great as between the lowest and highest in England, and we know the effects of sudden elevation on wiser heads than hers, whose owners have not been born to it."

Another incident, certainly of a very different kind, was his exhibition of a magic lantern in the village:—

"Shinte was most anxious to see the pictures of the magic lantern, but fever had so weakening an effect, and I had such violent action of the heart, with buzzing in the ears, that I could not go for several days; when I did go for the purpose, he had his principal men and the same crowd of court beauties near him as at the reception. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac; it was shewn as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad; the Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the things of wood or clay they worshipped. I explained that this man was the first of a race to whom

God had given the Bible we now held, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe; but, when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving towards them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. 'Mother! mother!' all shouted at once, and off they rushed helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and over the little idol-huts and tobacco-bushes: we could not get one of them back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterwards examined the instrument with interest. An explanation was always added after each time of shewing its powers, so that no one should imagine there was aught supernatural in it; and had Mr. Murray, who kindly brought it from England, seen its popularity among both Makololo and Bolonda, he would have been gratified with the direction his generosity then took. It was the only mode of instruction I was ever pressed to repeat. The people came long distances, for the express purpose of seeing the objects and hearing the explanations."

Leaving Shinte after a considerable stay, the missionary fleet again struck out on the Leeba waters, with yet deeper and stranger scenes in the long voyage before them.

### THE TWO ROBINS.

THERE are two little robins with beautiful red breasts building their nest with evergreen under our window. I have watched them with much interest, and noticed several things in which children might learn a lesson, and follow their example.

*They seem to love each other very much*, while at their work or at play. I have not seen them quarrelling, or even angry at each other, since they came to our yard.

*They are very industrious*—Early and late they seem intent on the work of building their nest, to get it ready for housekeeping—only pausing occasionally to cheer each other by a few notes of song.

*They are very persevering*—They do not begin to build their nest and then get tired, and neglect their work. After having settled on their place and plan, they went to work, and have kept working with all their might, and their little house increases in size every day.

*They do not interfere with each other*—They both seem to

have the same end in view—that is, to build their nest and get it ready to occupy when the roses shall begin to blow. They work together in carrying out their plans: one does not tear down what the other builds; neither does one refuse to work because the other will not.

*They do not get discouraged because they cannot build their nest in a day*—They are satisfied if they can add a little to it each day. They go about picking up a straw here and there as they can find them, and then put them in the proper place; and so on each day until the work is done.

*They do not refuse to work because they have to find their own straws*—They fly around, picking up the bits of straw and moss without waiting for some one to bring it to them.

*They do their work in the right time*—They do not put off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. They do not wait until the summer before they begin to build, nor stop and complain if the weather is cold; but they begin early, and work away to get the nest ready for the little family of red-breasts that they expect will want the room when the cherries begin to get ripe.

Will not my little readers learn a lesson from the robins? If the robins which God has made and cares for every day, but which can neither talk, nor read, nor reason, as we do, are so kind to each other, so industrious, persevering, and energetic—how much more is it the duty of boys and girls, who can read God's holy Word, to be kind to each other, and industrious, and try to help each other in doing all that God has told them to do! What a blessed world this would be, if little children—and big ones, too—would only behave as well as do the birds!—*Evangelist.*

### THE JOURNEY HOME.

“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever”—Ps. xxiii. 6.

Five years ago, a happy party travelled in a railway carriage to Manchester. There were a papa and mamma, a little baby girl with her nurse, and two dear boys of four and six years-old. They were going to see new places, and visit dear relations, and their young hearts were full of hope and joy.

But these children had been early taught to know and love the Lord, and even on their journey they were not forgetful of Jesus and heavenly things. When they came near Manchester, they repeated some psalms and texts, and then their papa said, “Now give us one psalm more, the

28d, and say it together." So they stood up and repeated together that beautiful psalm.

If you had heard them then, and been asked to tell which verse was most suited to them at that moment, would not you have thought of the fifth, "My cup runneth over?" Ah, but it was another, which none of us would have thought of just then,—“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.”

Only a few minutes after the boys had repeated their psalm, a dreadful accident took place; the carriage was driven off the rails, and dashed to pieces by the engine, and those who had been so well and happy just before, were left all wounded, bleeding, dying, or dead.

In one moment the spirit of the youngest boy was caught up to heaven. There was no dark valley for him to go through; "it seemed as though death had not time to grasp him." His brother lived till the second day after the accident. He had been so terribly scalded by the hot steam of the engine, that the feeling of pain was almost taken away. He complained very little, but the doctors soon saw that he could not recover. They did not tell him that his little brother was dead, or that he himself was dying. If he had not come to Jesus before for salvation, he would have had no time then. He was insensible at last, and when carried into the room where his father and mother lay, he did not know them.

But there was no darkness in the valley of death for him: he lay quiet and peaceful, praying and repeating hymns and verses of that Bible which he loved so well. And among his last words was the last verse of the psalm,—

“ Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.”

Three times he repeated these lines, the night before he died. And were they not *true* even then? Yes, his short life had been a very happy one, and now the Good Shepherd was calling the little lamb out of earth's green pastures, to dwell above, "in the house of the Lord for ever." Even his poor parents felt, through their deep sorrow, that God had answered all their most earnest prayers for him.

How blessed those little ones are whom God calls early home to Himself, before they have known much of the sins and sorrows of this world! Yes; but I think *they* are



even more blessed, and surely more honoured, whom He appoints to remain a longer time on earth, to fight His battles, to be His good soldiers and servants, and, by their example, their prayers, their labours, to bring many stray sheep into the Good Shepherd's fold. I would desire this for you, dear young readers. May God grant it! May you early seek and find the happiness of being able to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. I am ready either to serve Him long on earth, or to go to Him soon above, as He shall please."

The sure provisions of my God,  
Attend me all my days;  
O may Thy house be mine abode,  
And all my works be praise!

There let me find a settled rest,  
While others go and come;  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.

### SUBLIMITY OF THE CHILD PRAYING.

CHILD of God, pray on! By prayer thy hand can touch the stars, thy arm stretch up to heaven! Nor let thy holy boldness be dashed by the thought, that prayer has no power to bend these skies and bring down thy God. When I pull on the rope which fastens my frail and little boat to a distant and mighty ship, if my strength cannot draw its vast bulk to me, I draw myself to it, to ride in safety under the protection of its guns, to enjoy in want the fulness of its stores; and it equally serves my purpose and supplies my needs, that prayer, although it were powerless to move God to me, moves me to God. If He does not descend to earth, I as it were ascend to heaven.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

### H Y M N.

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;  
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest;  
Onward and onward still be thine endeavour,  
The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er thee:  
Run the race, Christian; heaven is before thee:  
He who hath promised faltereth never;  
The love of eternity flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;  
Thou from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;  
Mount when thy work is done—praise Him for ever.



### THE CHARACTER OF HEATHENISM.

**T**HERE has been for some time in many quarters a tendency to speak in terms of very mitigated condemnation, not to say approbation, of heathen religions. We have heard much of—

“ The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,  
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,”—

as Coleridge, translating Wallenstein, expresses it ; and of “ the beautiful mythology of Greece.” Language of this kind has been occurring in our poets and imaginative writers with a frequency threatening to paganise a large portion of our literature. Even grave professors and philosophers have aided sensibly to diminish the horror in which paganism was wont to be held. A favourite theory with some influential writers has been, that a religion is strong only in proportion as it is true ; and seeing that the heathen religions are strong, they have searched for what is precious in them, and by a potent alchemy they have changed the basest materials into gold. One might have

fancied that, at all events, such a system as Hinduism, with its stupendous array of—

“ Things worse  
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived—  
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire ”—

would have disclosed little to repay our lovers of beauty or seekers for truth; and yet many had begun to allude to it with kindly toleration: while Mohammedanism, the offspring of the “hero” Mohammed, had become itself heroic. This grievous folly is now checked, if not extinguished. The fabled Pantheon has proved itself a veritable Pandemonium. On a wide and lofty stage the heathen religions have been suffered to enact a most gloomy tragedy—to reveal their genuine character in the sight of the nations. Humanity turns shuddering from what looks like the saturnalia of fiends, rather than the doings of men. It is a lesson for all time; for although, in the sad history of earth, deeds of equal atrocity have been committed, yet never was the spirit of paganism so clearly and sharply defined against the spirit of Christianity. Amid the civilisation of the nineteenth century, it “overcomes us like a summer cloud.” Let us hope, then, that our poets and literary men will henceforth begin to speak of false religions not as either Schiller or Shelley did, but rather in the severely truthful phrase of an older and greater poet than either, who characterised even the most attractive of pagan systems as—

“ Gay religions, full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities.”

Nor surely can our philosophers henceforth ignore the appalling proof that has been given of the truth of the sternest declarations of Holy Writ on this subject; for who can now deny that “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty,” and that the heathen are “without understanding, covenant-breakers, implacable, unmerciful?”—*Dr. J. M. Mitchell.*

### “JUST AS I AM.”

A few weeks ago, a poor little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and, holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said, “Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that.” Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing

that precious lyrical epitome of the Gospel, of which the first stanza is as follows:—

“Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd’st me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come!”

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. “We found it, sir,” said he, “in sister’s pocket, after she died, and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick; and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won’t you please to give us a clean one, sir?”

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find in it, we may hope, the Gospel of her salvation. Could she, in any probability, have gone down into death, sweetly singing that hymn of penitence and faith in Jesus to her latest breath, without the saving knowledge of Him which the Holy Spirit alone imparts?

None can tell what these simple lines have done, or are destined to do for the salvation of the lost.—*Examiner.*

### “GOD SEES ME.”

DR. NETTLETON used to tell a little anecdote, beautifully illustrating that the same truth which overwhelms the sinner’s heart with fear may fill the renewed soul with joy.

A mother, instructing her little girl, about four years of age, succeeded, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in fastening upon her mind this truth, “Thou God seest me.” She now felt that she “had to do” with that Being “unto whose eyes all things are naked and opened,” and she shrank in terror. For days she was in deep distress; she wept and sobbed, and would not be comforted. “God sees me, *God sees me,*” was her constant wail.

At length, one day, after spending some time in prayer, she bounded into her mother’s room, and, with a heavenly smile lighting up her tears, exclaimed, “Oh, mother, God sees me, *God sees me!*” Her ecstasy was now as great as her anguish had been.

For days her soul had groaned under the thought, “God

sees me; He sees my wicked heart, my sinful life, my hatred to Him and to His holy law;" and the fear of a judgment to come would fill her with agony. But now a *pardoning* God had been revealed to her, and her soul exclaimed exultingly, "God sees me! He has seen my misery, my repentance, Christ's righteousness *on* me; He takes pity on me, He forgives; He will guide and guard me. God sees me!"

## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER XIII.

LEAVING the Leeba, Livingstone and his party struck out again overland into deep valleys and trackless forests. In the darkest parts of these forests singular traces of superstition were observed. He says:—

"In the deep, dark forests near each village, as already mentioned, you see idols intended to represent the human head or a lion, or a crooked stick smeared with medicine, or simply a small pot of medicine in a little shed, or miniature huts with little mounds of earth in them. But in the darker recesses we meet with human faces cut in the bark of trees, the outlines of which, with the beards, closely resemble those seen on Egyptian monuments. Frequent cuts are made on the trees all along the paths, and offerings of small pieces of manioc-roots, or ears of maize, are placed on branches. There are also to be seen every few miles heaps of sticks, which are treated in cairn fashion, by every one throwing a small branch to the heap in passing; or a few sticks are placed on the path, and each passer-by turns from his course, and forms a sudden bend in the road to one side. It seems as if their minds were ever in doubt and dread in these gloomy recesses of the forest, and that they were striving to propitiate, by their offerings, some superior beings residing there."

Presently the travellers issued out into a great plain lying to the left. Many miles of this region were flooded with water ankle-deep, on which floated the broad leaves and glaring colours of hundreds of lotus flowers. The little band waded as they could across these flats; at night sheltering under rude roofs, raised upon island spots here and there. Many times, as they slept, the water rose soaking round their pallets, and drove them to resume

their journey. At one point the following tradition was told them as a very ancient tale:—

“Immediately beyond Dilolo there is a large flat about twenty miles in breadth. Here Shakatwala insisted on our remaining to get supplies of food from Katema's subjects, before entering the uninhabited watery plains. When asked the meaning of the name Dilolo, Shakatwala gave the following account of the formation of the lake. A female chief, called Moene (lord) Monenga, came one evening to the village of Mosogo, a man who lived in the vicinity, but who had gone to hunt with his dogs. She asked for a supply of food, and Mosogo's wife gave her a sufficient quantity. Proceeding to another village standing on the spot now occupied by the water, she preferred the same demand, and was not only refused, but, when she uttered a threat for their niggardliness, was taunted with the question, ‘What could she do though she were thus treated?’ In order to shew what she could do, she began a song, in slow time, and uttered her own name Monenga-woo. As she prolonged the last note, the village, people, fowls, and dogs, sank into the space now called Dilolo. When Kasi-makate, the headman of this village, came home and found out the catastrophe, he cast himself into the lake, and is supposed to be in still. The name is derived from ‘ilolo,’ despair, because this man gave up all hope when his family was destroyed. Monenga was put to death. This may be a faint tradition of the Deluge, and it is remarkable as the only one I have met with in this country.”

There were many hazards to encounter. Livingstone himself, more than once, was down in heavy fever, so that he could hardly crawl through the dense moist woods and under the broiling sun. Fierce tribes beset them on every side, and would scarce allow them to pass, without yielding fines and plunder. They were often in no small danger also in fording the rivers which every now and again crossed their path. In one such instance Livingstone made a narrow escape:—

“In the afternoon we came to another stream, Nuana Loke (or child of Loke), with a bridge over it. The men had to swim off to each end of the bridge, and when on it were breast-deep: some preferred holding on by the tails of the oxen the whole way across. I intended to do this too, but,

riding to the deep part, before I could dismount and seize the helm the ox dashed off with his companions, and his body sank so deep, that I failed in my attempt even to catch the blanket belt, and if I pulled the bridle, the ox seemed as if he would come backwards upon me, so I struck out for the opposite bank alone. My poor fellows were dreadfully alarmed when they saw me parted from the cattle, and about twenty of them made a simultaneous rush into the water for my rescue, and just as I reached the opposite bank one seized my arm, and another threw his around my body. When I stood up, it was most gratifying to see them all struggling towards me. Some had leaped off the bridge, and allowed their cloaks to float down the stream. Part of my goods, abandoned in the hurry, were brought up from the bottom after I was safe. Great was the pleasure expressed when they found that I could swim like themselves, without the aid of a tail; and I did, and do feel grateful to these poor heathens for the promptitude with which they dashed in to save, as they thought, my life. I found my clothes cumbersome in the water; they could swim quicker from being naked. They swim like dogs, not frog-fashion, as we do.

"In the evening we crossed the small rivulet Lozeze, and came to some villages of the Kasabi, from whom we got some manioc in exchange for beads. They tried to frighten us by telling of the deep rivers we should have to cross in our way. I was drying my clothes by turning myself round and round before the fire. My men laughed at the idea of being frightened by rivers. 'We can all swim: who carried the white man across the river but himself?' I felt proud of their praise."

Still farther on, their way was like to be stopped altogether by a sudden onslaught with which a warlike tribe, called the Chiboque, threatened them. It was on a Sunday too, when our tired travellers sought to rest at Njambi, a village so called after the name of the Chiboque chief. Says Livingstone, giving an account of this new peril:—

"We heard some of the Chiboque remark, 'They have only five guns;' and about mid day, Njambi collected all his people, and surrounded our encampment. Their object was evidently to plunder us of everything. My men seized their javelins, and stood on the defensive, while the young Chiboque had drawn their swords and brandished them with great fury. Some even pointed their guns at me, and

nodded to each other, as much as to say, 'This is the way we shall do with him.' I sat on my camp-stool, with my double-barrelled gun across my knees, and invited the chief to be seated also. When he and his counsellors had sat down on the ground in front of me, I asked what crime we had committed that he had come armed in that way. He replied that one of my men, Pitsane, while sitting at the fire that morning, had, in spitting, allowed a small quantity of the saliva to fall on the leg of one of his men, and this 'guilt' he wanted to be settled by the fine of a man, ox, or gun. Pitsane admitted the fact of a little saliva having fallen on the Chiboque, and in proof of its being a pure accident, mentioned that he had given the man a piece of meat, by way of making friends, just before it happened, and wiped it off with his hand as soon as it fell. In reference to a man being given, I declared that we were all ready to die rather than give up one of our number to be a slave; that my men might as well give me as I give one of them, for we were all free men. 'Then you can give the gun with which the ox was shot.' As we heard some of his people remarking even now that we had only 'five guns,' we declined, on the ground that, as they were intent on plundering us, giving a gun would be helping them to do so.

"This they denied, saying they wanted the customary tribute only. I asked what right they had to demand payment for leave to tread on the ground of God, our common Father? If we trode on their gardens we would pay, but not for marching on land which was still God's and not theirs. They did not attempt to controvert this, because it is in accordance with their own ideas, but reverted again to the pretended crime of the saliva.

"My men now entreated me to give something; and after asking the chief if he really thought the affair of the spitting a matter of guilt, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, I gave him one of my shirts. The young Chiboque were dissatisfied, and began shouting and brandishing their swords for a greater fine.

"As Pitsane felt that he had been the cause of this disagreeable affair, he asked me to add something else. I gave a bunch of beads, but the counsellors objected this time, so I added a large handkerchief. The more I yielded, the more unreasonable their demands became, and at every fresh demand, a shout was raised by the armed party, and a rush made around us with brandishing of arms. One young man made a charge at my head from behind, but I



quickly brought round the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, and he retreated. I pointed him out to the chief, and he ordered him to retire a little. I felt anxious to avoid the effusion of blood; and though sure of being able with my Makololo, who had been drilled by Sebituane, to drive off twice the number of our assailants, though now a large body, and well armed with spears, swords, arrows, and guns, I strove to avoid actual collision. My men were quite unprepared for this exhibition, but behaved with admirable coolness. The chief and counsellors, by accepting my invitation to be seated, had placed themselves in a trap; for my men very quietly surrounded them, and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears. I then said, that as one thing after another had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that *they* wanted to fight, while *we* only wanted to pass peaceably through the country; that they must begin first and bear the guilt before God: we would not fight till they had struck the first blow. I then sat silent for some time. It was rather trying for me, because I knew that the Chiboque would aim at the white man first; but I was careful not to appear flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around. The Chiboque countenance, by no means handsome, is not improved by the practice which they have adopted of filing the teeth to a point. The chief and counsellors, seeing they were in more danger than I, did not choose to follow our decision that they should begin by striking the first blow, and then see what we could do; and were perhaps influenced by seeing the air of cool preparation, which some of my men displayed, at the prospect of a work of blood.

"The Chiboque at last put the matter before us in this way: 'You come among us in a new way, and say you are quite friendly: how can we know it unless you give us some of your food, and you take some of ours? If you give us an ox we will give you whatever you may wish, and then we shall be friends.' In accordance with the entreaties of my men I gave an ox; and when asked what I should like in return, mentioned food, as the thing which we most needed. In the evening Njambi sent a very small basket of meal, and two or three pounds of the flesh of our own ox! with the apology that he had no fowls, and very little of any other food. It was impossible to avoid a laugh at the coolness of the generous creatures. I was truly thankful nevertheless that, though resolved to die rather than deliver up one of our number to be a slave, we had so

far gained our point as to be allowed to pass on without having shed human blood."

In this way, by dint of patience and wise management, Livingstone succeeded in traversing many miles of thick and gloomy forest, still keeping his face perseveringly towards the Portuguese settlements, till he arrived at the village of a friendly chief, called Ionga Panza.

### A CHILD'S ANSWER.

Nor long ago a minister in a large city entered a Sunday school he had opened for the very poorest children in a very dark and crowded street in his parish. He sat down in a class of the youngest pupils. None of them could read; few of them had ever heard a holy name; all were poorly clad; and the little faces turned up to him were wild and eager, just as you might fancy children of a desert tribe.

"Well then," said the minister, "if none of you can read, can any of you repeat to me a psalm—say the twenty-third psalm?"

One very small girl, after a little hesitation, volunteered, and, to be sure, without almost a single blunder, she did repeat the verses of that beautiful hymn. How, and from whom, she had learned them it was strange to think. The minister kindly and winningly took a coin from his pocket and said, "This is for your little lesson, my child."

The child's eye flashed delight on what she never perhaps had had in her possession before, and she clasped her hand tightly over her prize.

"Now," said the minister farther, "I see a great many shops open in this quarter, though it is God's day. You must, on no account, spend that coin in any of them to-night, but keep it till to-morrow. You understand I won't be with you to see you, but there is One who *will* see you, and will find out at once if you break the Sabbath-day."

The child was silent, but kept looking up in the speaker's face with a dark, thoughtful eye.

"Who will see you?" he asked, after a pause.

"*Myself will see me,*" said the child in an instant, and with a gesture of pride. She did not know how noble was her answer; but she gave it clear and prompt. She would disdain to lie or to deceive, even when alone. She would never disgrace herself, though it was only in her own eyes. That was the simple answer, full of truth and honour.

Of course the minister expected her to reply, "God will

see me!" Perhaps, after all, it came to this, that God was so at home in the poor heart, that she knew no difference between His eye and her own eye; and it was all the same for her to answer *God* or *myself*. Can each child who reads this say so? Is God at home in your heart, and making it so pure and holy, that you think it the most solemn thing you can say, when you are tempted to sin, as that ragged child said, "*Myself will see me?*"

### THE ECLIPSE.

ONCE upon a time there happened an eclipse. A boy was gazing at the sun as the shadow crept over its face; but his eyes were dazzled into tears, so that he could not see. "I will shew you how," said an older person beside him; "take this piece of smoked glass and look at the sun through it." The boy did so; the glass had been passed over the top of a flame, and was black and dim with the wavy blurs of smoke; and when he put it to his eye and gazed again, he saw the sun through it, darkly. All brightness, and almost all beauty were gone; but he saw with a certain distinctness too, and, to his great delight, could watch the eclipse waxing and waning on the sun's disc. At the same time he could not help crying out, when all was done—"Oh that I had strong and clear eyes enough, so that I needed not to look through a blackened glass, but could see the sun face to face; how beautiful it must be *with no shadow!*"

Now—in the world—we are like the boy, seeing through his glass darkly. The discoloured and discolouring glass to us, I need hardly say, is sin in the heart and in the eyes—and look long as we may at God, at heaven and earth, through that, we never can but see them darkly at the best.

Sometimes the glass is very black. This is the case with men and children of great wickedness—who love evil for its own sake—who hate good—who rejoice in bad, foul words, foul deeds, and foul thoughts. Such persons see no beauty whatever in God, or in His Sabbath-day, or in His Son Jesus Christ, or in His Bible, or in His firmament of light, or in His wide wide world, so strange and fair. They are, in the midst of the universe, blind and dark. Even when they try to look at such things, they see them all black as midnight. How awful that is,—to behold God's face as no better than a hateful horror of great darkness! It is of the polluted heart and eyes that see Him thus, the Holy Bible speaks, when it says—"There is no

beauty in Christ that they should desire Him." "They love the darkness rather than the light, their deeds being evil." How is it, my young friends, with *your* hearts?

Sometimes, if the glass is not so black and almost hopeless as this, it is yet black enough. There is, for example, a bad temper. What a sad picture on a child's face is the cross brow, the sulky eye, the look of sour, selfish discontent! What must the heart be like, that reflects such a picture in the face? No child can see anything lovely in God or in the world through such a gloom as that.—There, again, is a want of truthfulness. This is a heavy, heavy shade upon the heart. Everything goes wrong when the love of truth is lost. How can a child, who lies to God, who lies to parents, who lies to teachers, who lies to other children,—how can such an untruthful, dishonest child ever look openly and clearly up to God, and see Him beautiful and kind? Never!—There, again, are angry passions. It is amazing and dreadful what a fire of devilish passion—rage, hatred, envy, revenge—sometimes bursts up even in very young hearts. I call the passion devilish, for I have seen, more than once, in the street, the soft, fair faces of two children, suddenly and for a very trifling cause, blaze against each other with the wrath, not of children, but of demons; and I have then and there felt it too true what an apostle says—that such passion is set on fire of hell. How can any little heart, torn in that fierce way, ever see God peacefully and in quiet beauty?—What do *your* hearts, my dear young friends, answer again to these things?

In short, so long as the impure glass of sin comes between you and God's beautiful world, you may look as much as you please, but you never can even guess the riches and the glory that are in that world. You remember what sin did to Adam and Eve? It made the loveliness of paradise grow pale; it made them hide themselves from the face of God behind the screen of the garden trees; and it made them tremble when they heard the voice of the Lord God in the garden, in the cool of the day. They no longer saw clear and shining, as the angels, face to face,—they saw now only through the black glass of sin, and very darkly.

Oh, then, remember! the heart that has not been washed white in the blood of Christ, and that is not baptized with the clearness and fire of the Holy Spirit, can never bear God's voice, and can never look up and behold the love that is in God's face. What Jesus said, you know, is perfectly true,—“Blessed are the *pure* in heart, for they”—and they only—“shall see God.”—*Sunday School Address.* W. R.

### TIT FOR TAT, A BAD RULE.

WHEN I was a little girl, I learned a good lesson. One frosty morning I was looking out of a window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting for drink. The morning was very cold; the animals stood meek and quiet, till one of the cows wanted to move, and tried to turn round. In doing this, she hit against her neighbour; whereupon that one kicked, and hit the one next to her. In five minutes, the late peaceful congregation of animals was in great turmoil, furiously kicking and butting each other. My mother smiled, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit! Just so have I seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears." Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were cross or irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the straw-yard began: never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

### SHALL I NOT DRINK IT?

MUSIC of all my Father's love,  
 (How sweet it is!)  
 Methought I heard a gentle voice—  
 "Child, here's a cup;  
 I've mixed it; drink it up."  
 My heart did sink; I could no more rejoice.  
 "O Father, dost Thou love Thy child?  
 Then why this cup?"  
 But He replied, "This cup is mine,  
 And all that's in it comes from me."  
 "Father, I'm still;  
 Forgive my naughty will  
 But what's the cup? May I look in and see?"  
 "You see, my child! you must not see!  
 Christ only saw  
 His destined cup of bitter gall.  
 No, child, believe;  
 Meekly the cup receive;  
 And know that Love and Wisdom mixed it all."  
 "O Father, must it be?"  
 "Yes, child, it must."  
 "Then give the needed medicine;  
 Be by my side,  
 Only Thy face don't hide;  
 I'll drink it all; it must be good—'tis Thine!"



### KNOWING IN PART.

**N**CE, in a town in England, on a wild wintry night, there was a great ringing of bells, and an illumination, running like fire from street to street. One poor woman, clasping her little boy, hurried through the crowd, sobbing bitterly. Why so, when everybody else was laughing and rejoicing? She reached her home, fell upon her knees, and hid her face in the child's neck. "What is it, mother?" was his wondering cry.

"A great battle and a great victory, my child," she answered; "but—*your father is killed!*" He only looked up wistfully; he was too young to understand. And, day after day, he still turned on her his wistful gaze. Often she strained him to her heart. Often he caught her looking at him, her eyes swimming darkly in their tears. Often he stole after her, and knelt beside her when she went alone to pray. And always he was very quiet, and gazing with that wistful gaze. How gently he loved and touched and revered his mother! Yet he could not

tell her grief. *He knew it only in part.* He just felt it was there, and that she was dying under it, but that was all. It was not till years after, when she was at rest in her grave, and he had grown to manhood, that he found out at last, what had been his mother's love and sorrow. He came *then* to know them, even as also, to that true mother's soul, he, in his orphaned childhood, had been known. Much as he had loved her on the earth, do you not think that, meeting her in heaven, that son would look at that mother, as one of the angels of God, and say to her—"You knew me so tenderly, and saw into my child heart so watchfully, when I, though so near you, knew it not! Now I know you, beloved mother, even as you knew me then!"

So, dear young readers, you can be at no loss to apply the tale. As I have already said, some children are so bad and ill-conditioned, that nothing softens them or makes them solemn. They see no tenderness in Jesus. They have no delight in coming close to Him, watching wistfully what He does, and trying to understand what He means. They weary of His Sabbath—they weary of His Bible—they weary of their classes—they weary of prayer. Such children, of whom, I fear, there are some in all schools, do not not know Jesus even in part. Amidst all His love they are deaf, dumb, and blind. They simply know and care nothing at all. But it is not so with the pious scholar. He is very thoughtful and prayerful; and here is how I can imagine he goes on, communing with himself:—"I don't understand *all* my teachers say—but they must mean something from God, surely, else why are they so loving and so patient? I don't know what is done in prayer—but it is very sweet to pray. I don't know what all my beautiful sights and happy days in the world are for—but I enjoy them greatly. I don't know why I see so many people suffer, weep, and die,—especially why so many children such as I am die suddenly, and are laid in cold graves—but something there is in it that draws me silently near God. I don't know the one-hundredth part of what is in the Bible—but I love it for its strange and awful stories. I don't know why Jesus went through such agony, and died on the cross at last—I only know I was one of those He loved, and one of those for whom He died. I don't know why He is so kind and loving to me now—I only *feel* He is. I feel as if He was weeping over me in His tenderness. I feel as if He looked out on me by night and by day,—as if He never left me for a moment,

—as if He read my heart like an open book,—as if He knew me more than either father or mother does, and bore me a love a thousand times above theirs. I know all this: but it is very dim, and strange, and awful to me yet. *I know it only in part.*” So says the pious scholar. He discovers Jesus everywhere. He reads this verse in Scripture, and thinks it true—“Behold, He standeth behind our wall, He looketh forth at the windows, shewing Himself through the lattice!” And again—“Thou art in the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places of the stairs!” And then, wistfully and silently, he gazes up, and longs to find out all that love and sorrow that so brood above him—not to know in part only, but *to know even as also he is known!* Wherefore, as it was with the orphaned boy, who, on growing up to man’s estate, came to understand his mother’s love and tears, so there is a day when this good child will have the love of Jesus *all* revealed,—not *now*, but *then*—not in this earthly world, but in yon blissful heavenly world.—*Sunday School Address.* W. R.

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**“DON’T FORGET TO PRAY.”**

A LADY who had the charge of young persons became, on one occasion, perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and, being grieved in spirit, laid her head on a table and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter, seated quietly in the corner. Unable longer to bear the sight of her mother’s distress, she stole softly to her side, and, taking her hand in both of her own, said, “Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:—

“‘*W’e’er you meet with trials  
 Or troubles in the way,  
 Then cast your care on Jesus,  
 And don’t forget to pray.*’”

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child by having her become her own blessed teacher. “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained praise.”—*Sayings of Little Ones.*

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**TIDINGS FROM LIKATLONG.**

THAT faithful servant of the Cross, the missionary of Likatlong (Mr. Ross), after a silence which made his friends



in this country not a little anxious, writes as follows, of date June 7. His letter is sent us by an esteemed correspondent, to whom our readers have been more than once indebted. He says:—

“I now begin a mournful tale. Shortly after our return to Likatlong, we repaired to Kuruman (the station of the venerable Moffat, who is about to lead the Matabele mission), where Mr. Ashton, our excellent neighbour there, had just been called, in the mysterious providence of God, to experience that severest of domestic trials, the death of his beloved and excellent wife. Mrs. Ashton departed to her rest after giving birth to a daughter. We have taken our brother's daughter, who is still spared and doing well, and another little girl seven years of age. Mr. John Moffat's male child, of three months, died the day before we arrived. The male child of Mr. Sykes (one of our young missionaries) died while I was away on a visit to Taung, and Mrs. Sykes also died two days after we had left Kuruman. How awfully solemnising! But, alas! even this is not all. Our dear little daughter, Harriet, of nearly three years, died of croup after an illness of three days. How our hearts do bleed! But the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord. Our dear child deceased on Saturday evening, the 28th ultimo, at about nine o'clock. I made a coffin during the night, preached on Sabbath forenoon, buried our dead about mid-day, and preached again in the afternoon, from Matthew xiv. 12—‘Mi ge tha bar utoi,’ &c. (And his disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.) Mr. Helmore, also an experienced African missionary, is leader of the party bound for the Makololos, among whom Dr. Livingstone, who went by sea and then ascended the river Zambesi in his dwarf steamer, is understood to be already as pioneer, although no longer a missionary but a Commissioner of her Majesty. He (Mr. Helmore) has now reached Kuruman, and is anxiously waiting any possible opportunity of setting-out for their destination. We all trust that it will, in the infinite goodness of Him whose kingdom ruleth over all, be very soon. Clouds and darkness hang over all our missions, yet God can be the breaker up of our way. The want of food throughout the land, arising from long-continued disease among cattle, and the war, has greatly injured and unhinged many of our people. Still, not a few are inquiring both here and at Taung, What must I do to be saved? I

obtained a Government grant of ammunition (forbidden to us by the treaty at the end of the Kaffir war), which has been the means of helping many in the way of procuring food. And upon reporting to our noble Governor, Sir George Grey, another grant may be got. It is truly distressing to witness the effects of the famine at the stations where war has so lately raged, such as stealing from and wholly plundering one another. As I was successful in keeping our people here out of the war, and obtaining assistance to procure food, the people of Taung say, if I had been there, there would have been no war with them, and there would have been sure help for getting food; and they are so far right, as the grant was withheld from them simply because of their having taken part in the war. If we are allowed to remain in the land, as I sincerely hope we may be, I intend to build two wings to our large chapel here, also to make our dwelling-house more comfortable; besides, at all the out-stations there must be repairing or rather rebuilding of the chapels, which have been so sadly desolated by the Boers, who have carried off everything of iron kind, such as hinges of doors and windows, barrow and waggon wheels, church bell, &c. Your large box has not yet reached us. I need scarcely say that its value to us will be very great. Locks, hinges, screws, clasp-knives, and strong wearing apparel for the people, and good cotton handkerchiefs, are greatly needed. And as food is so scarce at present, I must exert myself in the way of begging money to purchase for as many as I can. This extensive and populous district is far from being destitute of interest to any who pray for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Though not unfrequently we have been, and are, encompassed by clouds and darkness, yet we also have had delightful sunshine and refreshing showers, well fitted to stir us up to take fresh courage in the work of the Lord. We have 359 week-day scholars, 512 communicants, 100 inquirers after salvation, besides a large number of church attendants and Sabbath-scholars young and old."

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## WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER XIV.

LIVINGSTONE and his party now rapidly approached the Portuguese settlements. Forest, valley, river, were crossed with hardy perseverance; and, instead of the dreary desert

to be traversed, they were now in scenes rich with nature's wealth. One grand prospect is thus described:—

"There is something so exhilarating to one of Highland blood in being near or on high mountains, that I forgot my fever as we were wending our way among the lofty tree-covered masses of mica schist, which form the highlands around the romantic residence of the *Chefe* of Golungo Alto. The whole district is extremely beautiful. The hills are all bedecked with trees of various hues of foliage, and among them towers the graceful palm, which yields the oil of commerce for making our soaps, and the intoxicating toddy. Some clusters of hills look like the waves of the sea driven into a narrow open bay, and have assumed the same form as if, when all were chopping up perpendicularly, they had suddenly been congealed. The cottages of the natives, perched on the tops of many of the hillocks, looked as if the owners possessed an eye for the romantic, but they were probably influenced more by the desire to overlook their gardens, and keep their families out of the reach of the malaria, which is supposed to prevail most on the banks of the numerous little streams which run among the hills."

At length, footsore, weary, enfeebled by fever, and his dress worn to shreds, Livingstone obtained the longed-for glimpse of the broad sea. He says:—

"As we were now drawing near to the sea, my companions were looking at everything in a serious light. One of them asked me if we should all have an opportunity of watching each other at Loanda. 'Suppose one went for water, would the others see if he were kidnapped?' I replied, 'I see what you are driving at; and, if you suspect me, you may return, for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you are: but nothing will happen to you but what happens to myself. We have stood by each other hitherto, and will do so to the last.' The plains adjacent to Loanda are somewhat elevated and comparatively sterile. On coming across these we first beheld the sea: my companions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe. On describing their feelings afterwards, they remarked that 'we marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, "I am finished; there is no more of me!"' They had always imagined that the world was one extended plain without limit.

"They were now somewhat apprehensive of suffering want, and I was unable to allay their fears with any promise of supply, for my own mind was depressed by disease and care. The fever had induced a state of chronic dysentery, so troublesome that I could not remain on the ox more than ten minutes at a time; and as we came down the declivity above the city of Loanda on the 31st of May, I was labouring under great depression of spirits, as I understood that, in a population of twelve thousand souls, there was but one genuine English gentleman. I naturally felt anxious to know whether he were possessed of good nature, or was one of those crusty mortals one would rather not meet at all.

"This gentleman, Mr. Gabriel, our commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, had kindly forwarded an invitation, to meet me on the way from Cassange, but unfortunately it crossed me on the road. When we entered his porch, I was delighted to see a number of flowers cultivated carefully, and inferred from this circumstance that he was, what I soon discovered him to be, a real whole-hearted Englishman.

"Seeing me ill, he benevolently offered me his bed. Never shall I forget the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months' sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep; and Mr. Gabriel, coming in almost immediately, rejoiced at the soundness of my repose."

There was a long and most grateful stay made in Loanda; and our missionary had time to receive many kindnesses from those in authority. Besides, he was again laid down with low fever. But nothing could daunt his spirit of enterprise. He longed to retrace his steps and plunge once more into the gloomy depths of the wilderness from which he had just emerged. Early in the year 1855, accordingly, he again set his face towards the interior; and, with his very miscellaneous company of attendants and guides, he began his backward journey. At one point in the district called Angola, he says:—

"I have often thought, in travelling through their land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth! yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness as of a fan. Green grassy

meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping, the groups of herdboys with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river with watering-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady banians; and old grey-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten."

In swift succession, one town after another was passed, till, on the banks of the river, the party halted at a spot called Kawawa. Spring was clothing nature with its sudden glory. It was such, as in many districts of Africa, could not but arrest the eye with wonder. For example, Livingstone says, describing it:—

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of the change from the wintry appearance to that of spring, at Kolobeng. Previous to the commencement of the rains, an easterly wind blows strongly by day, but dies away at night. The clouds collect in increasing masses, and relieve in some measure the bright glare of the southern sun. The wind dries up everything; and when at its greatest strength is hot, and raises clouds of dust. The general temperature during the day rises above 96 degrees: then showers begin to fall; and if the ground is but once well soaked with a good day's rain, the change produced is marvellous. In a day or two a tinge of green is apparent all over the landscape; and, in five or six days, the fresh leaves sprouting forth, and the young grass shooting up, give an appearance of spring which it requires weeks of a colder climate to produce. The birds, which in the hot dry windy season had been silent, now burst forth into merry twittering songs, and are busy building their nests. Some of them, indeed, hatch several times a-year. The lowering of the temperature, by rains or other causes, has much the same effect as the increasing mildness of our own spring. The earth teems with myriads of young insects; in some parts of the country hundreds of centipedes, myriapedeæ, and beetles, emerge from their hiding-places, somewhat as our snails at home do; and in the evenings the white ants swarm by thousands. A stream of them is seen to rush out of a hole, and, after flying one or two hundred yards, they descend; and if they light upon a

piece of soil proper for the commencement of a new colony, they bend up their tails, unhook their wings, and, leaving them on the surface, quickly begin their mining operations. If an attempt is made to separate the wings from the body by drawing them away backwards, they seem as if hooked into the body, and tear away large portions of the insect; but if turned forward, as the ant itself does, they snap off with the greatest ease. Indeed they seem formed only to serve the insect in its short flight to a new habitation, and then to be thrown aside. Nothing can exceed the eagerness with which at the proper time they rush out from their birthplace. Occasionally this occurs in a house, and then, in order to prevent every corner from being filled with them, I have seen a fire placed over the orifice; but they hesitate not even to pass through the fire. While swarming they appear like snow flakes floating about in the air, and dogs, cats, hawks, and almost every bird, may be seen busily devouring them. The natives, too, profit by the occasion, and actively collect them for food, they being about half-an-inch long, as thick as a crowquill, and very fat. When roasted they are said to be good, and somewhat resemble grains of boiled rice. An idea may be formed of this dish by what once occurred on the banks of the Zouga. The Bayeiye chief Palani visiting us while eating, I gave him a piece of bread and preserved apricots; and, as he seemed to relish it much, I asked him if he had any food equal to that in his country. 'Ah,' said he, 'did you ever taste white ants?' As I never had, he replied, 'Well, if you had, you never could have desired to eat anything better.' The general way of catching them is to dig into the ant-hill, and wait till all the builders come forth to repair the damage; then brush them off quickly into a vessel, as the ant-eater does into his mouth."

It was in June they left Kawawa and entered on the great marshy plains they had formerly waded across.

### CHILDREN'S HELP.

THERE was a terrible storm one cold winter's night, a few years ago, and a ship was wrecked just opposite a fishing village in the north. The crew got into a boat and rowed for the shore. They were not a dozen yards from the beach when their boat grounded on a sand-bar, and stuck fast. The fishermen ran down to help them, and the sailors flung

them a rope, and told them to pull with all their might. The fishermen did so; but, though they were very fine fellows, they could not manage it. Then their wives said, "Let us take hold, and pull too." But, though the women strained every nerve, the boat did not move! At last the children asked to join in; and those who could, got hold of the rope, and the rest got hold of their fathers' smocks and their mothers' gowns, and then came the "long pull! and the strong pull! and the pull ALL TOGETHER!" and the thing was done! the boat shot over the sand-bar, and the poor shipwrecked sailors were saved!

The children's weight made all the difference in the pull! Well, and so may your weight, dear children, in the missionary work.—*Rev. James Bolton.*

### FOLLOWING CHRIST.

"And there were with Him other little ships."—MARK IV. 36.

*We should always be ready to follow Jesus.*—These little ships put to sea after Him directly Christ put to sea, and wherever He went they went. Had He gone north or south, east or west, they would have trimmed their sails accordingly. They were determined to be with Christ. They remind us of Ruth, who, when her mother-in-law kissed her, and bade her farewell, was by no means to be got rid of so easily. "Nay," she said, "entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me" (Ruth i. 16, 17). They remind us of the poor demoniac in the Gadarene country, who, when Christ had cured him, and wished him good-bye, "*besought Him that he might be with Him*" evermore (Luke viii. 38).

So it should be with us, dear children: we should make it our study to follow Christ; that is, to follow His commands, His wishes, His example—to keep putting our hearts into His keeping—to spend each day in endeavouring to get nearer to Him, to know more of Him, to be more like Him. We cannot see Him—oh, that we could see Him! but we can believe that His eye is upon us, and do whatever we think will please Him.

Suppose your beloved mother were to die and go to

heaven, and before she left you, she gave you a little book in her own handwriting, telling you what she would like you to do when she was no more. If you sought to do all these things, you would be *following* her, though she was out of sight. And has not Jesus told us what He likes us to do? Has He not done it all himself, to shew us that it *can* be done, and *how* it ought to be done? And shall we not follow Him? Will you lie idle high and dry, like a good-for-nothing boat on the shore? Will you not rather launch away at His call, and go sailing after Him, till at last you come in sight of Him in the fair haven above?

Oh, how happy are they who have thus overtaken Him, and are now with Him, as those "little ships" were, beholding His glory, and basking in His smiles! I see their white robes, and hear their glad songs, and long to be amongst them. God speed them thither!

*We are safe whilst we keep close to Christ.*—The storm was a tremendous one—it must have sunk them if they had been alone; but they were "with Him," therefore they weathered it. *His presence did not prevent the storm*—perhaps Satan raised it on purpose to drown Him, and His apostles, and all who were with Him. "Now I have got them," he said; "they shall never set foot on shore again."

Neither did Christ *at first interfere for them*; "He was asleep on a pillow;" they were sinking, but He slept on! He would try their faith to the utmost. He wished to prove whether they really believed that they could not be lost just because they were with Him, and He was with them; but "they doubted," and, running to Him, they woke Him up, crying, "Master, Master, *we perish!*" And then "He arose, and rebuked the wind, and the raging of the water," and they were safe! Satan did his worst; the waves did their worst; the winds did their worst: but they were *safe!* They went through it all—these "other little ships;" they came out of it all, they were *SAFE*—because they had kept close to Jesus!

How would you feel were you cast adrift in the middle of the Atlantic in a washing-tub? There was a sailor lad who clung to a floating plank for two whole days and nights, a thousand miles from shore; and it rained and froze, and blew a hurricane; but when he was picked up, his eyes rolled, and his hair "stood on end." Poor fellow! he was crazy. How differently he would have felt had he spent those two terrible days and nights on board a large vessel, with plenty to eat and drink, and a nice warm



berth, and cheerful companions, and a wise captain to take the responsibility! He would not have minded the wet and cold, he would not have minded the howling wind or the darkness. So with us: we "shall have tribulation"—storms will come; but if we are following Jesus, we may lay aside our fears, we are under His protection,—we "*shall never perish.*" Whenever, therefore, we see a storm rising—whenever we are in danger, let us "wake Him," as it were, by our prayers, and He will either *still* it or bring us *through* it. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it (1 Cor. x. 13); "*So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do unto me*" (Heb. xiii. 6).—*The Fleet of Fishing Boats. By the Rev. James Bolton.*

### H Y M N.

SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
Oh! may no earth-born clouds arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below,  
My searching rapturous glance I throw,  
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,  
In earth, or sky, in stream, or grove—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold;—  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I cannot die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above!



### LOVE STRONG AS DEATH.

**S**OME years ago, on a winter morning, two children were found frozen to death. They were sisters; the elder child had the younger seated in her lap, closely folded within her lifeless arms. She had stripped her own thinly clad form to protect its feebler life; and, to warm the icy fingers, had tenderly placed its little hands in her own bosom: and pitying men and weeping women did stand and gaze on the two dead creatures, as with glassy eyes and stiffened forms they reclined upon the snow-wreath,—the days of their wandering and mourning ended, and heaven's own pure snow no purer than that true sister's love. They were orphans—houseless, homeless beggars; but not on that account, had I been there to gaze on that touching group, would I have shed one tear the less, or felt the less deeply that it was a display of true love and of human nature in its least fallen aspect, which deserved to be embalmed in poetry and sculptured in costliest marble.

Yes—and however humble the Christian's walk or mean his occupation, it matters not—he who lives for the glory of God has an end in view which lends dignity to the man and to his life. Bring common iron into proper contact with the magnet, it will borrow the strange attractive virtue, and itself become magnetic. The merest crystal fragment that has been flung out into the field and trampled in the ground, shines like a diamond when sunbeams stoop to kiss it. And who has not seen the dullest rain cloud, when it turned its weeping face to the sun, change into glory; and in the bow that spans it, present to the eyes of age and infancy alike, of the philosopher who studies, and of the simple joyous child who runs to catch it, a most brilliant and beautiful phenomenon in nature? Thus, from what they look at and come in contact with, common things acquire uncommon glory. Live, then, looking unto Jesus—live for nothing less and nothing lower than God's glory, and these ends will lend grandeur to your life, and shed a holy, heavenly lustre on your station, however humble it may be.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

### THE LITTLE BARKS.

"HAS any one," says a late pious and eloquent minister of the Church of England, "ever stood on a pier within which some vessel floated which no storm-wave had yet tossed? But now it sails forth, its canvass spread, its crew alert, its freight secured, its destination registered. You marked its progress from the harbour to the open sea. It feels the helm, it ploughs the wave, it begins its course. The skies are chequered, the clouds gather, the winds are strong. You felt an interest in the voyage which that vessel was to make; you thought of the hazards of the sea, of the perils of her course; you thought of storm and struggle, of possible loss and shipwreck; or of a sunny and joyous entrance into the distant haven beyond the present flood, where the mariners were to find an expected home; you breathed a prayer that God would be their guide, their guardian, and their friend. And what is each little child, though now inexperienced of life's changes, what but such a vessel, bound on a long voyage, sailing across a wild sea, exposed to howling winds and rains, passing by many a reef, and in peril of rocks and breakers? How fearful the shipwreck of such a vessel; how blessed its calm arrival on the everlasting shore! Who would not pray that

of each such vessel, of each such child, God may be the guardian and the guide,—His own eye be upon its course, —His own pilotage at its helm?"—*Home School.*

### ONE LOCK OF HAIR.

A GREAT dramatist has described, with terrible vividness, the terrors of conscience, creating and created by a dream, in which a son who had murdered a father beholds the day of judgment, with all its dread accompaniments. The trumpet sounds; the elements melt with fervent heat; the dead are raised; the Judge appears; the murderer's name at last is called; and, with fear and trembling, he obeys the summons. The Judge holds in His hand a mighty balance that swings between earth and heaven. In one scale the deadly sins of the wretched criminal are placed, until they are mountains in bulk; but the blood of atonement, in the other scale, meanwhile, outweighs them all. At last an old man appears, bowed down with signs of grief; all eyes are turned upon him; the murderer knows him well, and sees him with horror approach the balance. The old man *cuts one lock from his grey hairs, and casts it into the scale full of crime*; and, lo! it sinks to the earth, and a voice is heard saying, "There is mercy for all other sinners, but none for thee!"—*Ibid.*

### WANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY.

#### CHAPTER XV.

IN crossing the great swamps, Livingstone was excessively reduced in strength by fever, which still clung to him, and by an attack also of blood vomiting. Perseveringly, when he could, however, he pursued his track along the Leeba, passing village after village, and among his old friends at different points, always meeting a ready welcome. At one spot he had the following adventure with a buffalo:—

"As I walked slowly after the men on an extensive plain covered with a great crop of grass, which was *laid* by its own weight, I observed that a solitary buffalo, disturbed by others of my own party, was coming to me at a gallop. I glanced around, but the only tree on the plain was a hundred yards off, and there was no escape elsewhere. I there-

fore cocked my rifle, with the intention of giving him a steady shot in the forehead, when he should come within three or four yards of me. The thought flashed across my mind, 'What if your gun misses fire?' I placed it to my shoulder as he came on at full speed, and that is tremendous, though generally he is a lumbering-looking animal in his paces. A small bush, and bunch of grass fifteen yards off, made him swerve a little, and exposed his shoulder. I just heard the ball crack there, as I fell flat on my face. The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded close past me on to the water, where he was found dead. In expressing my thankfulness to God among my men, they were much offended with themselves for not being present to shield me from this danger. The tree near me was a camel-thorn, and reminded me that we had come back to the land of thorns again, for the country we had left is one of evergreens."

In one way or another the party had been stripped of almost all their wealth; yet, in the Barotese valley, the poor natives crowded to them with presents of such things as they had:—

"Every village," says Livingstone, "gave us an ox, and sometimes two. The people were wonderfully kind. I felt, and still feel, most deeply grateful, and tried to benefit them in the only way I could, by imparting the knowledge of that Saviour, who can comfort and supply them in the time of need, and my prayer is, that He may send His good Spirit to instruct them and lead them into His kingdom. Even now, I earnestly long to return, and make some recompense to them for their kindness. In passing them on our way to the north, their liberality might have been supposed to be influenced by the hope of repayment on our return, for the white man's land is imagined to be the source of every ornament they prize most. But though we set out from Loanda with a considerable quantity of goods, hoping both to pay our way through the stingy Chibouque, and to make presents to the kind Balonda and still more generous Makololo, the many delays caused by sickness made us expend all my stock, and all the goods my men procured by their own labour at Loanda, and we returned to the Makololo as poor as when we set out. Yet no distrust was shewn, and my poverty did not lessen my influence. They saw that I had been exerting myself for their benefit alone, and even my men remarked, 'Though

we return as poor as we went, we have not gone in vain.' They began immediately to collect tusks of hippopotami and other ivory for a second journey."

At some places the heat was most distressing, and even the natives were driven in for shelter during the blaze of noon-day.

"The natives, during the period of greatest heat, keep in their huts, which are always pleasantly cool by day, but close and suffocating by night. Those who are able to afford it, sit guzzling beer or boyaloa; the perspiration produced by copious draughts seems to give enjoyment, the evaporation causing a feeling of coolness. The attendants of the chief, on these occasions, keep up a continuous roar of bantering, raillery, laughing, and swearing. The dance is kept up, in the moonlight, till past midnight. The women stand clapping their hands continuously, and the old men sit admiringly, and say, 'It is really very fine!' As crowds came to see me, I employed much of my time in conversation, that being a good mode of conveying instruction. In the public meetings for worship, the people listened very attentively, and behaved with more decorum than formerly. They really form a very inviting field for a missionary. Surely the oft-told tale of the goodness and love of our heavenly Father, in giving up His own Son to death for us sinners, will, by the power of His Holy Spirit, beget love in some of these heathen hearts."

The character of the Makololo afforded food for endless speculation. At one spot Livingstone lingered for a little, and this is how he describes one or two scenes:—

"I had plenty of employment, for, besides attending to the severer cases, I had perpetual calls on my attention. The town contained at least 7000 inhabitants, and every one thought that he might come, and at least look at me. In talking with some of the more intelligent in the evenings, the conversation having turned from inquiries respecting eclipses of the sun and moon to that other world where Jesus reigns, they let me know that my attempts to enlighten them had not been without some small effect. 'Many of the children,' said they, 'talk about the strange things you bring to their ears, but the old men shew a little opposition by saying, "Do we know what he is talking about?"' Ntlaria and others complain of treacherous memories, and say, 'When we hear words about other things, we hold them fast; but when we hear you tell

much more wonderful things than any we have ever heard before, we don't know how it is, they run away from our hearts.' These are the more intelligent of my Makolole friends. On the majority, the teaching produces no appreciable effect; they assent to the truth with the most perplexing indifference, adding, 'But we don't know,' or, 'We do not understand.' My medical intercourse with them enabled me to ascertain their moral status better than a mere religious teacher could do. They do not attempt to hide the evil, as men often do, from their spiritual instructors; but I have found it difficult to come to a conclusion on their character. They sometimes perform actions remarkably good, and sometimes as strangely the opposite. I have been unable to ascertain the motive for the good, or account for the callousness of conscience with which they perpetrate the bad. After long observation, I came to the conclusion that they are just such a strange mixture of good and evil, as men are everywhere else. There is not among them an approach to that constant stream of benevolence flowing from the rich to the poor which we have in England, nor yet the unostentatious attentions which we have among our own poor to each other. Yet there are frequent instances of genuine kindness and liberality, as well as actions of an opposite character. The rich shew kindness to the poor in expectation of services; and a poor person who has no relatives, will seldom be supplied even with water in illness; and, when dead, will be dragged out to be devoured by the hyenas, instead of being buried. Relatives alone will condescend to touch a dead body. It would be easy to enumerate instances of inhumanity which I have witnessed. An interesting-looking girl came to my waggon one day, in a state of nudity, and almost a skeleton. She was a captive from another tribe, and had been neglected by the man who claimed her. Having supplied her wants, I made inquiry for him, and found that he had been unsuccessful in raising a crop of corn, and had no food to give her. I volunteered to take her; but he said he would allow me to feed her and make her fat, and then take her away. I protested against this heartlessness; and as he said he could 'not part with his child,' I was precluded from attending to her wants. In a day or two she was lost sight of. She had gone out a little way from the town, and, being too weak to return, had been cruelly left to perish. Another day I saw a poor boy going to the water to drink, apparently in a starving condition. This case I brought before the chief in council, and

found that his emaciation was ascribed to disease and want combined. He was not one of the Makololo, but a member of a subdued tribe. I shewed them that any one professing to claim a child, and refusing proper nutriment, would be guilty of his death. Sekeletu decided that the owner of this boy should give up his alleged right, rather than destroy the child. When I took him, he was so far gone as to be in the cold stage of starvation, but was soon brought round by a little milk given three or four times a day. On leaving Linyanti, I handed him over to the charge of his chief Sekeletu, who feeds his servants very well. (On the other hand, I have seen instances in which both men and women have taken up little orphans, and carefully reared them as their own children. By a selection of cases of either kind, it would not be difficult to make these people appear excessively good or uncommonly bad."

So the party progressed through the great valley between the Leeba and the Zambesi. After visiting the splendid Victoria Falls, they turned off to the left to open up a path along the latter river, out to the east coast. It was very much an unknown path, and beset, as they were told, with many dangers; but, stout of heart, as usual, Livingstone was not to be baffled, and, abandoning his canoes at a point where they could be of no further service, he struck out on foot along the banks of the Zambesi. In another chapter we shall find him at his journey's close.

### GIVEN IN ANGER.

GOTTHOLD was one day occupied with important business, and deeply absorbed in thought, when his daughter unexpectedly entered the room, bringing a paper stating the case of a poor widow, and soliciting an alms in her behalf. Losing his temper, he spoke harshly to the poor girl, and in ill humour flung her the sum she asked. Recollecting himself, however, he cried out, "Wretched man that I am! how fair the show that my Christianity often presents, to myself at least, and how boldly I venture to say, 'Lord Jesus, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee!'" and yet, now that my Saviour has come and craved a mite for this poor widow, as a practical evidence of my affection for Himself, I take offence at Him for disturbing my poor thoughts, though for so short a time, and



so good a cause! My God, Thou invitest me to come to Thee whenever my pleasure leads, or my necessities compel me; and, come when I may, never is my coming unseasonable or inopportune. Thou hast the whole world to govern, and yet I trouble Thee not though I break in at morning, noon, or night, and claim an alms from Thy mercy. How conceited I must be, to reckon my concerns and thoughts of greater moment than the prayers and sighs of my fellow-Christians. I now see that sin is rashness, and have good cause henceforth to give a more gracious reception to the Lord Jesus in His members, lest in my hour of need He turn His back upon me."

God loveth a cheerful giver. A benefaction to the poor should be like oil, which, when poured from one vessel into another, flows in silence, with a soft and gentle fall. An alms reluctantly bestowed is like a rose spoiled and discoloured with the fumes of sulphur—like sanded flour, or over-salted meat. He who exercises charity with a reluctant hand, or angry words, is like the cow which yields her milk, but overturns the pail with her foot.—*Gotthold's Emblems*.

## THE TWO SHELVES.

I HAVE long adopted an expedient, which I have found of singular service. I have a shelf in my study for tried authors, and one in my mind for tried principles and characters.

When an *author* has stood a thorough examination, and will bear to be taken as a guide, I put him on the shelf.

When I have more fully made up my mind on a *principle*, I put it on the shelf. A hundred subtle objections may be raised against this principle; I may meet with some of them perhaps; but my principle is on the shelf. Generally, I may be able to recall the reasons which weighed with me to put it there; but if not, I am not to be sent out to sea again. Time was when I saw through and detected all the subtleties that could be brought against it. I have past evidence of having been fully convinced; and there on the shelf it shall lie.

When I have turned a *character* over and over on all sides, and seen it through and through in all situations, I put it on the shelf. There may be conduct in the person which may stumble others; there may be great inconsist-

encies ; there may be strange and unaccountable terms—but I have put that character on the shelf ; difficulties will all be cleared up ; everything will come round again. I should be much chagrined, indeed, to be obliged to take a character down which I had once put up ; but that has never been the case with me yet ; and the best guard against it is—not to be too hasty in putting them there.—  
*Cecil.*

### THE THREE ANSWERS.

BEAUTIFUL, indeed, was the lesson the class had been reciting—all about the Saviour's kingdom. They learned that it was a kingdom of great joy, and deep love ; peace dwelt there, and kindness and good-will sprung all along the wayside. It was a kingdom upon which the Sun of Righteousness shone, and in its clear sky hung the star of Bethlehem. The eyes of the children grew bright with interest while the teacher talked, and they longed to know more about a state so glorious. Then the teacher turned to the book, and this question came next, "What will you do to advance this kingdom on the earth?" "Yes," added the lady, looking seriously upon the little boys ; "what will you do to help on the Saviour's kingdom? What will you do, James?"

"I will give my halfpence to the missionaries, and they shall preach about it to the heathen," answered James, with great earnestness.

"And what will you do, George?"

George looked up, and said, "I will pray for it."

"And what will you do, John?" said the teacher, addressing the youngest in her class.

He cast down his eyes, and softly said, "I will give my heart to it."

The teacher blessed the little boy, and breathed a silent prayer, that Jesus might take the offering.

These three answers comprehend all we can do for Jesus.

It is good to give our money and our prayers ; but the first thing we must do—the *best* thing we can offer—is to give up our hearts to the Saviour's kingdom, and let Jesus rule over us.

Dear children, you all know about the beauty and the glory of this kingdom, and I suppose you often feel, "Oh, I want to do something to help it on." And perhaps you gather up your halfpence, and put them into the mission-

ary box, and every night you kneel down by your bedside, and say, "Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

But have you given up your *hearts* to it? Have you come out on Jesus' side; and do you say—does your daily life say, at home, or at school, and among your companions,—"As for me, I will serve the Lord?" If you truly wish to advance the Saviour's kingdom, you must first give *yourself* to the work. Then you will pray, and God will answer your prayers; then you will give, and God will bless your gift.—*Family Treasury*.

### "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME."

It was, no doubt, a wrong impression of God's greatness which, on one occasion, induced the disciples to prevent mothers bringing their children to the Saviour to obtain His blessing. How could the great Messiah, thought they, condescend to attend to such weak and insignificant creatures? But very different were His own feelings! "Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not!" and accordingly the Good Shepherd took the lambs into His arms, and blessed them.

Who gave the heartiest welcome to the King when He entered the temple? Not the priests, nor Sadducees, nor Pharisees, but the children, who cried Hosanna! Those who pretended to great wisdom and piety rebuked them, and wished Christ to do the same; but He would not. He received the praises of the young; for God had ordained such to come from the mouths even of babes and sucklings.—*The Home School*.

### A FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK.

"I wish I had a fortune-telling book," said one of three boys, as they walked down to the river to go swimming; "I want to know what my luck is to be. I've tried to buy one, but there's none to sell."

"I've got one," said the barber's son.

"Got one!" cried Bill Staples, eagerly; "why didn't you tell of it before? Where is it?"

"Down at the shop," answered the barber's son.

"And it *does* tell what's coming to pass, does it?" asked the third boy.

"Yes, it *does*."

"But how do you know?" asked the third boy; "you haven't lived long enough to know if it has told your fortune right."

"Why, you see it's a very old book," said the barber's son. "My grandfather had it, and it told his fortune; then my father had it, and it told *his*; and it all came to pass."

"It beats all," cried Bill Staples; "what a prize! Why don't you go round telling fortunes? You'd make lots of money."

"I'm afraid nobody would believe me," said the barber's son, humbly.

"Well, *shew* it to us," said they.

"Come down to the shop to-night," he said; "come just after we shut up; that's the best time to read it."

"Sell it to me," cried Bill Staples; "how will you trade now?"

"Can't part with mine," answered the barber's son; "but you can get one where mine came from."

"I'll have one as certain as my name is Bill Staples; but we'll come and try our luck with you."

"Agreed," said they all.

The two boys were before time, and hung round the shop until every customer had gone and the shutters were put up; then in they went. The barber's son asked them to be seated, and drew a little table out, and placed a lamp on it. Then he went to the back part of the shop, and, opening a little trunk (for, as you may well think, such a book was kept very carefully), took it out, and laid it on the table, the boys narrowly eyeing him all the time. "There," he said, in a very sober tone, when he laid the book on the table,—"*there, boys, is my fortune-telling book. What it says is sure.*" The two apprentices scrambled to the table.

"*The Bible!*" they exclaimed at once, shrinking back.

"Yes," said the barber's son, "that is my father's Bible; and it says there are but just two ways for you and for me to try our chances by in this world. One is called the 'broad way,' and the other the 'strait and narrow way.'"

Such a fortune-telling book they were not thinking of; but, my young readers, it is the *only* kind that does not deceive us.—*Child's Paper.*

## A VISIT FROM THE ANGELS.

Two young girls found Jesus, and they were so happy, they wanted, like Him, to go about doing good; so they went to see a poor old blind woman, and took her a basket full of food and hearts full of love. "Now," they said, "don't you want us to read you a little about the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Oh, yes," answered the poor blind woman. And after they read, "Now, shall we not have a little prayer-meeting with you?" they said. "Oh, yes," answered the poor blind woman; and that was the best of all.

When her pastor made his next visit, what do you think she told him? "Oh, I have had a visit from the angels since you were here," said she.—*Child's Paper*.

### HYMN.

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest:  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! Time nor space  
Debars this precious hiding-place;  
On Indian plains or Northern snows  
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.











